July 31, 1978

# THE NEW YORKER

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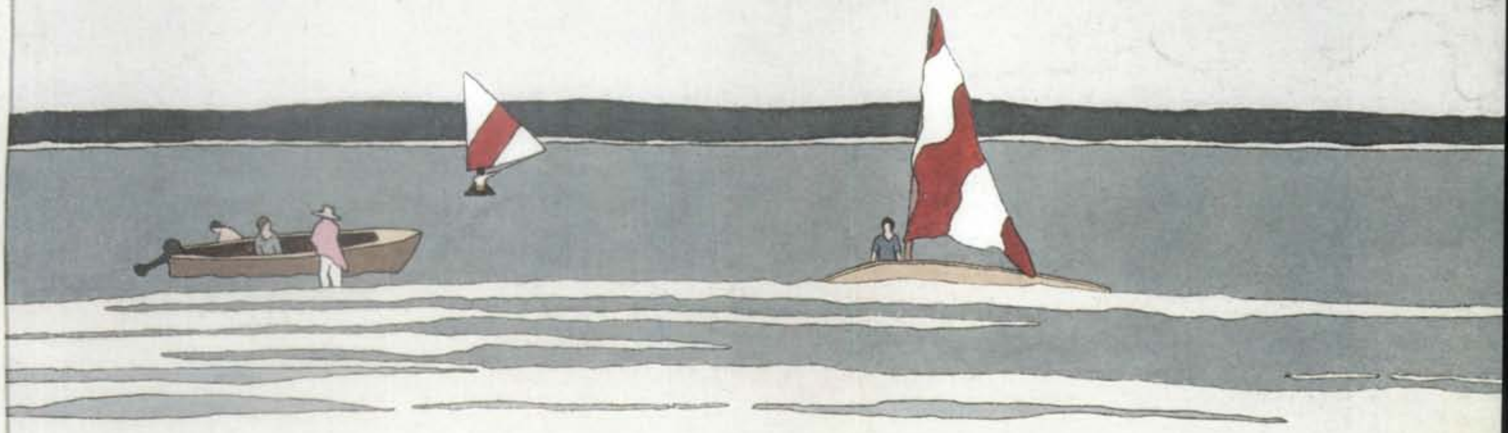

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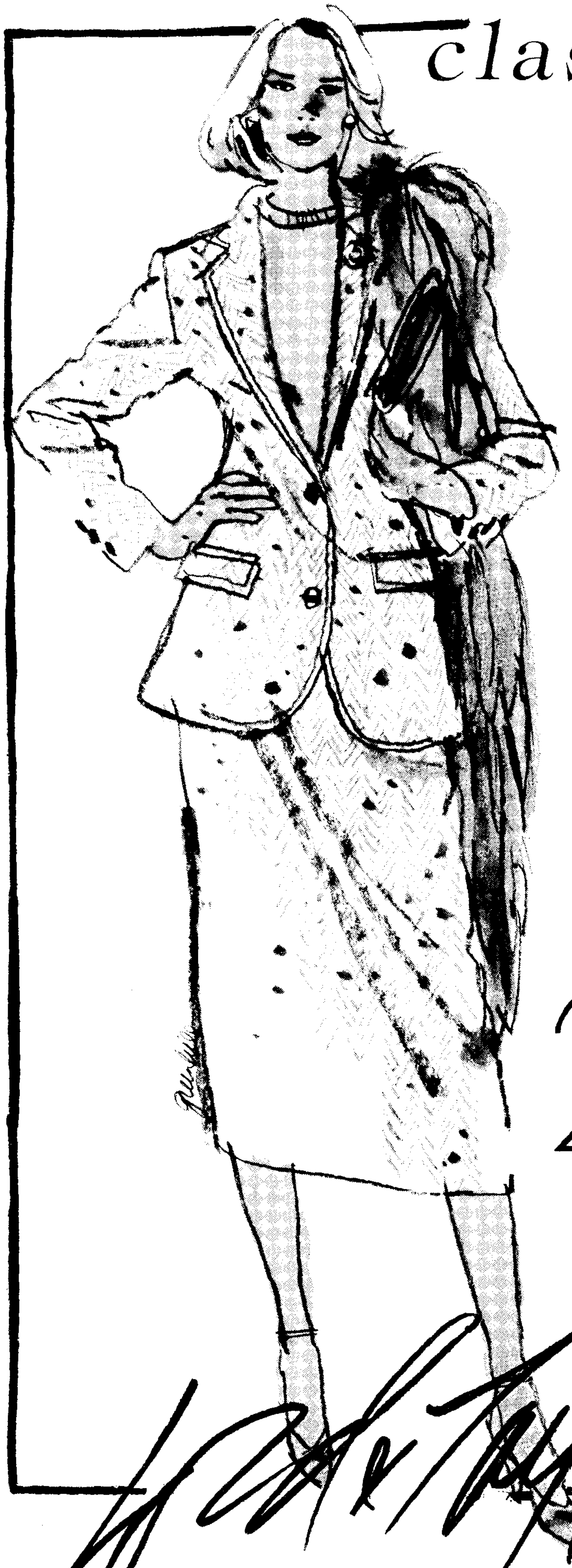

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Ain't Misbehavin'**—If you can't get tickets in 1978 for this well-nigh perfect show (based on the performing career of Fats Waller), there's always 1979 and 1980. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**American Dance Machine**—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas**—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Bird Land**—Starletta DuPois in a musical by Barry Amyer Kaleem. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 6.)

**Chapter Two**—A new comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. David Groh plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Da**—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Dancin'**—Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Deathtrap**—A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Family Business**—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The 5th of July**—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

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**I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road**—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are the tuneful songs, the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words, and the presence of the gifted Don Scardino in the singer's company. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Just the Immediate Family**—A play by Grace Kimmins. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 242-2695. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Man-Wo-Man**—A pair of one-acters—subject as stated. In the first, "Michael," an ironic and funny "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bullins, a worldly composer and arranger on a visit to a black college is wooed and won by an innocent-seeming student. In the second, the kaleidoscopic "Passion Without Reason," by Neil Harris, a black man and woman assume any number of male and female roles. (5/22/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Free.)

**Once in a Lifetime**—In 1930, Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman hammered together a comedy about Hollywood and its idiocies; after almost fifty years, the awkwardness of the hammering shows, but a company headed by George S. Irving and John Lithgow and directed by Tom Moore bring the play creditably to life. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**On the Twentieth Century**—Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Piano Bar**—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, and libretto by both. (6/19/78) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Pins and Needles**—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!**—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays

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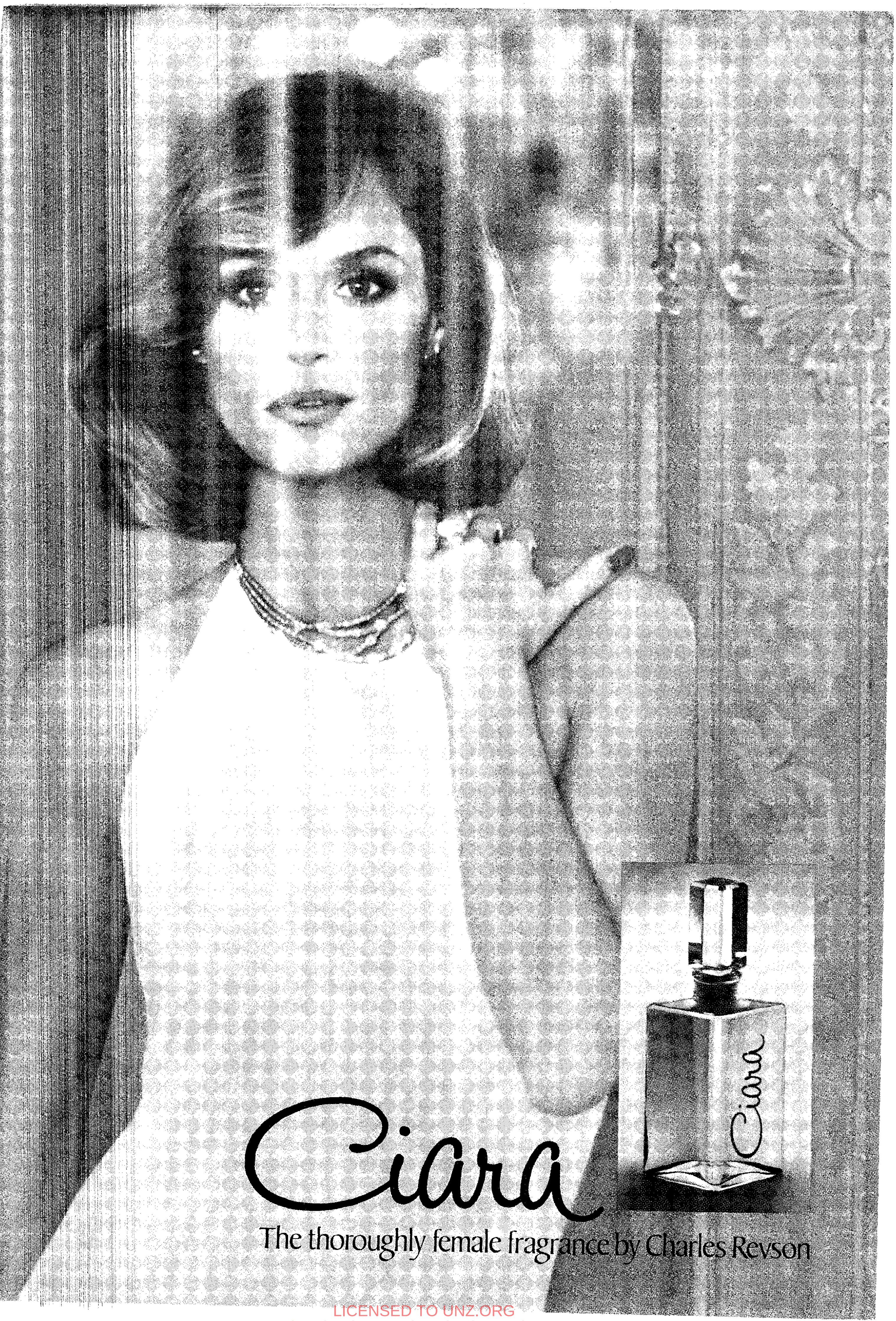
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Ridiculous Theatrical Company**—Three Charles Ludlam productions. **STAGE BLOOD:** Mondays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . **BLUEBEARD:** Thursdays and Fridays at 8. . . . **CAMILLE:** Saturdays and Sundays at 8. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137.)

**Runaways**—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Spring Awakening**—A three-week engagement of the Juilliard Theatre Center's production of Frank Wedekind's play, adapted by Edward Bond and directed by Liviu Ciulei. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 30.)

**Stop the World—I Want to Get Off**—Sammy Davis, Jr., in a limited engagement of a revival of the Leslie Bricusse-Anthony Newley musical. Directed by Mel Shapiro. Preview Wednesday evening, Aug. 2. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 3, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 27. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**Timbuktu!**—Geoffrey Holder has put together an all-black musical based on silly old "Kismet." Very pretty, and as loud and empty as a tribal drum. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Tribute**—A resourceful performance by Jack Lemmon as a lovable scamp makes this implausible comedy by Bernard Slade something well worth seeing. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Long Runs**—**ANNIE:** A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DRACULA:** Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,584 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father, and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE GIN GAME:** Jessica Tandy and E. G. Marshall as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE KING AND I:** An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.). . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.). . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Betsy Palmer and Charles Kimbrough. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

### MISCELLANY

**Beatlemania**—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**Big Apple Circus**—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Eighth Ave. and 50th St., on the site of the old Madison Square Garden. 581-9186. Wednesdays at 11:15 and 2:15; Thursdays through Saturdays at 2:15 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 4.)

## DANCE

**London Festival Ballet**—With Rudolf Nureyev, in the final performances of the engagement—*Wednesday matinée, July 26, and Thursday evening, July 27:* "Conservatoire," "The Sanguine Fan," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Scheherazade.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 26; Friday evening, July 28; and Saturday matinée and evening, July 29: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**National Ballet of Canada**—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, July 26, at 7, and Thursday, July 27, at 8: "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 7, and Saturday, July 29, at 2 and 8: "A Party" (American première) and "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 3 and 8, and Monday, July 31, at 8: "Bayaderka" (New York première), "The Dream," and "Collective Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Ali's Alley,** 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An ongoing festival of contemporary and out-there jazz. Tenor saxophonist George Braith leads his ensemble, Space Island, through Saturday, July 29; on Tuesday, Aug. 1, drummer Zahir Batin will arrive with his quintet. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

**Ballroom,** 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Composer and lyricist George David Weiss, who has written for movies, for Top Forty AM radio, and for Sammy Davis, Jr., is at the piano and singing his works. He goes on at eight-thirty, and he's backed by an instrumental trio and a vocal trio. The ten-thirty slot is given over to a comic, Tim Cahill; a singer, Audrey Lavine; a singer-comedian, David Little; and a singer-pianist, Alan Menken. All this through Saturday, July 29. On Tuesday, Aug. 1, Liz Corrigan, a singer with a pleasingly strong, colorful, wide-ranging voice, will come in. Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

**Beefsteak Charlie's,** 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Pianist Mike Nock leads a trio through Saturday, July 29; Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 2-5, have been reserved for the David Friesen-John Stowell bass-guitar duo. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Television, a punk-rock quartet guided by a locally admired singer-guitarist named Tom Verlaine (who cites as his main influences Ravel, Albert Ayler, and the Stones' song "19th Nervous Breakdown"), is onstage Thursday through Saturday, July 27-29. Singer **SYLVIA SYMS** will come in for one night on Monday, July 31. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 2-3, will belong to rock singer Genya Ravan and her band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is in the hands of pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **SAM JONES** through Saturday, July 29. From ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

**Cachaça,** 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Named

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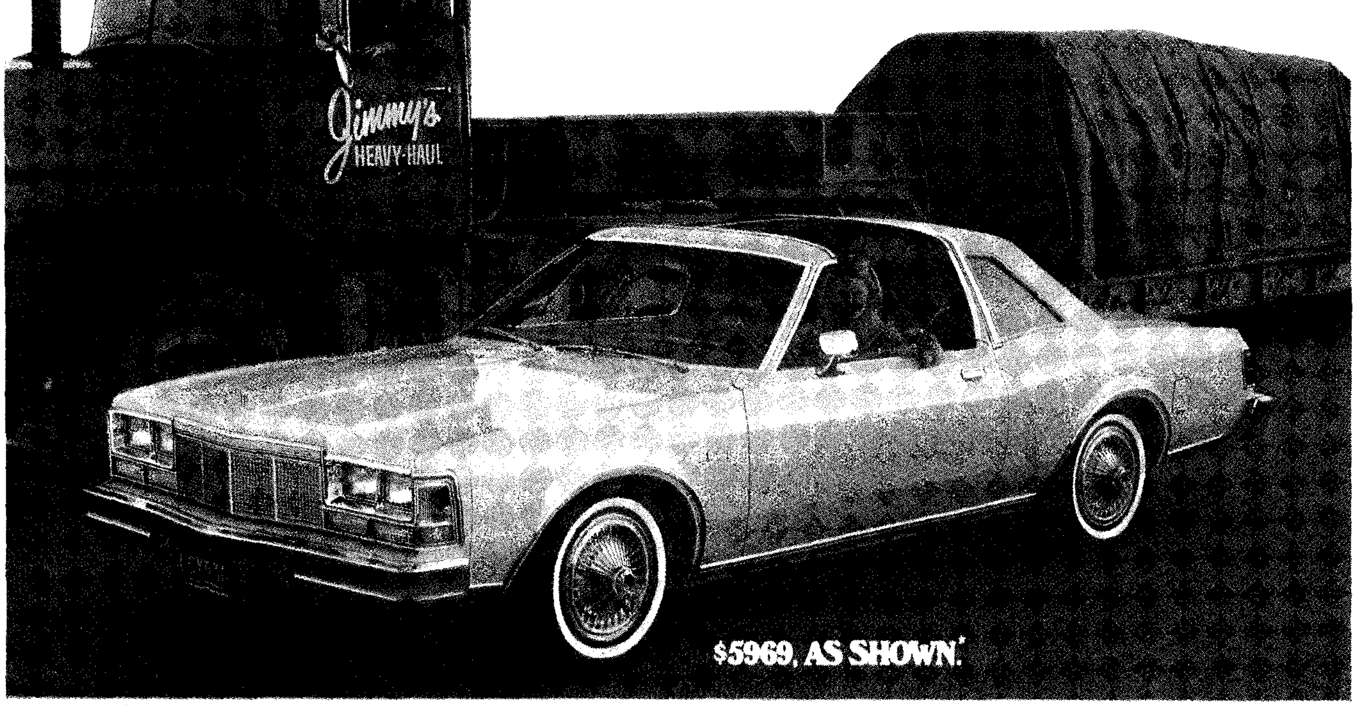

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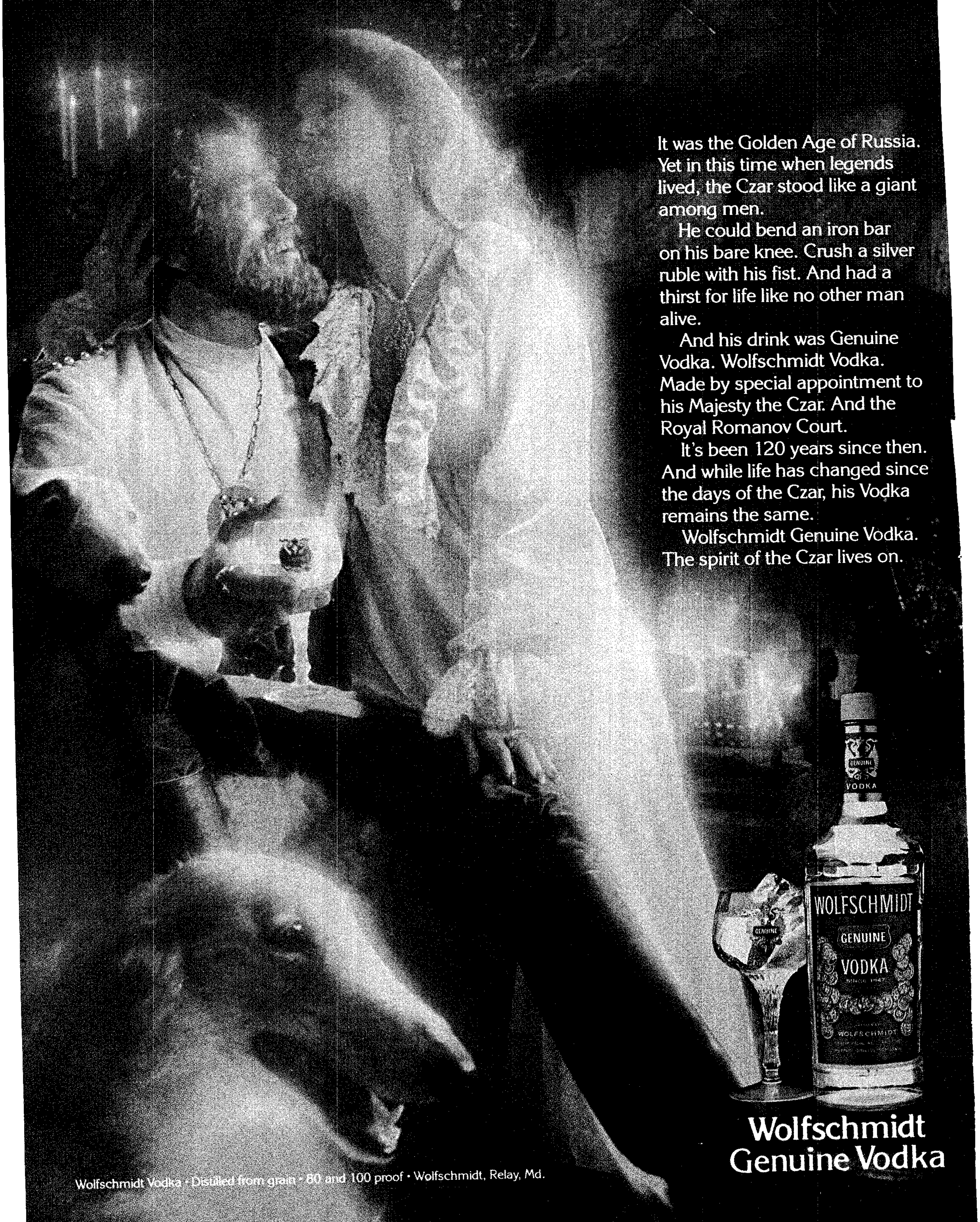

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for a very strong Brazilian alcohol distilled from sugar cane, this second-floor room is decorated with potted palms, mirrored walls, and light-gray couches, and lets one easily imagine oneself in a Rio night club. The Brazilian band—piano, bass, drums, vocalist, but, oddly enough, no guitar—adds to the authenticity. Live music begins at eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

**Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Pianist Monty Alexander heads a trio Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining.

**Carnegie Tavern,** 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—ELLIS LARKINS is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—JOE TURNER, who is in his early seventies, plays solo stride piano weeknights at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. On Sundays, from eight to one, ROSE MURPHY is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi." Bassist Morris Edwards lends a hand. Dining.

**Crawdaddy,** Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—SCOTT HAMILTON, a tenor saxophonist in his twenties who plays in a swing-era style, works with a trio through Friday, July 28. On Monday, July 31, trumpeter DOC CHEATHAM, who also plays in a swing-era style (and has done so for some forty years), will bring in *his* trio. Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty until eleven-thirty. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Traditionalists Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Ed Polcer, and Red Balaban get together weeknights at nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Aug. 1, trombonist EDDIE HUBBLE and trumpeter PEE WEE ERWIN will sit in with them. On Sunday, July 30, from eight-thirty, tenor saxophonist SCOTT HAMILTON will lead a quintet, which will feature tenor saxophonist BUDDY TATE. Dining.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three, AL HAIG, MORRIS EDWARDS, and AL GAFA perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist HOD O'BRIEN usually holds down the fort with JOE PUMA on guitar, FRANK LUTHER on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. This foursome works from ten to three; on Sundays, they put in a walloping eight-hour session, from seven to three. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

**Hopper's,** 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Seven-string guitarist BUCKY PIZZARELLI is teamed up with bassist SLAM STEWART, and they're on view Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—ROY ELDRIDGE, the house legend, is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Lone Star Café,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Mouth-numbing chili for transplanted Texans, Lone Star beer for unwary non-Texans, and often (but not always) good, solid country and rock music. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

**Les Mareyeurs,** 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—RONNY WHYTE, a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and a capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here with strong support from bassist RON MARKOWITZ Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Saxophonist Steve Wolfe and his quintet perform Pacific Northwest bebop (Wolfe is from Eugene, Oregon) through Saturday, July 29. On Tuesday, Aug. 1, pianist JAY MCSHANN, who led the last of the great Kansas City bands in the late thirties and early forties, will return to these quarters. McShann no longer has a big band, but he still has a bead on Kansas City music, i.e., the blues. Drummer JOE MORELLO, bassist JACK SIX, and tenor saxophonist HAL ASHBY will help him out. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of smoke, rhythm-and-blues, and jazz on hanging plants. Jazz-rock flutist Noel Pointer leads a quintet through Saturday, July 29. Music from ten until two. Dining.

**Other End,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—VASSAR CLEMENTS, a Nashville legend and a thoughtful country fiddler, leads his exuberant sidemen on Wednesday and Thursday, July 26-27; Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 2-5, singer MORGANA KING will perform opposite folkie Thom Bishop. Music most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. BOBBY ROSENGARDEN and his orchestra perform the honors Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**Reno Sweeney,** 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—HELEN HUMES, forthright, ever smiling, cute, and cuddly, sings delicate ballads and authoritative blues through Sunday, July 30. On Tuesday, Aug. 1, Gotham, a male vocal trio with an act that leans heavily on Boswell Sisters hits from the thirties and similar campy material, will move in. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

**Sibi,** 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—Even before BOBBY COLE begins his set—when he's just doodling or playing a scale—one knows immediately that he is a pianist with a subtle, confident touch. His hoarse, raspy vocals, which don't punch and attack the way Bobby Short's do but, instead, ride the rhythm, draw on what seems at first like a fifties lounge repertoire—"Cry Me a River," "When Your Lover Has Gone," and "From This Moment On"—until he throws in a tune by the Rolling Stones or Elton John. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

**Storytowne,** 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Bop trumpeter Red Rodney performs with a quintet Thursday through Saturday, July 27-29; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 3-5, tenor saxophonist SCOTT HAMILTON will be present with a quartet. The music begins about nine.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist JOHN ABERCROMBIE, an out-there, introverted soloist, leads a quartet through Saturday, July 29; on Sunday and Monday, July 30-31, bassist David Friesen and guitarist John Stowell will play duets; on Tuesday, Aug. 1, pianist Mickey Tucker will come in with a quintet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

**Trax,** 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A plain brown door and an unlit entranceway lead one downstairs to the action: rock-and-roll businesspersons (and regular people, too) listening to unestablished bands trying for a recording contract. It's sort of a public audition. Music every night but Sunday, provided mostly by rock bands on the way up. Showtimes are usually at midnight and two. Dining.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Disco-pop, jazz-funk tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine heads his quartet in the downstairs half of this club on Wednesday, July 26, and on Friday and Saturday, July 28-29. Music from about ten-thirty.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—DANNIE RICHMOND, the longtime Mingus drummer, is in charge of a quintet that is playing the Master's music, with bassist EDDIE GOMEZ playing the Master's lines. Through Sunday, July 30. On Tuesday, Aug. 1, trumpeter and composer WOODY SHAW will arrive with his very fine quintet—pianist ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS, drummer VICTOR LEWIS, tenor saxophonist CARTER JEFFERSON, and bassist CLINT HOUSTON. Monday nights remain THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS big-band nights. Music from ten.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

**West End Café,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Trumpeter Franc Williams leads his quartet on Wednesday, July 26; Thursday through Sunday, July 27-30, saxophonist RUSSELL PROCOPE'S quartet will perform; Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 1-3, stride pianist BROOKS KERR, drummer SONNY GREER, and bassist AARON BELL will get together; and on Friday, Aug. 4, saxophonist George Kelly will bring in his Jazz Sultans. Live music every night but Monday, July 31, when jazz films will be shown. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

## DISCOTHÈQUES

**Ipanema,** 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Mostly recorded disco and some recorded Brazilian music from nine. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

**New York, New York,** 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning, colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

**Régine's,** 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Cecil Taylor**—Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Friday, July 28, at midnight

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(rain date Saturday, July 29). Free. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.

**Genesis**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, July 29, at 8.

**Mercedes Hall**—With Lanny Meyers and Sherry Mathis. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

**Isley Brothers**—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Aug. 4, at 8.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**Louis I. Kahn** (1901-74)—This architect made his first sketches of architectural monuments by copying out of his schoolbooks, and some of these early efforts, together with later sketches in pastel, pen and ink, charcoal, watercolor, pencil, which were made during his travels in Europe and Egypt (the latest is dated 1959), are included here. Through Sept. 9. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open daily, except Sundays, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

**Blinky Palermo** (1943-77)—Times of the day and seasons of the year are the subjects of a series of small and lively abstract gouaches, often monochromatic, by this German artist, who adopted the name of Sonny Liston's fight manager as his *nom de brosse*. Through Saturday, Aug. 5. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)—Twenty-four self-portraits by this celebrated Austrian draftsman, nearly all of them pencil drawings or watercolors. Through Aug. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Variations on Latin Themes in New York**—A widely diversified exhibit of works by Latins now resident here, ranging from total abstractions to purest realism. Among the artists are Luis Frangella and Liliana Porter, from Argentina; Ana Mendieta and Juan Gonzalez, from Cuba; and Edgar Franceschi, from Puerto Rico. Through Friday, July 28. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.)

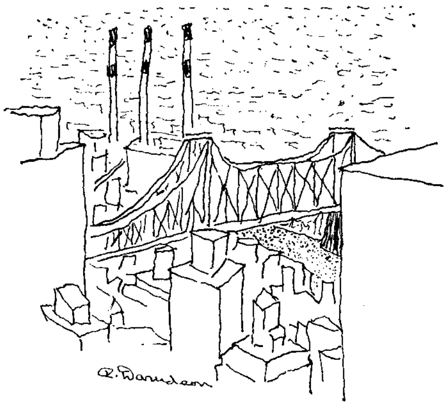
**Group Shows**—At the **associated american artists,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Etchings, engravings, and woodcuts by more than thirty Old Masters, including Aldegrever, Bol, Beham, and Reni. Through Friday, Aug. 4. . . . **automation house,** 49 E. 68th St.: A landscape show by five realists includes outsize watercolors of Western mountain ranges by George Harkins, and sand dunes in the Hamptons by John Yue. Through Friday, July 28. . . . **borgenicht,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by gallery artists. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.) . . . **cooper,** 155 Wooster St.: An abstract plywood wall piece by Rudy Heintze and a sort of simulacrum of a window, complete with screen and sash, by Pete Omlor are among the works on exhibition in a group show here. Through Friday, July 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4.) . . . **crispo,** 41 E. 57th St.: "New Forms in Sculpture" has works by Douglas Abdell, Arman, Fred Eversley, Nancy Leeds, and Hubert Long. Through Aug. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **esman,** 29 W. 57th St.: The summer show here includes works by Tom Clancy and Charles Perini. Through Friday, July 28. . . . **forum,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Still-life paintings by fourteen artists. Nancy Hagin, John Moore, Lucy Sallick. Through Friday, July 28. . . . **freidus,** 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Five sculptures created for the gallery's roof space by Tom Doyle, Alan Finkel, Winifred Lutz, Michael Norton, and Patsy Norvell. Also, indoors, drawings and sculptures by these and other artists. Through Friday, July 28. . . . **hammer,** 51 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American and French artists (Henri, Cassatt, Kent, Corot, Picasso). Through Aug. 25. . . . **hutchinson,** 138 Greene St.: Jedd Garet's cartoonlike colored drawings and Michael Flanagan's renderings, in ink and colored pencil, of "spirit stations" in space are among the components of a small invitational show. Through Saturday, July 29. . . . **jack,** 138 Prince St.: Costume drawings by Erté; slick, faddish paintings of playgirls by Kiki Kogelnik; and works by Norman Laliberté; plus paintings by other gallery regulars. Through Sunday, July 30. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery members. Through Sept. 9. . . . **the new museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works by eighteen artists who showed with the New Museum before it settled down in its present quarters. Among them are Jonathan Santlofer, whose two abstractions on stretched canvas are echoed by related abstractions on unstretched canvas affixed to the wall below; Marianne Stikas, who contributes a fresh-looking oil of what looks like an empty stage; and Brenda Goodman, who makes small wall boxes containing enigmatic sculpture. Through Sept. 1. (Opens at noon; open Wednesday evening, July 26, until 8.) . . . **nobé,** 250 W. 57th St.: Nineteen artists are showing works in the gallery's first-anniversary exhibit. Through Saturday, July 29. . . . **phoenix,** 30 W. 57th St.: Step-by-step illustrations showing how a number of the gallery artists (among them Suzanne Hodes, Anna Bisso, and Nelson Williams), arrived at a finished product: ideas jotted on the back of an envelope, color experiments, black-and-white sketches. Through Aug. 10. . . . **touchstone,** 118 E. 64th St.: Small interiors done in an intimate style—a back hallway, an open closet—by Drew Beattie, and large-scale, detailed panoramas of Alps and Himalayas by Sheppard Craige are included in a new-talent show here. Through Friday, July 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

**Alfresco Sculpture**—At Fordham University's Lincoln Center campus: **chaim gross,** bronzes, and **lila katzen,** metal pieces in a variety of sizes. . . . **ned smith:** Multi-part concrete pieces positioned around the plaza in formal arrangements. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.) . . . **arthur weyhe:** A huge free-form sculpture, remotely resembling a Coney Island roller coaster and incorporating tree trunks the size of telephone poles. The site is a large plaza affording a sweeping view of the East River. (Waterside, accessible to visitors by a footbridge across the East River Drive at 25th St.) . . . **george sugarman:** "Yellow Ascending," a twenty-four-foot sculpture of enamelled welded-steel units, erupts from a base in front of City Hall.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**Robert Doisneau / George Krause**—A group of *photographs of twentieth-century artists* (Léger, Steinberg, Picasso) stand out in a show of a hundred works by this Parisian photographer. / Studies of nudes, most of them surreal. Through Aug. 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**William Henry Jackson** (1843-1942)—Photographs of waterfalls and rock formations. Through Aug. 18. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)



**American Photography Since 1960**—The shift in photography from the documentary to the expressionistic, from the public event to the private is the basis for an exhibition of about two hundred works that will be mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. A hundred photographers will be represented. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Group Shows**—At the **grey art gallery,** New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: More than a hundred and sixty nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs from the collection of Sam Wagstaff, which includes such names as Julia Margaret Cameron, Robert Frank, Doris Ulmann, and William Eggleston. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.) . . . **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two shows. The first is of a hundred and twenty-five prints that **edward weston** gave to his sister, Mary Weston Seaman, over a period of years. . . . ¶ The second show is called "The Great West, Real/Ideal," and it ranges from Betty Hahn's color-screen prints of the Lone Ranger and Tonto, to Ansel Adams' sharp-focus wilderness scenes, to Geoff Winningham's pictures of plastic culture in Houston. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays.) . . . **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: The third annual "Rated X" show. Through Saturday, July 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **pfeifer,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition devoted to the male nude has as its earliest example a photograph (of a sculpture) made in 1857 by Robert MacPherson, and as its most recent example sunbathers on a beach in Acapulco by Louis Falco. Through Friday, July 28.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Images of Women: Master Drawings of Five Centuries" has ninety works (from the Lehman Collection) by artists who include Dürer, Ingres, Menzel, Valadon, and Matisse. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about fifty blue-and-white Japanese Export porcelains (early seventeenth century). Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ "The Arts Under Napoleon": an outline of Napoleon's influence on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through Sunday, July 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. Through Aug. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Ninety portrait drawings, impromptu for the most part, of twentieth-century artists and writers. Included are an arresting graphite-pencil likeness by René Bouché of the architect Frederick Keisler, whose own full-length pencil portrait of Marcel Duchamp (also shown, in another room) occupies eight sheets of paper, each framed separately. (One whole page is devoted to the toe of Duchamp's boot.) Through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ An exhibit of etchings by Jim Dine. Through Sept. 5. . . . **photography:** Group show of contemporary American photographers. Starts Friday, July 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of new and experimental music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

**Guggenheim Museum,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, collages, and reliefs of the Italian abstractionist Alberto Burri. Through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans, from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A show demonstrating that contemporary artists openly use other art as subjects for their paintings, sculptures, photographs, and other works. In this

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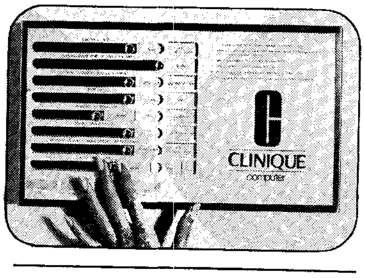

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exhibit, the out-and-out favorites for reproduction are Mona Lisa (Arakawa, Halsman, Johns, Marisol, Rauschenberg, Warhol, Wesselmann), the Stuart George Washington (Colescott, Hefferton, Lichtenstein, Rivers, Wesley, Wesselmann), and the stretched canvas (Dine, Hurson, Jackson, Lichtenstein, Samaras). Through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred twentieth-century drawings acquired by the museum during the past five years, by artists such as Chuck Close, Claes Oldenburg, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Ad Reinhardt. Starts Friday, July 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . ¶ Informal concerts of classical and contemporary music Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

**Whitney Downtown Museum,** 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Photographs by nineteen recipients of fellowship grants, among them Lilo Raymond, Jan Groover, Louis Faurer. Through Friday, Aug. 4. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—The Archer Collection of Pahari miniatures consists of eighty paintings of the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries, many of them portraits of maharajas and illustrations of religious epics. Starts Saturday, July 29. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a gallery on the third floor, contains prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Asia House,** 112 E. 64th St.—Imperial China from the mid-eighteen-hundreds to 1912 is the subject of vintage photographs, chiefly by Europeans (Charles Weed, John Thomson, Donald Mennie among them). Portraits of the Dowager Empress and her entourage are included in a series by her court photographer. Through Aug. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Embroidery Through the Ages," a show of textiles reaching back to the fourteenth century, taken from the museum's collection or on loan from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.). . . ¶ Concerts in the garden Tuesday evenings at 7.

**Frick Collection,** 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. Through Oct. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—A show of seventy works (paintings, manuscripts, album leaves), medieval in aspect and all produced by an unknown artist called the Spanish Forger, who might have lived as recently as 1900. . . . ¶ A drawing of four demons by Luca Signorelli and a large study for the Delacroix altarpiece "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" are two of the drawings in the exhibit "Devils, Demons, and Fantastic Creatures." (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Both shows through Saturday, July 29.

**Museum of American Folk Art,** 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of traditional folk-art objects whose dominant motif is the heart. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**New-York Historical Society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A modest show of memorabilia from nineteenth-century resorts in New York State offers a glimpse of past holidays perhaps less tranquil than one might imagine—a day at Saratoga, according to publications of the period, might have had, in addition to three vast meals, a concert, bathing, the races, and a dance on the schedule. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

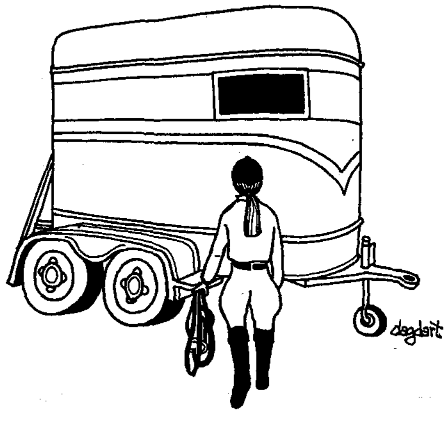
## MUSIC

**Mostly Mozart Festival**—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 26: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program. (No pre-concert recital.). . . ¶ Thursday, July 27: The Tokyo String Quartet, with André Michel Schub, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, in a chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 28-29: Jorge Mester conducting the orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Monday, July 31, and Wednesday, Aug. 2: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 1: Schneider and Serkin, plus Yo-yo Ma, cello, in a chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Barry Tuckwell, horn. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 26.)

**Westminster Choir**—Robert Shaw directing an all-Brahms program, with Benita Valente, soprano; John Cheek, bass; and a symphony orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, July 30, at 8.)

### IN THE COUNTRY

**Tanglewood Festival**—Thursday, July 27, at 8:30: André Previn, piano, and members of the Boston Symphony Chamber Players, in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 7: Christoph Eschenbach, piano, playing Schubert's Sonata in B Flat. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 9: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8:30: André Previn conducting a Mozart-Prokofieff program, with Mayumi Fujikawa, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 2:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducting and acting as soloist in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops in a concert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in a varied program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 7: Benita Valente, soprano, in a program of Schubert songs. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 9: Edo de Waart conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Miss Valente. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Michael Tippett directing a program including one of his own works, with Miss Valente; *Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano;* Alexander Stevenson, tenor; Norman Bailey, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2:30: Edo de Waart conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)



**Caramoor Festival**—Saturday, July 29, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Jeffrey Siegel, piano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; and Brent Ellis, baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Gregg Smith directing the Gregg Smith Singers in a program of American and European music. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 5:30: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; James Buswell, violin; and others. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 20. On Saturday, July 29, a bus will leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled time of the performance; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and the bus, call 914 232-4206.)

**Saratoga Performing Arts Center—d'Oyly Carte Opera Company.** Friday, July 28, at 8:15: "The Pirates of Penzance.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 2 and 8:15: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 8:15: "Iolanthe." **rock concerts.** Wednesday, July 26, at 7: Fleetwood Mac. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 27, at 7: Seals & Crofts. . . . ¶ Monday, July 31, at 8:15: Genesis. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 7: The Doobie Brothers and Toby Beau. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:15: Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5, at 7: Linda Ronstadt and Livingston Taylor. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 7: The Beach Boys. (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

**Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival**—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 29: Martine van Hamel and Clark Tippet; Jane Goldberg, Charles Cook, and Leslie (Bubba) Gaines; and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 1-5: The Murray Louis Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**Baseball**—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, July 26, at 2:05. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, July 26, at 8, and Thursday, July 27, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Minnesota, Friday, July 28, at 8; Saturday, July 29, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe Collins, Moose Skowron, Allie Reynolds, Yogi Berra, and others who played for the Yankees between 1949 and 1953); and Sunday, July 30, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Texas, Monday and Tuesday, July 31-Aug. 1, at 8. . . . ¶ Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 2-3, at 8. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5, at 8.

**Boxing**—Alexis Arguello vs. Vilomar Fernandez, lightweights, and Larry Stanton vs. Alfredo Escalera, lightweights, both 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, July 26. Preliminaries at 8; first main bout at 10.)

**Golf**—Curtis Cup Matches. (Apawamis Club, Rye. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5.)

**Racing**—At **belmont:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Tremont, Wednesday, July 26, and the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 29. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 11 and 1:10, and Saturday between 11 and 1:15.). . . **saratoga:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, July 31,

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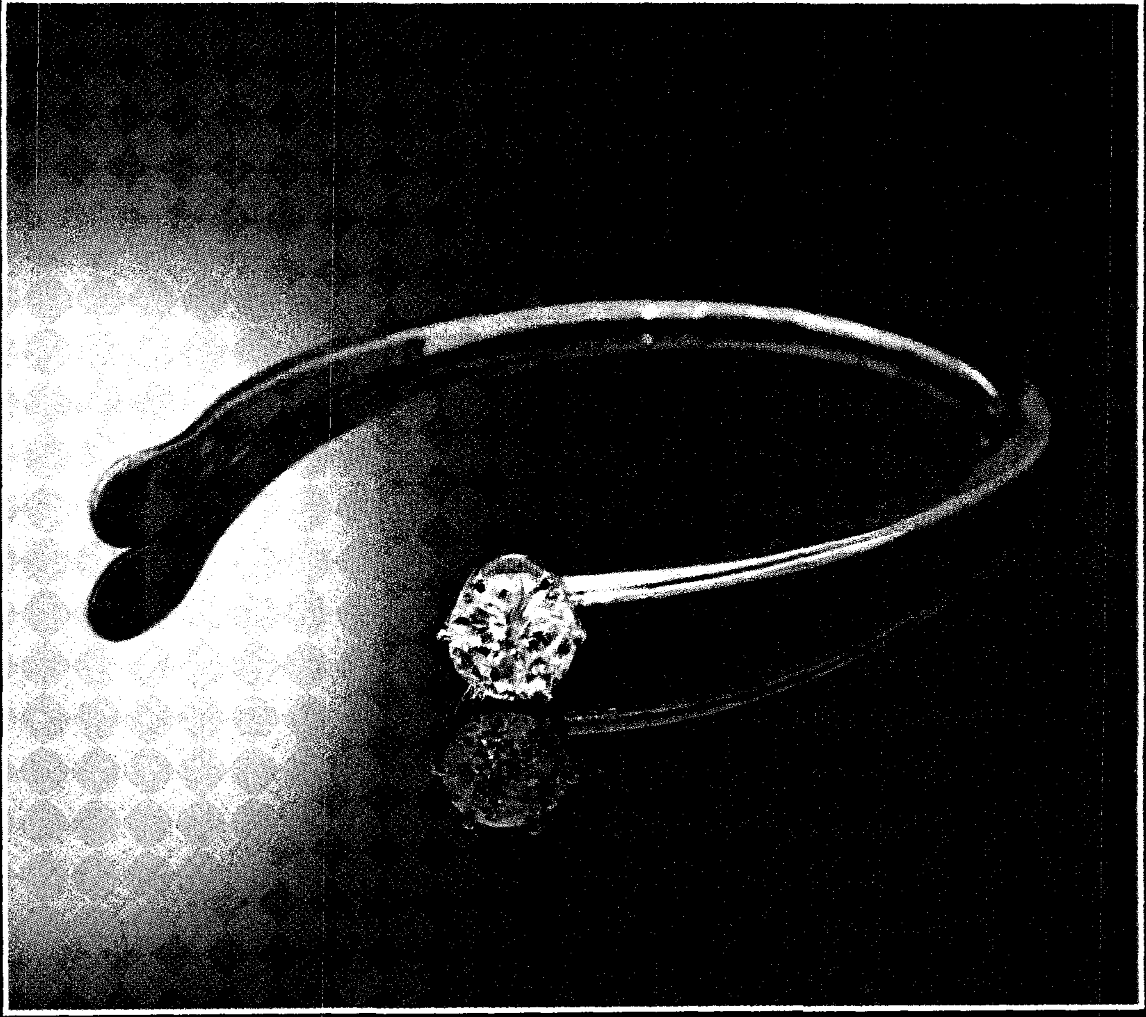

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Schuylerville, Monday, July 31; the Test, Wednesday, Aug. 2; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 5. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30: through Monday, Sept. 4. The Sorority, Saturday, July 29, and the Monmouth Invitational, Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

**Soccer**—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Toronto, Wednesday, July 26, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Tampa Bay, Sunday, July 30, at 7:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

**Tennis**—World Team Tennis at Madison Square Garden. Apples vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, July 27, in the Arena. . . . Apples vs. Seattle, Tuesday, Aug. 1, in Felt Forum. . . . Apples vs. Boston, Thursday, Aug. 3, in the Arena. (Matches begin at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Sunday, July 30, at 1; Monday through Friday, July 31-Aug. 4, at noon and 7:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 5-6, at 1. For information about tickets, call 201 762-6220.)

**Trotting**—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 23. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

## THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—Free performances of ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, with Mark Linn Baker, Remak Ramsay, and Pamela Reed, will be given through Sunday, July 30. . . . THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, with Raul Julia and Meryl Streep, will be the second of two plays by the company. Opens Thursday, Aug. 3, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 3. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Monday through Wednesday, July 31-Aug. 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**Damrosch Park**, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 6. Dorothy Klotzman will share in the conducting on Friday, July 28.)

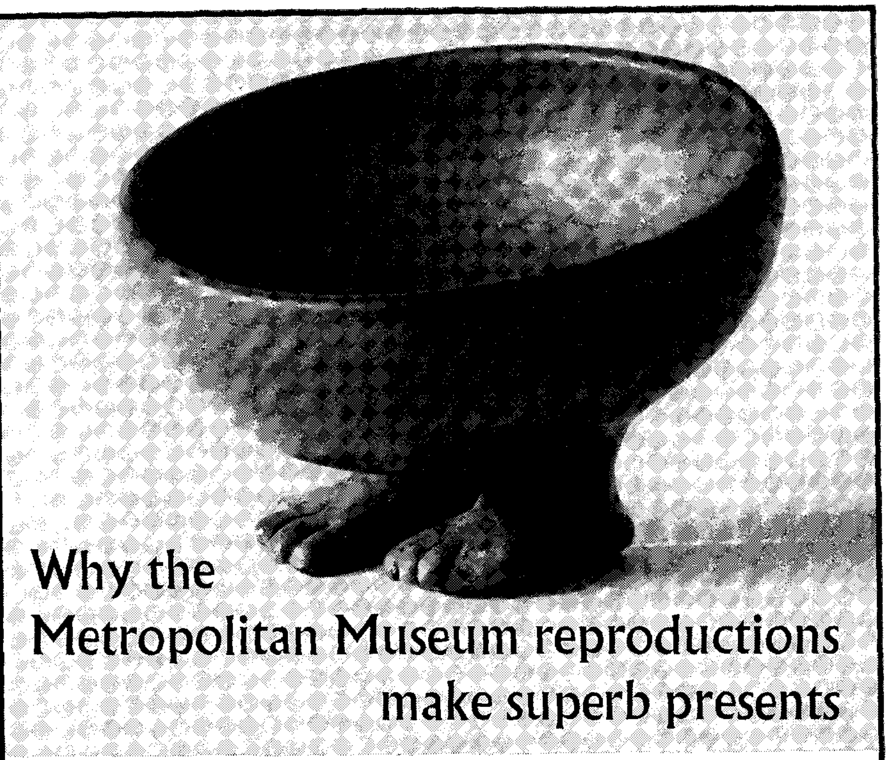
**Central Park Mall**—Thursday, July 27, at 8:30 (rain date, Tuesday, Aug. 1): Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of Puccini's "La Bohème," with Anita Aronoff, soprano; Theodore Lambrinos, baritone; and others. The fourth in a series of five productions. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 5: Jacques Singer conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Leslie Parnas, cello.

**Washington Square Park**—Paul Dunkel conducting the Festival Orchestra. The second in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 1, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

**Wollman Rink**—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, July 26: The Dirt Band and Richie Furay. . . . ¶ Monday, July 31: John McLaughlin and Brand X. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 2: Richie Havens and Tom Rush. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 4: Patti Smith Group. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5: Kenny Rankin and Lynn Kellogg. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

**Jones Beach Theatre**—A revival of Irving Berlin's ANNIE GET YOUR GUN, with Lucie Arnaz and Harve Presnell. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

**Deep Breathing**—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 11 Monday through Thursday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.



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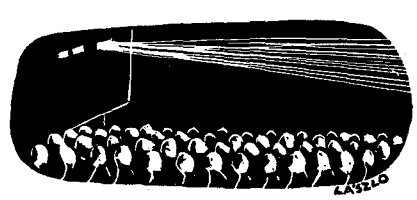
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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| | | | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | 31 | 1 | 2 | 3 | | |

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 26: Theatre closed.
July 27-30: "Badlands."
July 31: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 1: "Milestones."

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Star Wars."

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 1: "The End" and "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World."
From Aug. 2: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Star Wars."

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Grease."

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 27: "Jaws 2."
From July 28: "National Lampoon's Animal House."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band."

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 27: "The Swarm."
From July 28: "Big Wednesday."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through July 27: "Dear Inspector."
From July 28: "National Lampoon's Animal House."

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"International Velvet."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Aug. 1: "Bread and Chocolate."
From Aug. 2: "Interiors."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Cheap Detective."

**59th St. East,** 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Star Wars."

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jaws 2."

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cat and Mouse."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

**Gemini 1,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Buddy Holly Story."

**Gemini 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Buddy Holly Story."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 27: "An Unmarried Woman."
From July 28: "National Lampoon's Animal House."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Replay."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heaven Can Wait."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 1: "Capricorn One."
From Aug. 2: To be announced.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"International Velvet."

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 27: "The Swarm."
From July 28: "An Unmarried Woman."

**Loews Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Grease."

**Loews Ciné,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Foul Play."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through July 27: "The Bad News Bears Go to Japan."
From July 28: "National Lampoon's Animal House."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Jaws 2."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Jaws 2."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Madame Rosa."

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Last Waltz."

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "That Obscure Object of Desire" and "The Lacemaker."
Theatre 2: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 3: Through July 27: "The Swarm."
From July 28: "Dear Inspector."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 1: "International Velvet." From Aug. 2: "Corvette Summer."

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
July 26: "International Velvet."
From July 27: "Star Wars."

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Aug. 2: "Matilda."
From Aug. 3: "The Magic of Lassie."

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Madame Rosa."

**Playboy,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 1: "The End."
From Aug. 2: To be announced.

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Cheap Detective."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Viva Italia!"

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Foul Play."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Foul Play."

**Cinema Studio,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 27: "Faces of Love."
From July 28: "That Obscure Object of Desire" and "The Lacemaker."

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Madame Rosa."

**Loews 83rd Triplex,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Star Wars."
Theatre 2: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 3: Through July 27: "The Swarm."
From July 28: "Big Wednesday."

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 27: "Pretty Baby."
From July 28: "A Woman at Her Window."

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 27: "The Greek Tycoon" and "Slap Shot."
From July 28: "The Driver" and "Damnation Alley."

### REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 26: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron; and "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others" (1974), in French, directed by Claude Sautet, with Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli, Serge Reggiani, Gérard Depardieu, and Stéphane Audran.
July 27: "Take the Money and Run" (1969), directed by, and with, Woody Allen; and "The Half-Naked Truth" (1933), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Lupe Velez, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan.
July 28-29: "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (†); and "Padre Padrone" (1977), in Italian, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani.
July 30-31: "The Damned" (†); and "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
Aug. 1: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part II" (1956) and "Bandits on the Wind" (1961), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki.
Aug. 2: "Iphigenia" (†); and "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas.
Aug. 3: "Women in Revolt" (†); and another feature, to be announced.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 26: "A Married Woman" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Macha Meril; and "Alphaville" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.
July 27: "Ikiru" (1952), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurowasa, with Takashi Shimura; and "Clouds at Twilight" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kelsuko Kinoshita.
July 28: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Pierre Blaise; and "Les Violons du Bal." (†)
July 29: "Valentino" (†) and "The Loves of Isadora." (†)
July 30: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (†) and "Mayerling." (†)
July 31: "Burn!" (1970), directed by Gillo Pontecorvo, with Marlon Brando; and "Viva Zapata!" (†)
Aug. 1: "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "World Première." (†)
Aug. 2: "Don Juan" (1929), directed by Alan Crosland, with John Barrymore and Mary Astor; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1920), directed by John S. Robertson, with John Barrymore.
Aug. 3: "La Terra Trema" (†) and "The Miracle." (†)

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 27: "The Story of O" (1975) and "Emmanuelle" (1974), both films in French, directed by Just Jaeckin (both X-rated).
July 28-29: "Saturday Night Fever" (1977), directed by John Badham, with John Travolta and Karen Lynn Gorney; and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (†)
July 30-31: "Swept Away" (1975) and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.
Aug. 1: "Judgment at Nuremberg." (†)
Aug. 2-3: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Forbidden Games." (†)

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; opens at six, Mondays through Fridays.)
Through July 29: "The Song Remains the Same" (1976), directed by Peter Clifton and Joe Massot, the Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off; and "Medicine Ball Caravan" (1971), directed by François Reichenbach, rock musicians on tour in America and England.
July 30-Aug. 1: "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden, August, 1971; and "Monterey Pop" (1969), directed by Donn Pennebaker, a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.
From Aug. 2: "Jimi Hendrix" (1973) and "Janis" (1975), both documentary films.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 29: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, and Jean Hagen; and "Ziegfeld Girl" (1941), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Judy Garland, Lana Turner, and James Stewart.
July 30-31: "King Solomon's Mines" (†) and "Mogambo." (†)
Aug. 1-2: "The Devil Doll" (†) and "Mad Love." (†)

From Aug. 3: "It's a Wonderful World" (†); and "China Seas" (1935), directed by Tay Garnett, with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, and Rosalind Russell.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through July 27: "State of the Union" (1948), directed by Frank Capra, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Angela Lansbury, Adolphe Menjou, and Van Johnson; and "American Madness" (1932), directed by Frank Capra, with Walter Huston, Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings, Kay Johnson, and Gavin Gordon.

July 28-29: "From Here to Eternity" (1953), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "The Search" (1948), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Montgomery Clift, Aline MacMahon, Ivan Jandl, Jarmila Novotna, and Wendell Corey.

July 30-31: "Richard III." (†)

Aug. 1: "A Nous la Liberté" (†) and "Pépé le Moko." (†)

Aug. 2-3: "Platinum Blonde" (†) and "Forbidden." (†)

**Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 26: "Bloodhounds of Broadway" (1952), directed by Harmon Jones, with Mitzi Gaynor, Scott Brady, Mitzi Green, Marguerite Chapman, and Michael O'Shea; and "Golden Girl" (1951), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson, Dennis Day, and Una Merkel.

July 27: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "Honky Tonk" (1941), directed by Jack Conway, with Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Frank Morgan, Claire Trevor, and Marjorie Main.

July 28-29: "Murder Most Foul" (1965) and "Murder Ahoy" (1964), two films in the Margaret Rutherford-Jane Marple series, both directed by George Pollock.

July 30: "Honolulu" (†) and "Lady Be Good." (†)

July 31: "Pigskin Parade" (†) and "Summer Stock." (†)

Aug. 1: "Picnic" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, Susan Strasberg, and Cliff Robertson; and "His Girl Friday." (†)

Aug. 2: "The Good Earth" (†) and "Big City." (†)

Aug. 3: "I Was a Male War Bride" (†); and "We're Not Married!" (1952), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Allen, and Victor Moore.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium**, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Fourteen programs in a series of films directed by Henry King: July 27 at 2:30: "Remember the Day" (1941), with Claudette Colbert and John Payne.... July 27 at 6: "Margie" (1946), with Jeanne Crain and Glenn Langan.... July 28 at 2:30: "The Song of Bernadette" (1943), with Jennifer Jones, William Eythe, Charles Bickford, and Vincent Price.... July 29 at noon: "The Black Swan" (1942), with Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, Laird Cregar, and George Sanders.... July 29 at 2: "Wilson" (1944), with Alexander Knox, Charles Coburn, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Thomas Mitchell.... July 29 at 5: "Margie."... July 30 at noon: "The Black Swan."... July 30 at 2:30: "The Gunfighter" (1950), with Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell, Mae Marsh, Karl Malden, and Helen Westcott.... July 31 at 2:30: "Twelve O'Clock High" (1949), with Gregory Peck, Hugh Marlowe, and Millard Mitchell.... July 31 at 6: "Wilson."... Aug. 1 at 6: "Captain from Castille" (1946), with Tyrone Power, Jean Peters, and Cesar Romero.... Aug. 3 at 2:30: "David and Bathsheba" (1951), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Raymond Massey.... Aug. 3 at 6: "Prince of Foxes" (1949), with Tyrone Power, Orson Welles, Everett Sloane, and Wanda Hendrix.... Aug. 3 at 8:30: "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.... ¶ Other, non-King, films scheduled during this period are: July 27 at 8:30: A program of fourteen Tex Avery cartoons.... July 28 at 6: "Rembrandt" (1936), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton, Gertrude Lawrence, and Elsa Lanchester.... July 30 at 5: "The Liberation of Rome" (1944), narrated by José Ferrer; "San Pietro" (1945), directed by John Huston; "Le Retour" (1946), in French, commentary by Claude Roy, with no English subtitles; and "Night and Fog" (1955), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, English subtitles.... July 31 at noon, and Aug. 1 at noon: Two programs of Tex Avery cartoons, seven in each. ... Aug. 1 at 2:30: "The Oyster Princess" (1919), a German silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Ossi Oswalda; no English intertitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**À Nous la Liberté** (1931)—René Clair's imaginative social satire on the mechanization of modern life begins with a man (Raymond Cordy) who escapes from prison and builds a phonograph-record business with an assembly line that's as regimented as the prison. This factory owner is modelled on Charles Pathé, who said of his phonograph-cinema empire, "Only the armaments industry made profits like ours." The tycoon's pal from his prison days is a soft-hearted "little man" (Henri Marchand)—the underdog embodiment of a free, humanistic spirit. This film is beautifully made. The sets by Lazare Meerson are elegantly futuristic; Georges Périnal's cinematography has a simplified, formal perfection; the whole film is paced to Georges Auric's memorable score—one of the earliest (yet best) film scores ever written. The writer-director demonstrates that sound pictures can be as fluid as silents were, and this picture is rightly considered a classic. Yet it isn't as entertaining as his earlier (silent) "The Italian Straw Hat" or his later "Le Million;" Clair's scenario turns a little too carefree and ironic—the film grows dull. "A Nous la Liberté" was obviously the source of some of the ideas in Chaplin's 1936 "Modern Times;" the producing company filed suit against Chaplin for copyright infringement, but Clair had the suit dropped, saying that "All of us flow" from Chaplin, and "I am honored if he was inspired by my film." In French. (Thalia; Aug. 1.)

**Badlands** (1973)—Set in South Dakota at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who go on a murderous spree. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (Little Theatre; July 27-30.)

**The Bad News Bears Go to Japan**—With Tony Curtis and Jackie Earle Haley, directed by John Berry. (86th St. East; through July 27.)

**Big City** (1937)—Luise Rainer, wanly dying of leukemia, as the immigrant wife of a taxi-driver (Spencer Tracy) involved in a taxi war. William Demarest turns up, and in the final scramble on the New York docks, so do Jack Dempsey, Man Mountain Dean, Maxie Rosenbloom, and sundry other sporting figures. The picture doesn't hold together, and although Tracy struggles with the material, he can't win. Frank Borzage directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 2.)

**Big Wednesday**—With Jan-Michael Vincent, William Katt, and Gary Busey; directed by John Milius. (Eastside Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 28.)

**Bread and Chocolate**—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Baronet; through Aug. 1.)

**The Buddy Holly Story**—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Gemini 1, and Gemini 2.)

**Capricorn One**—With Elliott Gould, James Brolin, Brenda Vaccaro, Sam Waterston, O. J. Simpson, and Hal Holbrook; directed by Peter Hyams. (72nd Street East; through Aug. 1.)

**Cat and Mouse**—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Cinema I.)

**The Cheap Detective**—Written by Neil Simon for Ray Stark, this has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—and a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. The picture is facetious, but it is going to be popular. (7/3/78) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

**Corvette Summer**—With Mark Hamill and Annie Potts, directed by Matthew Robbins. (Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 2.)

**Damnation Alley**—With Jan-Michael Vincent, George Peppard, Dominique Sanda, Paul Winfield, and Jackie Earle Haley; directed by Jack Smight. (Olympia; starting July 28.)

**The Damned** (1969)—Luchino Visconti's view of depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. The Nazis are rotten, scheming degenerates, who look like werewolves talking politics while green lights play on their faces. When the young hero's impersonation of Marlene Dietrich is interrupted by the news that "in Berlin, the Reichstag is burning," he goes into a snit. Visconti is grimly serious about all this curling-lip-and-thin-eyebrow decadence. Ingrid Thulin is the fag-hag mother, a Krupp-Borgia baroness who turns her son (Helmut Berger) into a dope-addicted transvestite molester of little girls who eventually beds down with mother—which is too much even for her and turns her into a zombie. It's really a story about a good boy who loves his wicked mother, and how she emasculates him and makes him decadent—the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag. With Dirk Bogarde, Helmut Griem, Charlotte Rampling, Florinda Bolkan, and Umberto Orsini. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 30-31.)

**Dear Inspector**—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Sutton; through July 27.... ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 28.)

**The Devil Doll** (1936)—Creepy. Some bits are fairly certain to return in nightmares. Lionel Barrymore, a fugitive convict masquerading as an old lady, sells dolls to his enemies. The dolls are miniaturized people (Grace Ford and Arthur Hohl) who steal and kill. Tod Browning directed this adaptation of A. A. Merritt's "Burn Witch Burn!" With Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Lawton, and Rafaela Ottiano. (Regency; Aug. 1-2.)

**Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands**—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Cinema II.)

**The Driver**—With Ryan O'Neal, Bruce Dern, and Isabelle Adjani; directed by Walter Hill. (Olympia; starting July 28.)

**The Earrings of Madame De . . .** (1953)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinarily romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 30.)

**The End**—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Reynolds. (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through Aug. 1.)

**Every Man for Himself and God Against All** (1975; also known as "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser")—The story of Kaspar Hauser, chained in a dungeon from infancy and fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. When he is an adult, the man carries him to a town square and abandons him. The townspeople train Kaspar in human habits and educate him, while he tries to retain his newfound pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, the caped figure returns and murders him. This Werner Herzog film, set in early-nineteenth-century Germany and based on an actual case, is a double fable, intermingling the deadening effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of the universe. Herzog has a visionary, estranged style; everyone is alone, immobilized, slightly stiff, and the film is a succession of unbalanced, slanted images. But this style is undramatic; it's numbingly pure. You fight to keep your eyes open. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 28-29.)

**Faces of Love** (originally called "Repérages")—A Swiss film by Michel Soutter. Jean-Louis Trintignant plays a director scouting for locations ("*repérages*" in French). He is going to make a film of Chekhov's "The Three Sisters," with Delphine Seyrig—supposedly once married to the director—as Olga, Lea Massari as Masha, and Valérie Mairesse as Irina. The sloth of the picture has nothing to do with the energy and courage of Chekhov's works. In French. (7/24/78) (Cinema Studio; through July 27.)

**Forbidden** (1932)—Movies about women who sacrifice everything for their married lovers or their illegitimate babies were big box office in the twenties and thirties, but they were generally concocted by masters of the tear-jerking craft, as in "Back Street," "Madame X," "Stella Dallas," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." The director Frank Capra wrote this story himself, and he just didn't have the knack. Despite Barbara Stanwyck's amazingly simple, direct performance, the picture is lifeless, and it was a box-office dud. There's a good early trip to Havana, but the heroine is unbelievably sacrificial over a span of twenty years. She gives up her baby girl to her lover (Adolphe Menjou), to be raised by his childless wife; she marries a nasty newspaperman (Ralph Bellamy) in order to further her lover's political career; she shoots her husband when he threatens to expose the liaison. Even after she's been in prison, she's still protecting her lover's good name. In all this time we never get a glimpse of what she sees in him. Jo Swerling's dialogue doesn't help: when the young heroine arrives late at her secretarial job and her boss asks if she realizes what time it is, she replies, "It is springtime." And there are such unfortunate lines as Menjou's casual, chatty remark to her (when she's already pregnant): "I meant to tell you before that I was married." Joseph Walker was the cinematographer; with Dorothy Peterson. (Thalia; Aug. 2-3.)

**Forbidden Games** (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence, Christianity, war, and death. It is perhaps the greatest war film since "La Grande Illusion." (Neither deals with actual warfare.) On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and an eleven-year-old peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. Clément's method of presentation—a series of harsh contrasts between the intuitive, lyric understanding of the two children and the ludicrous comedy of the quarrelsome, ignorant peasant adults—is perhaps unfair to the adults. But it's an act of kindness to the audience: without the element of gross caricature we might dissolve in tears. This classic of the French postwar period was a commercial failure until it won the grand prize at Venice; it went on to international success. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. From the novel by François Boyer. In French. (Cinema Village; Aug. 2-3.)

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**Foul Play**—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Loews Ciné, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

**The Good Earth** (1937)—Prestigious boredom, and it goes on for a very long time. M-G-M sent an expedition to China which brought back two million feet of atmospheric shots and eighteen tons of costumes, native animals, dismantled farmhouses, and a village shrine. Then five hundred California acres were landscaped and terraced to simulate a Chinese farm, locusts were rented for a scourge, and Occidentals were chosen for the leads, with Orientals cast in the supporting roles. Luise Rainer, who had taken an Academy Award for her Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," won another for her affecting performance as the stoic O-Lan, whose husband Wang (Paul Muni) becomes infatuated with Lotus, the dancer (Tilly Losch, who does a lot of finger-twirling). Walter Connolly plays a scoundrelly uncle, and Charley Grapewin is the family patriarch. The babies are actually Chinese. From Pearl Buck's novel; directed by Sidney Franklin, with his usual lack of distinction. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 2.)

**Grease**—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

**The Greek Tycoon**—An undisguised story about Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and Aristotle Onassis. The worst and most opportunist sort of fictional biography posing as fact. (5/29/78) (Olympia; through July 27.)

**Heaven Can Wait**—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Loews Tower East.)

**His Girl Friday** (1940)—Rosalind Russell playing an indispensable, caustic girl reporter, divorced by the hero and now wanted back. The conniving editor is Cary Grant. A hectic remake of the original Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur "The Front Page," directed by Howard Hawks with a kind of terrific verbal slam-bang that has vanished from current filmmaking. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 1.)

**Honolulu** (1939)—An M-G-M musical folly about a movie star who switches lives with a plantation owner. The whole thing seems to have been thrown together so that Eleanor Powell could do a frenetic hula. With Burns and Allen and Robert Young. Eddie Buzzell directed; the songs by Gus Kahn and Harry Warren are mediocre. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 30.)

**Interiors**—With Diane Keaton, Maureen Stapleton, Geraldine Page, Marybeth Hurt, Sam Waterston, and E. G. Marshall; directed by Woody Allen. (Baronet; starting Aug. 2.)

**International Velvet**—The rash follow-up to the Elizabeth Taylor classic, which was based on Enid Bagnold's story "National Velvet." Orphan Tatum O'Neal comes to England from America as the adopted child of her aunt (Nanette Newman), enabling her to ride for England in the Olympics—thus the "international." "National Velvet" was a classic; this is a bend-over-backward exercise in film financing. Written and directed by Bryan Forbes. (7/24/78) (Trans-Lux East, and Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Guild; July 26. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Aug. 1.)

**Iphigenia**—There's fervor and dedication in Michael Cacoyannis's version of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis;" what's missing is the excitement of a new interpretation. And was there a little too much Arthur Miller in Euripides? The arguments have an ideological ring. But Costa Kazakos's robust, irresolute Agamemnon is very fine, and if Irene Papas' performance as Clytemnestra is overshadowed, her Clytemnestra certainly makes you believe in the vengeance she will take on Agamemnon. The role suffers from a topical flaw: Clytemnestra's female rage sounds too much like what we've been hearing for the last five years. She has become a precursor, and less of a character. In Greek. (1/16/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 2.)

**It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World** (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 1.)

**It's a Wonderful World** (1939)—The title presses the point, and so does the lunatic comedy-mystery. In the role of a tough-minded, devil-may-care poet, Claudette Colbert is forced to strain for laughs; the gag-filled script, by Ben Hecht and Herman J. Mankiewicz, involves her with crooks, cops, amateur actors, and Boy Scouts, and requires her to knock a man out. James Stewart plays opposite her as a detective. With Guy Kibbee, who gets whacked a lot; Ernest Truex, who is almost electrocuted; and Nat Pendleton and Edgar Kennedy. W. S. Van Dyke directed. It's fast-paced but far from memorable. (Regency; starting Aug. 3.)

**I Was a Male War Bride** (1949)—Somebody must have thought it would be funny to put Cary Grant in skirts and a horsehair wig. The whole thing is one of those awful transvestite jokes that never has the grace to go off-color; it all stays at the clothing, wholesome-family-picture level. As the WAC lieutenant whom Grant marries, Ann Sheridan is required to be bossy and butch. Howard Hawks directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 3.)

**Jaws 2**—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through July 27.)

**Judgment at Nuremberg** (1961)—Stanley Kramer's version of the meaning of the Nuremberg trials, from a script by Abby Mann. Gavin Lambert summed it up: "An all-star concentration-camp drama, with special guest-victim appearances." Spencer Tracy is the simple, humane superjudge, a Yankee version of Tolstoy's clean old peasant, and the cast includes Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, and Marlene Dietrich. With Judy Garland and Montgomery Clift as the guests. (Cinema Village; Aug. 1.)

**King Solomon's Mines** (1950)—A smashing kitsch entertainment—H. Rider Haggard's 1886 pulp adventure novel about a search for legendary African diamond mines, given the full M-G-M Technicolor treatment, and with an additional romance between an English lady on safari (Deborah Kerr) and the valiant white guide (Stewart Granger) provided by the scenarist, Helen Deutsch. You have to be prepared to put part of your mind to sleep, so that you don't get too outraged by the colonialist underpinnings of this sort of fiction; the noblest character is the loyal black servant Umbopa, who turns out to be the Mashona chief. (In the 1937 British version, Paul Robeson was a magnificent smiling Umbopa.) One can enjoy this picture for the superb trumpery that it is: the stunning African fabrics worn by the natives are American-made, and the Watusi dances were choreographed by Jack Cole. The film really was shot in the African highlands, though—at Murchison Falls and Mount Kenya—and the elephants and leopards and mandrills (and even the cobras) seem to rise to the occasion. Directed by Compton Bennett and Andrew Martoni; cinematography by Robert Surtees. With Richard Carlson, Hugh Haas, and Lowell Gilmore. Also with Kimursi, of the Kipsigi tribe, and Siriaque, Sekaryongo, and Baziga, of the Watusi tribe; the Africans take all the acting honors. (Regency; July 30-31.)

**The Lacemaker**—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting July 28.)

**Lady Be Good** (1941)—A dispensable plot about the tribulations of a married song-writing team, but some classic numbers by the Gershwins ("Fascinating Rhythm," "Hang On to Me," and the great title song) and by Arthur Freed and Roger Edens ("You'll Never Know"), as well as the slightly sickening Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern effort, "The Last Time I Saw Paris." The cast

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includes Red Skelton, Ann Sothern, Eleanor Powell, Virginia O'Brien, Robert Young, and Lionel Barrymore. Norman Z. McLeod directed, for M-G-M. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 30.)

**The Last Waltz**—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (Greenwich.)

**The Loves of Isadora** (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 29.)

**Madame Rosa**—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Waverly, Festival, and Embassy 72nd St.)

**Mad Love** (1935)—Karl Freund, the famous UFA cinematographer, directed this version of the horror story "The Hands of Orlac" for M-G-M, starring Peter Lorre, with Gregg Toland (who was later to shoot "Citizen Kane") in the camera crew. Freund's direction is disappointingly static, but the film is of considerable visual and historical interest. Peter Lorre's mad doctor might almost be an early sketch for Orson Welles' performance as the elderly Kane; the gothic sets of the two pictures have many similarities, and a white cockatoo turns up in both of them. With Frances Drake, Colin Clive, Ted Healy, Isabel Jewell, and Harold Huber. (Regency; Aug. 1-2.)

**The Magic of Lassie**—A musical, with Lassie, James Stewart, Mickey Rooney, Pernell Roberts, and Stephanie Zimbalist; directed by Don Chaffey. (Music Hall; starting Aug. 3.)

**Matilda**—With Elliott Gould, Clive Revill, Harry Guardino, Roy Clark, and Robert Mitchum; directed by Daniel Mann. (Music Hall; through Aug. 2.)

**Mayerling** (1937)—This beautifully made version of the royal romance is perhaps the most memorable of all French romantic movies. (Its chief rival is "Pépé le Moko;" see below.) Anatole Litvak directed, and the doomed lovers are Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 30.)

**Milestones** (1975)—An acted-out cross-section view of what the young radicals of the sixties are doing in the seventies—how they're trying to find a revolutionary way of life. It's so long (195 minutes) and so miserably structured that the viewer can't tell who is living with whom, or where, or what the economic base of any of the groups is. The directors, Robert Kramer and John Douglas (who also wrote and edited the film), cut back and forth among people living in communes and burned-out apartments and on the road, who talk about their feelings, and the need to be open about those feelings, in banal, strangely indirect and abstract terms. (Little Theatre; starting Aug. 1.)

**The Miracle** (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief, utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. Originally part of the three-story film "Ways of Love." In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 3.)

**Mogambo** (1953)—Clark Gable as a mighty hunter in Africa, in a remake of "Red Dust,"

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which he'd starred in twenty-one years before; Ava Gardner plays the old Jean Harlow role—the wisecracking, tough broad—and Grace Kelly does her hot-ice bit as a ladylike prig (the old Mary Astor role). Gable certainly doesn't have the animal magnetism he had in the earlier version, but when Gardner and Kelly bitch at each other, doing battle for him, they're vastly entertaining anyway. The director, John Ford, got a little carried away with African wildlife ("Red Dust" was faster and funnier), but this sexual melodrama never takes itself too seriously. With Donald Sinden. (Regency; July 30-31.)

**National Lampoon's Animal House**—With John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, and Verna Bloom; directed by John Landis. (Murray Hill, Sutton, Beekman, and 86th St. East; starting July 28.)

**Pépé le Moko** (1937)—Superb entertainment. A classic romantic tragedy of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all French films, yet seen by few Americans because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot, but "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare to the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who saw "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. Ironically, Duvivier had hoped to make an American-style gangster film and had drawn some of his characters from "Scarface." With Mireille Balin, Marcel Dalio, Gaston Modot, Gabriel Gabrio, and Charpin. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 1.)

**Pigskin Parade** (1936)—It's beyond belief—atrocious and yet funny and enjoyable. A Twentieth Century-Fox musical (that's not a recommendation, as anyone who went to musicals knows), featuring the young, pudgy, budding talent Judy Garland (three years before "The Wizard of Oz"), Patsy Kelly, Betty Grable, Stuart Erwin, Dixie Dunbar, Jack Haley, and the Yacht Club Boys. David Butler directed; the songs include "Balboa." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 31.)

**Platinum Blonde** (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (Thalia; Aug. 2-3.)

**Pretty Baby**—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (New Yorker; through July 27.)

**Replay**—With Marie-José Nat and Victor Lanoux, directed by Michel Drach. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Revenge of the Pink Panther**—The fifth in the series, with Peter Sellers again as Inspector Clouseau. Directed by Blake Edwards. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

**Richard III** (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear his inflections in lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." (Thalia; July 30-31.)

**Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band**—With Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees, directed by Michael Schultz. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, and Plaza.)

**Slap Shot** (1977)—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself. Paul Newman, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Olympia; through July 27.)

**Star Wars** (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality, by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Art, Gramercy, 59th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Guild; starting July 27.)

**Summer Stock** (1950)—The emotional rapport of Judy Garland and Gene Kelly transforms the corny, simple-minded story material—a reworking of the Judy Garland-Mickey Rooney pictures about adolescents staging a show in a barn. Though Garland is overweight and obviously uncomfortable in much of the picture, she and Kelly bring conviction to their love scenes and make them naïvely fresh. As a team, they balance each other's talents: she joins her odd and undervalued cakewalker's prance to his large-spirited hoofing, and he joins his odd, light, high voice to her sweet deep one. Their duet on "You Wonderful You" has a plaintive richness that stays with one. The most famous sequence is Garland's rakish solo "Get Happy," shot almost three months after the rest of the picture; exultantly thin, in a black hat and short jacket, she flaunts her spectacular long legs. It is one of the great cheerful numbers of her career. For all the messiness, this is a likable picture, with lots of good songs and dances. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 31.)

**The Swarm**—With Michael Caine, Katharine Ross, Richard Widmark, Olivia de Havilland, Ben Johnson, Lee Grant, and Patty Duke Astin; directed by Irwin Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 27.)

**La Terra Trema** (1947)—Visconti's Neo-Realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 3.)

**That Obscure Object of Desire**—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting July 28.)

**They Shoot Horses, Don't They?** (1969)—Horace McCoy's hardboiled nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance contest is turned into a macabre allegory, with the paranoid, apocalyptic vision of American rottenness that was typical of movies in the Vietnam era. Though the picture staggers under its heavy load of symbolism and is marred by flash-forwards, and even flash-backs triggered by flash-forwards, it's still striking, with vestiges of the hard sarcasm of thirties lower-depths humor—those acrid sick jokes that make one wince and laugh simultaneously. As the defiantly self-destructive, sharp-tongued Gloria, the girl who is so afraid of being gullible that she can't live, Jane Fonda gives a startling, strong performance. She shows the true star's gift of drawing one to her emotionally even when the character she plays is repellent; her Gloria, like Bogart's Fred C. Dobbs, is one of those creations who live on as part of our shared moviegoing experience. The screenwriters, James Poe and Robert E. Thompson, wrote a good role for Gig Young as the promoter-m.c.; he's a crude barker who, in his pitches on the microphone, cheapens every human emotion, but he's also sensitive and empathic. He knows how to handle people in crises—partly, one gathers, because he has been among people in ugly messes all his seamy life. The director, Sydney Pollack, isn't particularly inventive, but he has tight control of the actors. They work well for him, and he keeps the grisly central situation going with energy and drive. With Michael Sarrazin (his role—that of a man who commits murder as an *acte gratuit*—is the adapters' worst failure, and he just looks weak, calf-eyed, and vaguely benumbed), Susannah York, Bonnie Bedelia, Bruce Dern, and Red Buttons. (Cinema Village; July 28-29.)

**AN UNMARRIED WOMAN**—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Beekman; through July 27. . . . ¶ U. A. East; starting July 28.)

**VALENTINO**—Directed by Ken Russell. The only redeeming element is Rudolf Nureyev in the title role; he doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own. (11/7/77) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 29.)

**LES VIOLONS DU BAL** (1974)—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation, and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

**VIVA ITALIA!**—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine, including a recklessly funny kitchen story of regional cooking gone berserk and a poignant piece about a hypocritical son luring his mother into an old-age home. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi. In Italian. (7/17/78) (Paris.)

**VIVA ZAPATA!** (1952)—Marlon Brando, aged twenty-seven, has an acting presence that weights the screen like a fish in a net. He plays a Mexican peasant in this hectic staging by Elia Kazan of John Steinbeck's screenplay. Steinbeck's fake literariness nearly sinks everything. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

**A WOMAN AT HER WINDOW**—A French picture set in Greece in 1936. With Romy Schneider, Philippe Noiret, Victor Lanoux, and Umberto Orsini; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. (6/12/78) (New Yorker; starting July 28.)

**WOMEN IN REVOLT** (1972)—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the fantasies of Andy Warhol's "superstars," and Warhol keeps the camera glued to the blemishes on the performers' rumps and thighs. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 3.)

**WORLD PREMIÈRE** (1941)—John Barrymore, in his self-parodying period, doing an entertaining lampoon of a movie producer. An insignificant contraption of a movie, directed by Ted Tetzlaff. With Frances Farmer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

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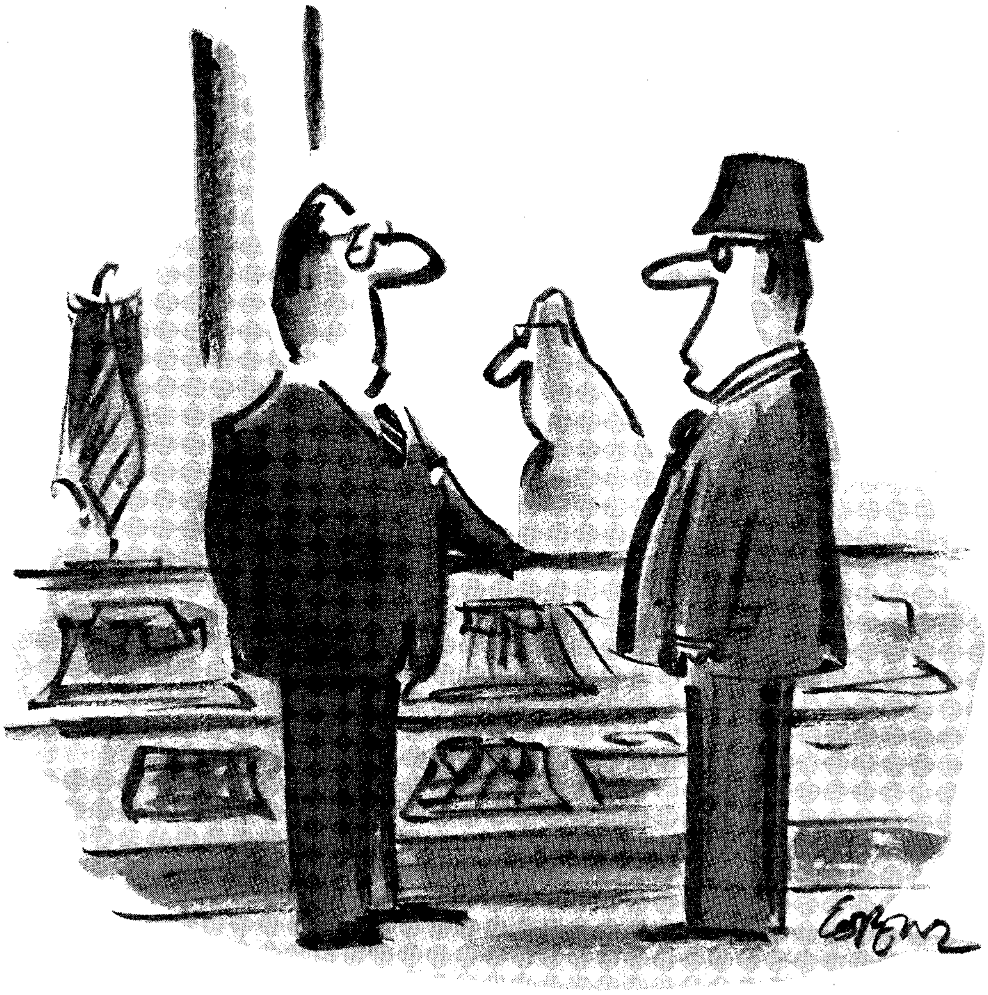
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WHEN the Soviet Union decided to put Anatoly Shcharansky and Alexander Ginzburg on trial for "subversive" activities just a few days before its Foreign Minister, Andrei Gromyko, was to meet with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance in Geneva for a round of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, two principles that are close to the hearts of Americans were brought into collision: human liberty and human survival. Liberty was at stake because the significance of the trials went far beyond the fate of the men in the dock. By accusing Shcharansky—who, like Ginzburg, had been active in the Soviet human-rights movement—of treason for allegedly having passed secret information to an American newsman who was allegedly an agent for the Pentagon, the Soviet government sought to establish a Russian version of the linkage doctrine: to prove that the Soviet human-rights movement was a creature of the foreign press, that the foreign press was the creature of foreign governments, and that any dealings with the foreign press were therefore traitorous. In a word, the Soviet government seemed to be trying to cut domestic human-rights activity off from the outside world—in clear contravention of the 1975 Helsinki agreement, in which the signatories pledged to increase the free flow of information across their borders. Survival was at stake because the weapons under discussion at SALT may be able to do irreversible damage to the ecosphere and so destroy life on earth. Last fall, a Presidential study estimated that in a nuclear war a hundred and forty million people would die in the United States alone. Somehow, these possible deaths, together with the deaths of more than a hundred million people which, according to a recent study by the C.I.A., would occur in the Soviet Union, have to be weighed against the Soviet government's repression of its own people and others.

The conflict between nuclear disarmament and human rights arose for the first time during the Nixon Administration, which initiated the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks and also expanded trade relations with the Soviet Union. Back then, both governments appeared to be ready to resolve the conflict at the expense of human rights. Soviet leaders began to portray the Russian human-rights activists as wreckers of world peace. The leaders' real fear was probably that the flow into their country of Western grain and computers would be accompanied by a flow of Western political ideas. As they saw it, détente with the United States should consist of a sort of wordless commerce between vast, obedient bureaucracies. Meanwhile, in the United States, where we actually possessed the freedoms that the Soviet dissenters could only dream about, President Nixon, whose high-level lawbreaking started coming to light shortly after the first SALT agreement, began to make the argument that Americans should accept his infringements of their liberties at home in order to secure what he called his global "structure of peace"—meaning, in part, his agreements with the Soviet Union. The lower his political fortunes sank, the more rapturous his descriptions of this supposed edifice became. (In fact, the much-remarked-on "overselling" of détente can be traced back to that time. President Nixon was in need of achievements on the scale of his misdeeds, and détente was ready to hand.) But each of the two governments did more than use SALT as a weapon against its own domestic opposition: each government also cooperated with the internal campaigns of the other, at least to the extent of withholding criticism. The beginnings of a *political* alliance between the leaders of the two nations took dim shape. The United States government maintained an uncharacteristic silence concerning Soviet acts of repression. For example, when Alexander Solzhenitsyn (who *incarnates* liberty, whatever his *views* on the matter may be) was sent into exile, the White House had "no comment." The Soviet government went much further: in a move that was laden with dark meaning for democrats everywhere, it actively joined President Nixon's campaign to keep himself in office and discredit his adversaries, including, especially, the American press. On August 10, 1974, the day after President Nixon resigned, Leonid Zamyatin, who was then the director general of the Tass news agency and is now a kind of press secretary to President Leonid Brezhnev, told a Moscow television audience that "a very definite brainwashing of public opinion" which "certainly was not in favor of President Nixon" was being conducted by "the mass media." (The Soviets, of course, had reasons of their own for disliking the American media, as the recent trials have made plain.) For a chilling interval, the world's two greatest powers seemed to be speaking with a single voice against liberty wherever it might spring up.

Today, in the United States, at least, events have swung to the opposite pole. The American advocates of human rights in the Soviet Union are in the ascendant, and, as a consequence, the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks are in jeopardy. Senator Henry Jackson has called for a temporary postponement of SALT. Senator Daniel Moynihan has accused the Carter Administration of "acquiescence that verges on complicity" in the Soviet trials. It is now widely believed that even if President Carter is able to negotiate a new SALT agreement the Senate may reject it. Gone are the budding trade agreements, gone the mutual tactful silence concerning the other country's "internal affairs," and gone the jollified summit conferences, with their brandy toasts in Moscow, their poolside parties in California, and their bi-national live telecasts. The order of priorities has been reversed: the cause of liberty, which was once driven from the field by the cause of survival, now drives survival from the field. But, as in all such reversals, there is something that remains the same. In this case, it is the apparent conviction that either liberty or survival can be advanced only at the expense of the other. In part, no doubt, the conviction grows out of the very common reluctance of partisans of moral causes (both of these causes are highly moral) to give any leeway to the demands of another cause. In the presence of *two* objectives, the crusading spirit grows confused. At the moment, it is the partisans of liberty who are on the offensive, but their course of conduct seems risky, and not only to arms control. In the long run, liberty, too, may suffer. For what has been reversed can be reversed again. Our experience with the Soviet government and, to a limited extent, with our own government has shown us how the arguments against liberty would run: human beings cannot be free if there *are* no human beings; only governments can insure human survival, because only governments possess nuclear arms; rival political groups and private individuals can do nothing for survival and so can only get in the way of the government; since the emergency is unlimited, unlimited powers are justified in dealing with the disruptive elements. To avoid such a reversal, it would seem prudent for today's friends of liberty to seek to uncouple the cause of liberty and the cause of survival as much as possible—to accept each of the causes as a separate, independently desirable aim in itself. For by holding survival hostage to liberty now they could put liberty in danger at a later time.



*"I purchased this hat here early in April with the understanding that it would soon acquire a character uniquely its own. So far it has failed to do so."*

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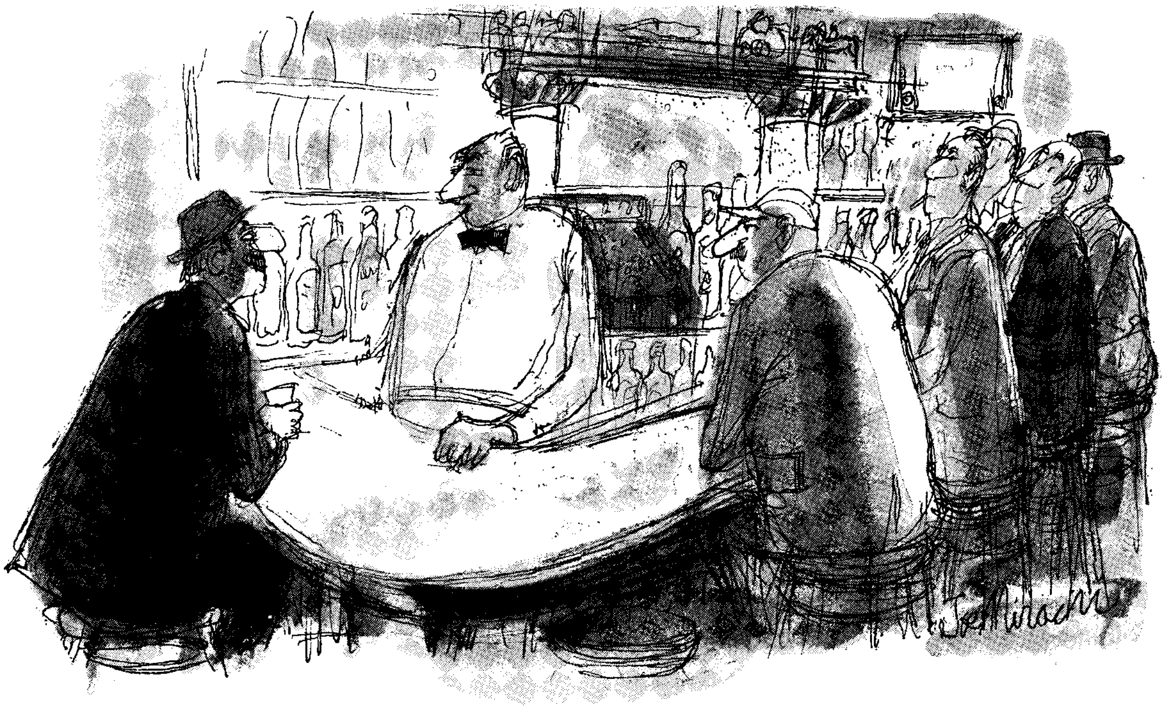
## *Sandwich Ideas*

THOSE of us who are not at present professionally involved in the food-preparation business and do not anticipate being professionally involved in it in the future—who do not, as a matter of course, subscribe to such publications as *Food & Equipment Product News*, *The American Grocer*, *Institutions/Volume Feeding Management*, *Fast Service*, and *Kitchen Planning*—will never be eligible to enter the annual National Sandwich Idea Contest. This means never spending an idle but potentially worthwhile afternoon trying to dream up an Open-Faced Bario Fiesta Sandwich or a Tuna Oriento; never being informed by the contest sponsors—the Wheat Flour Institute, the International Natural Sausage Casing Association, and the National Live Stock and Meat Board—that one's own sandwich idea has entered the pantheon of top twenty sandwich ideas and will be featured in a handsome brochure; never being selected as one of the three finalists who will be flown to New York City to attend a press luncheon during which the grand-prize winner is crowned with daisies. It also means never getting to compete toe-to-toe with Marilyn Hicks, of Webster, Texas. Mrs. Hicks, who has entered the Sandwich Idea Contest twelve years running, has placed in the top twenty ten times. If she is pressed, she modestly acknowledges that her feat, in its own way, is almost as impressive as Joe DiMaggio's fifty-six-game hitting streak. In 1970, the year that she invented the Texas Trail-Driver, Mrs. Hicks won the works—a spot in the top twenty, a trip to New York, and the grand prize, which was five hundred dollars and an all-expenses-paid vacation for two in Hawaii.

For this year's contest finals, which were held at La Folie, a restaurant on East Sixty-first Street, Mrs. Hicks flew in from Texas with her recipe for the Padio-Deckerwich (toasted white bread, ham, mayonnaise, summer sausage, mushrooms, green-pepper rings, hot-pepper cheese, cabbage, and a few other ingredients). As she served samples to guests before the coronation luncheon, she appeared confident. "Only thing I'm concerned about is that I toasted my bread but I wasn't able to use the broiler," she said. "The toaster ovens have been blowing fuses in this place. My sandwich is normally supposed to go under the broiler just before serving. Oh, well. I know it's a good sandwich. I'm food-service director at Clear Lake Hospital, in Webster, about twenty miles from Houston. I served this to the executive staff at the hospital, but it's a little hard to put on my cafeteria line. I don't see how to work out the kinks. The patients definitely won't be getting it, but we'll pass out the recipe brochure, and if they want to make it after they've been discharged from the hospital they're free to do so."



*"You're on your own. Nobody wants to go down Memory Lane with you."*

At an adjacent table, Harry Hochman, the owner of the Sam's Subway Restaurant chain and four other eating places in Indianapolis, was busy assembling samples of his Alfalfa Sprout (avocado, cream cheese, onion, sliced tomato, sliced cucumber, salt, lemon juice, mayonnaise, and alfalfa sprouts on whole-wheat toast) while his wife, Sylvia, chatted with David Stroud, the president of the National Live Stock and Meat Board.

"I think alfalfa sprouts would look fine on an all-beef hot dog," Mr. Stroud said. "Alfalfa makes me think of cattle feed, and well-fed cattle make me think of good old American red meat."

"Alfalfa makes me think of The Little Rascals," said Mrs. Hochman.

Nearby, Marianne Seckinger, of Potsdam, New York, the inventor of the Sweet and Sauer Burger (ground beef, onion-soup mix, sauerkraut, chili sauce, cranberry sauce, and some other stuff, all on an onion roll), did her best to appear happy. Miss Seckinger was having the same toaster-oven problem that Mrs. Hicks had encountered. She stared down at a trayful of Sweet and Sauer Burgers and wrinkled her brow. Little did she know that within the hour the guests at the coronation luncheon (rosi consommé, ribbon sandwich, raspberry au gratin, domestic wines) would see the wreath of daisies placed upon her victorious head. How much lighter her burden would have seemed if she could have envisioned two wise-guy photographers, one from the *News* and the other from the Associated Press, asking her to pose with her prize money in one hand and a Sweet and Sauer Burger in the other. What relief she would have felt if she had been able to foresee the moment when David Stroud, the Live Stock and Meat Board man, learned that Miss Seckinger's name had been misspelled on the prize-money check. And what did Mr. Stroud say? He said, "Oh, boy, the Wheat Flour Institute screwed that one up. Leave it to the lesser-protein group."

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## *Party for a Political Prisoner*

THE other day, we went to an unusual party, given at the home of Huntington Hartford for B. P. Koirala. Many people have heard of Huntington Hartford; his grandfather, George, founded the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, and Mr. Hartford himself, among other things, established the short-lived Gallery of Modern Art in New York City and the Huntington Hartford Theatre in Hollywood, floated the short-lived magazine *Show*, and bought and developed Paradise Island in the Bahamas. But few can have heard of B. P. Koirala; he comes from the little Himalayan kingdom of Nepal, where he served as its only elected Prime Minister, in 1959-60, and where, because of his political agitation for democracy and social reform, he has been off and on for the last eighteen years a political prisoner, first of the late King Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev and then of his son, King Birendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev, who succeeded to the throne in 1972. The party, which was held in Mr. Hartford's apartment at 1 Beekman Place, was very large and was dispersed over several expensively furnished rooms and two terraces. In fact, it was not one party but many parties. One party could be called the black-shadow-under-their-eyes party; its tone was set by rather beautiful but cold-looking women in theatrical clothes who seemed partial to the latest crimped hairstyles. Another could be called the man-about-town-and-interior-decorator party; its tone was set by rather self-absorbed men in attention-getting clothes that could easily be coördinated with sofas, paintings, and wallpaper. A third could be called the Asian-U.N.-diplomat party; its tone was set by rather smooth-looking dark men in conventional clothes accompanied by women in native formal dress. A fourth could be called the professional-liberals-and-human-rights-workers party, and its tone was set by rather solemn-looking men and rather modestly dressed women. And then there was Bayard Rustin, who is a party in himself. (He was wearing a blue crushable hat with a small turned-down brim, carrying a cane, and talking excitedly with his notably careful diction.) Here and there, we also came upon some ordinary people.

We asked a number of people where

Koirala was, and got uncomprehending, "Koirala who?" stares. We asked a number of people where Hartford was, and got "Who knows where he is?" shrugs. Then we spotted an old friend—one of the ordinary people—standing at a door of one of the rooms, and he told us that Koirala had just finished giving a speech inside. "I was in the room with him, but I couldn't hear anything he said," our friend said. "He's recovering from a serious operation, and his voice is rather weak. And there was the background party noise. But everyone in the room was very attentive and applauded vigorously."

Near a fireplace inside the room, as if at the still center of the party, stood a thin, intense-looking man, who seemed completely oblivious of the party. He was talking in a failing voice to a few people around him. He seemed to be explaining or clarifying something. He had delicate but strong hands, which he used to back up his failing voice. A quick, graceful way of flicking his wrist gave his gestures a particular energy and elegance. He was, of course, Koirala.

"How is it that you're here?" we asked when he had finished talking to the people around him and they had wandered away.

"In jail, in May of last year, I began to have fainting fits and loss of vision," he said—we had to lean over to catch his words. "One evening, the King sent for me to come and see him in the palace. I had a ninety-minute talk with the King. In the course of it, the King told me that I was a very sick man and that I needed a prompt operation. A panel of doctors had been examining me regularly, and they had told the King that my two carotid arteries were closing up and shutting off the supply of blood to my brain. The King had the doctors' report right there on the table. The King told me that he had decided to send me to America for treatment, and that I could take my wife with me, because someone had to look after me there. The King said we would be the guests of his government. I knew his father well, but I didn't know this young King. I'd seen him around when he was a child, but I'd spoken to him only once at any length, when he was a student at Eton and I was visiting England. While I understood that he wanted to be nice to me in sending me to America, I told him that I couldn't give up my struggle for human rights in Nepal because of his kindness. I had to go on fighting for the restoration of democracy—for free and fair elections, for freedom of the press and expression, for a constitutional monarchy like England's. I could never sign an abject surrender, like some other politicians, to win my freedom. The King said that he knew this, and that he was only giving me temporary parole for treatment. I came to New York. The doctors operated on me and cleaned out my left carotid artery. Since I was a guest of the King's government, after the operation I went back. The police were waiting for me at the airport, and I was put back in jail. That was a year ago. This year, I started having my old symptoms again, and I was again given a temporary parole. I've just had my second operation on that carotid artery. This trip, they've done a transplant. Next year, they may have to do an operation on my right carotid artery—another transplant. Both arteries couldn't be done at once. Now I'm trying to enlist the help of friends—among them all the people here—to send a message to the King asking that he restore democracy and a respect for human rights. I think he may be quite amenable to such influence. He spent a year at Harvard, and he knows about President Carter's interest in human rights and about Indira Gandhi's fate in India."

The effort of talking seemed to be tiring Koirala, so we took our leave, and looked for Hartford to take our leave of him, too. This time, we found him. He was lounging on a soft, comfortable sofa in another room.

"I'm not very popular in this building, you know, because I give parties and stay up late," he told us. "All the people in this building go to bed very early, you know. Then, some time ago, my son came back from Africa with a baby boa constrictor. The word got out about a boa in the building, and many people in the building were upset."

Apropos of nothing in particular, he then asked us, "Have you ever been to Paradise Island?"

We said no.

"Have you been to Miami?"

We said yes, once, briefly.

"Well, Paradise Island is the same thing but on a very small scale, you know. It has all the beaches that Nassau has. I put thirty million dollars into developing it. I spent four years clearing the titles to fifteen different pieces of property—no one could have built on it otherwise. I sold it to Resorts International. Their stock used to sell for a little over a dollar, and just the other week it sold for over ninety-six dollars."

"How did this party come about?" we asked.

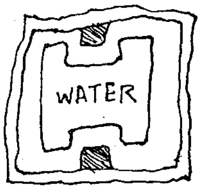
"The party—you mean the party for the Prime Minister?" he said. "I'm a friend of the Prime Minister's nephew, Shail, who works at the U.N. He lives around here, and he asked me if I would give a party for the Prime Minister here. I guess I knew more people, and my apartment was a little larger."

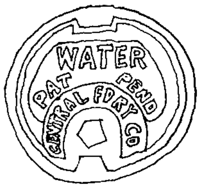
"Did you catch any of Koirala's speech?"

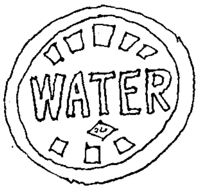
"No, unfortunately I didn't. I don't know where I was."

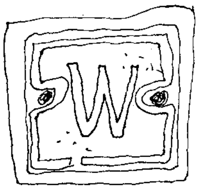
## *In the Sidewalk*

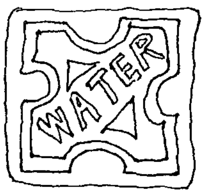
If you tend to trudge around the city with your head down, the way we do some of the time, you see a redundant landscape of filter-cigarette butts, pieces of paper, and other debris, but every so often you come to something good: one of those mini-manhole covers embedded in the sidewalk. (People who walk around with their heads held high trip over them.) Some of them, we have learned, are caps to fuel-oil lines, some are covers to valves that turn gas and water on or off, and some—the larger ones—provide access to sewers and various other pipes. They have no generic name. Since the lids are small, they generally lack the aesthetic pizzazz of their fancy relatives, the manhole covers in the street, but they often make a concise and powerful statement. Within a couple of blocks around Amsterdam Avenue in the Seventies, one encounters a rich variety of sculptural works in *basso*, *mezzo*, and *alto relievo* as well as the time-worn *stiacciato*. The water division alone offers such forms as:

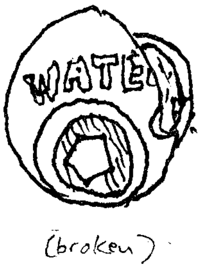




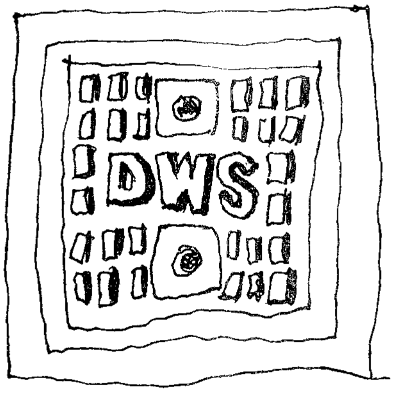




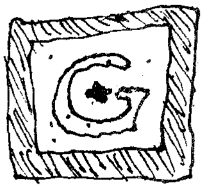




The Department of Water Supply itself has a large, distinctive plate, featuring two holes and a formal arrangement of protruding teeth:

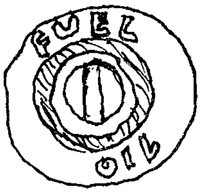


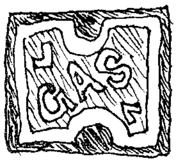
Valve covers are often identified by a simple "G," for "gas":



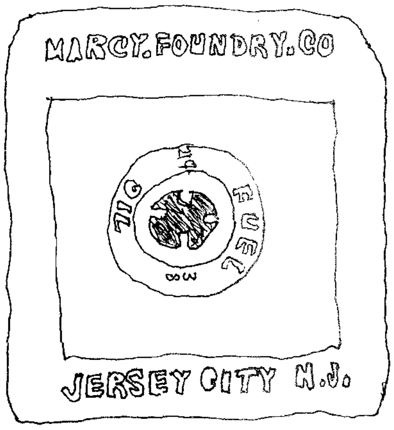
(Some, like the above, have a metal frame around a central panel of concrete, and the initial appears to have been scooped out.)

In fact, fuel lids often lean heavily toward the utilitarian, and tend to lose excitement:

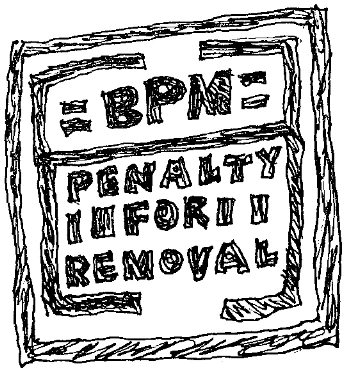




Then they overcompensate by a brazen display of self-importance, as in the Marcy Rectangular, which has a brass center:

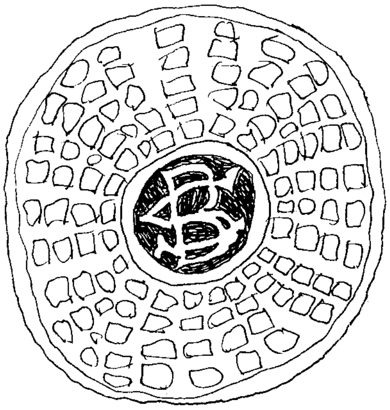


A lot of lids give no clue to their role in society. The BPM, in the sidewalk at the northeast corner of Seventy-fifth and Broadway, provokes a reaction of uncertainty: you don't know what it can do, but you know you shouldn't touch it.

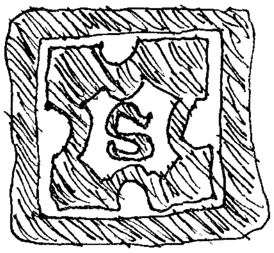


Actually, it's a surveyor's plate, and the letters "BPM" stand for "Borough President of Manhattan."

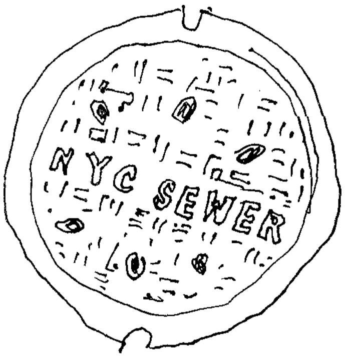
On Amsterdam, there's a lid that is flamboyantly baffling:



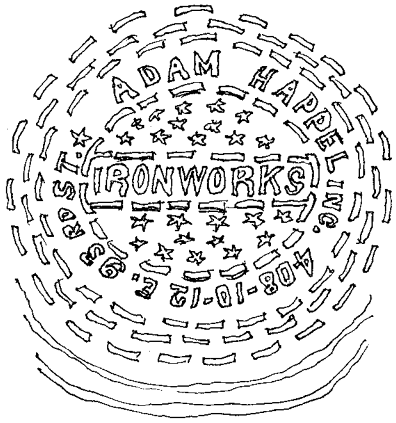
The puzzling "S" lid may be a monogram for the sewer system:



On the other hand, the sewer system has some perfectly explicit sidewalk lids, too:

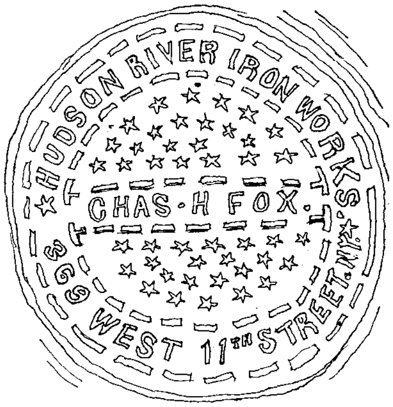


In the inexplicable area, bold designs abound. For example, there's the Seventy-sixth Street Happel:



It clearly regards itself as an aristocrat of lids, and displays the familiar failing of snobs ("Where I come from is more important than what I do").

Our particular favorite is on Seventy-fifth Street just east of Amsterdam, and conceivably it is not baffling at all—conceivably it is a crypt containing the mortal (vertical) remains of the late Mr. Chas. H. Fox—but, whatever it is, we like it a lot:



## *Anglers*

ON the paved shores of the Harlem Meer (one of six ponds in the city's park system which the State Department of Environmental Conservation—in coöperation with the New York City Parks Department, the New York City Department of the Aging, and the New York State Sea Grant—stocked with bullhead catfish on June 27th as part of an urban fishing program designed to stimulate city dwellers' interest in fishing and the outdoors), on a weekday afternoon in July:

"Gregory, how much worm should I use?"

"What you got there is enough, Andrew. Bet with your head, not over it."

Across the pond, a man standing under the trees started playing a three-note progression on the trumpet over

and over again, holding each note a long time.

A boy pulled up a white tube sock with a yellow stripe and a blue stripe which had been dangling in the water, and something scuttled off it.

"Look, Gregory! Look at the lobster!"

"That ain't no lobster, fool, that's a crayfish. Throw him back. Throw him back to his mama."

An empty can of Sunkist orange (the new soft drink introduced a couple of months ago) came drifting by.

"Did you pass this year?"

"Yeah, man, course I passed."

Across the pond, the man with the trumpet started playing each note in the three-note progression four times and in such a way as to hit it differently each time.

A plastic terrestrial globe came floating by, with just Antarctica above the waterline.

"We had a nice fish, but some people took it."

The arm of a Negro doll came floating by.

"Oh, man, my line's stuck. I have got to get it off. I have *got* to get it off."

"Pull on it, Derek."

"I don't get my line off, I can't get back in my house. I got my keys on there for a sinker."

The line came free, revealing a set of keys on an "I ♡ NY" key ring from a savings bank.

The man with the trumpet started playing "I Get a Kick Out of You."

An empty bag of Wise onion-garlic potato chips came floating by.

Two girls with their hair in cornrows took a look at four catfish in a yellow plastic bucket. "These boys should let the fish go," one girl said.

"Are you kidding? Those fish could die out in that water," the other girl said.

# THE LEAP

TODAY we make the leap to faith. Today.

—Today?

—Today.

—We're really going to do it? At last?

—Spent too much time fooling around. Today we do it.

—I don't know. Maybe we're not ready?

—I am cheered by the wine of possibility and the growing popularity of light. Today's the day.

—You're serious.

—Intensely. First, we examine our consciences.

—I am a double-minded man. Have always been a double-minded man.

—Each examining his own conscience, rooting out, naming, remembering, and reëxperiencing every last little cank and wrinkle. Root and branch.

—Smiting each conscience hip and thigh.

—Thigh and hip. Smite! Smite!

—God is good and we are but poor wretches who . . .

—Wait.

—Poor slovening wretches who but for the goodness of God would . . .

—Wait. This will be painful, you know. A bit.

—Oh my God.

—What?

—I just thought of something.

—A prick of conscience.

—Yes. Item 34.

—What's Item 34?

—An unkindness.

—You list them separately.

—Yes.

—You don't just sort of throw them all together into a great big trash bag labelled—

—No. I sweat each one. Seriatim.

—I said it would be painful.

—Might we postpone it?

—Meditate instead on His works? Their magnificence.

—Not that we could in a hundred million years exhaust—

—It's a sort of if-a-bird-took-one-grain-of-sand-and-flew-all-his-life-and-then-another-bird-took-another-grain-of-sand-and-flew-all-his-life situation.

—Contemplate only the animals. Restrict the field. Course we got over a million species, so far. New ones being identified every day. Insects, mostly.

—I like plants better than animals.

—Animals give you a lot of warmth. A dog would be an example.

—I like people better than plants, plants better than animals, paintings better than animals, and music better than animals.

—Praising the animals, then, would not be your first impulse.

—I *respect* the animals. I *admire* the animals. But could we contemplate something else?

—Take a glass of water, for example. A glass of water is a miraculous thing.

—The blue of the sky, against which we find the shocking green of the leaves of the trees.

—The trees. "I think that I shall never see slash A poem lovely as a tree."

—"A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed slash Against the earth's sweet flowing breast."

—Why "mouth"?

—Why "breast"?

—The working of the creative mind.

—An unfathomable mystery.

—Never to be fathomed.

—I wouldn't even want to fathom it. If one fathomed it, who can say what frightful things might thereupon be fathomed?

—Fathoming such is beyond the powers of poor ravening noodles like ourselves, who but for the—

—And another thing. The human voice.

—My God you're right. The human voice.

—Bessie Smith.

—Alice Babs.

—Joan Armatrading.

—Aretha Franklin.

—Each voice testifying to the greater honor and glory of God, each in its own way.

—Damn straight.

—Sweet Emma Barrett the Bell Gal.

—Got you.

—"Das Lied von der Erde."

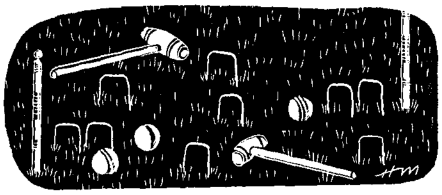
—I couldn't agree more.

—Then there are the bad things. Cancer.

—An unfathomable mystery, at this point. But one which must inevitably succumb to the inexorable forward march of scientific progress.

—Economic inequality.

—In my view, this will be ameliorated in the near future by the pressure of population growth. Pressure of population growth being such that economic inequality simply cannot endure.



—What about Z.P.G.?

—An ideal rather than a social slash political reality.

—So God's creatures, in your opinion, multiplying and multiplying and multiplying as per instruction, will—

—Propagate fiercely until the sum total of what has been propagated yields a pressure so intense that every feature great or small of every life great or small is instantly scrutinized weighed judged decided upon and disposed of by the sum total of one's peers in doubtless electronic ongoing all-seeing everlasting congress assembled. Thus if one guy has a little advantage, a little edge, it is instantly taken away from him, and similarly if another guy has a little lack, some little lack, this little lack is instantly supplied, by the arbiters. Things cannot be otherwise. Because there's not going to be any room to bloody *move*, man, do you follow me? There's not going to be any room to bloody *sneeze*, without you're sneezing *on* somebody. . . .

—This is the Divine plan?

—Who can know the subtle workings of His mind? But it seems to be the way events are—

—That's another thing. The human mind.

—Good God yes. The human mind.

—The human mind which is in my judgment the finest of our human achievements.

—Much the finest. I can think of nothing remotely comparable.

—Is a flower, however beautiful and interesting, comparable to the human mind? I think not.

—Matter of higher and lower levels of complexity.

—I concur. This is not to knock the flower.

—This is not to say that the beautiful, interesting flower is not, in its own terms, entirely fantastic.

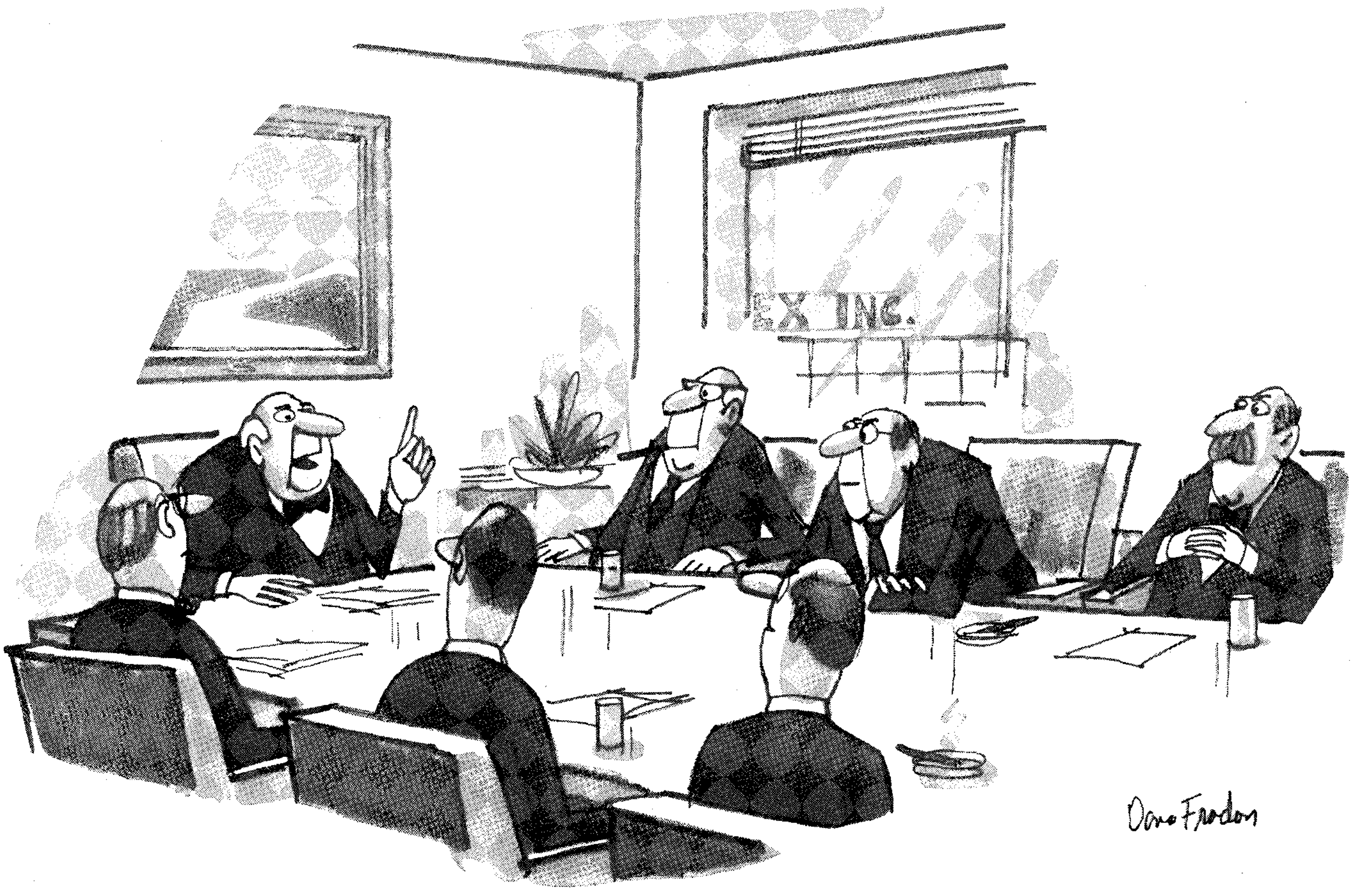
—The toast of the earth. Did I ever tell you about that time when I was in Korea and Cardinal Spellman came to see us at Christmas and his plane was preceded by another plane broadcasting sacred music over the terrain? Spraying the terrain as it were with sacred music?

—So that those on earth could hear and be edified.

—"O Little Town of Bethlehem."

—Yes, the human mind deserves the greatest respect. Not so good of course as the Divine mind, but not bad.

—Leibniz. William of Ockham. Maimonides. The Vienna Circle. The



*"All those in favor of passing the added cost along to the consumer signify by saying 'Aye.'"*

• •

Frankfurt School. Manichaeus. Peirce. Occasionalism. A pretty array. I believe occasionalism's been discredited. But let it stand. It was a nice try, and philosophy, as my teacher taught me so long long ago, is not to be regarded as a graveyard of dead systems.

—The question of suicide. Self-slaughter. Maybe we ought to think about it?

—What's to think about?

—Look at this.

—What is it?

—The bill.

—For what is it the bill?

—A try.

—Whose?

—An acquaintance.

—Good God.

—Yes.

—Ought two slash twenty-four electrocardiogram ought two ought ought ought ought one, thirty-five bucks.

—Ought two slash twenty-four cardiopulmonary two ought ought ought ought ought one, forty bucks.

—Ought two slash twenty-four inhalation therapy one four ought ought ought ought one, sixty bucks.

—Ought two slash twenty-four room four nine one five, a neat one-eighty.

—It goes on for miles.

—What's the total?

—Shade under two thousand. Nineteen hundred and two dollars and ninety cents.

—You'd think they'd give you the ninety cents.

—You'd think they would.

—And the acquaintance?

—She's well.

—This being an example of the leap away from faith.

—Exactly. You can jump either way.

—Shall we examine our consciences now?

—You are mad with hurry.

—We are but poor lapsarian futiles whose preen glands are all out of whack and who but for the grace of God's goodness would—

—Do you think He wants us to grovel quite so much?

—I don't think He gives a rap. But it's traditional.

—We hang by a slender thread.

—The fire boils below us.

—The pit. Crawling with roaches and other things.

—Tortures unimaginable, but the worst the torture of knowing it could have been otherwise, had we shaped up.

—Purity of heart is to will one thing.

—No. Here I differ with Kierkegaard. Purity of heart is, rather, to will several things and not know which is the better, truer thing, and to worry about this, forever.

—A continuing itch of the mind.

—Sometimes assuageable by timely masturbation.

—I forgot. Love.

—Oh my God, yes. Love. Both human and divine.

—Love, the highest form of human endeavor.

—Coming or going, the absolute zenith.

—Is it *permitted* to differ with Kierkegaard?

—Not only permitted but necessary. If you love him.

—Love, which is a kind of permission to come closer than ordinary norms of good behavior might usually sanction.

—Back rubs.

—Which enables us to see each other without clothes on, for example, in lust and shame.

—Examining perfections, imperfections.

—Which allows us to say wounding things to each other which would not be kosher under the ordinary rules of civilized discourse.

—Walkin' my baby back home.

—Love which allows us to live together male and female in small grubby apartments that would only hold one sane person, normally.

—Misting the plants together—the handsome, talented plants.

—He who hath not love is a sad cookie.

—This is the way, walk ye in it. Isaiah 30:21.

—Can't make it, man.

—What?

—I can't make it.

—The leap.

—Can't make it. I am a double-minded man.

—Well.

—An incorrigibly double-minded man.

—What then?

—Keep on trying?

—Yes. We must.

—Try again another day?

—Yes. Another day when the plaid cactus is watered, when the hare's-foot fern is watered.

—Seeds tingling in the barrens and veldts.

—Garden peas yellow or green wrinkling or rounding.

—Another day when locust wings are baled for shipment to Singapore, where folks like their little bit of locust-wing tea.

—A jug of wine. Then another jug.

—The Brie-with-pepper meeting the toasty loaf.

—Another day when some eighty-four-year-old guy complains that his wife no longer gives him presents.

—Small boys bumping into small girls, purposefully.

—Cute little babies cracking people up.

—Another day when somebody finds a new bone that proves we are even ancienter than we thought we were.

—Gravediggers working in the cool early morning.

—A walk in the park.

—Another day when the singing sunlight turns you every way but loose.

—When you accidentally notice the sublime.

—Somersaults and duels.

—Another day when you see a woman with really red hair. I mean really red hair.

—A wedding day.

—A plain day.

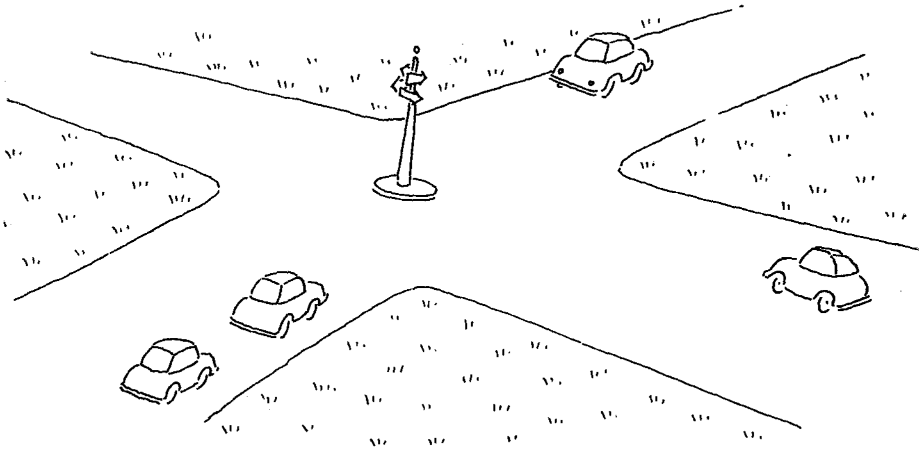
—O.K.?

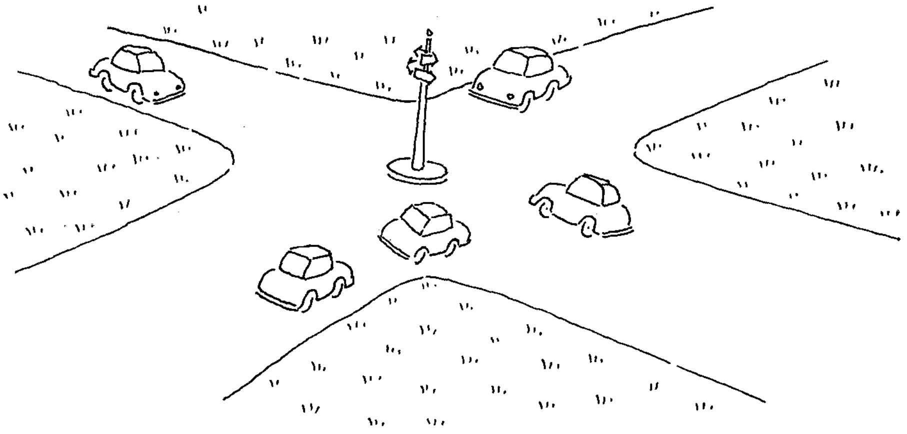
—O.K.

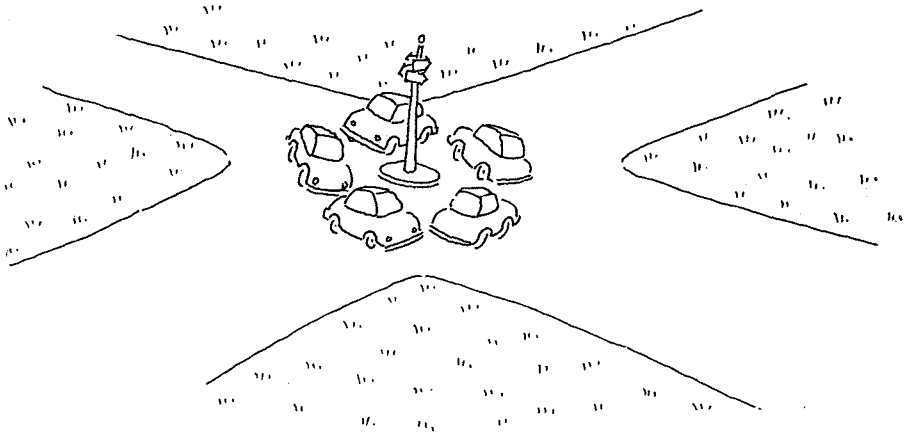
—O.K.?

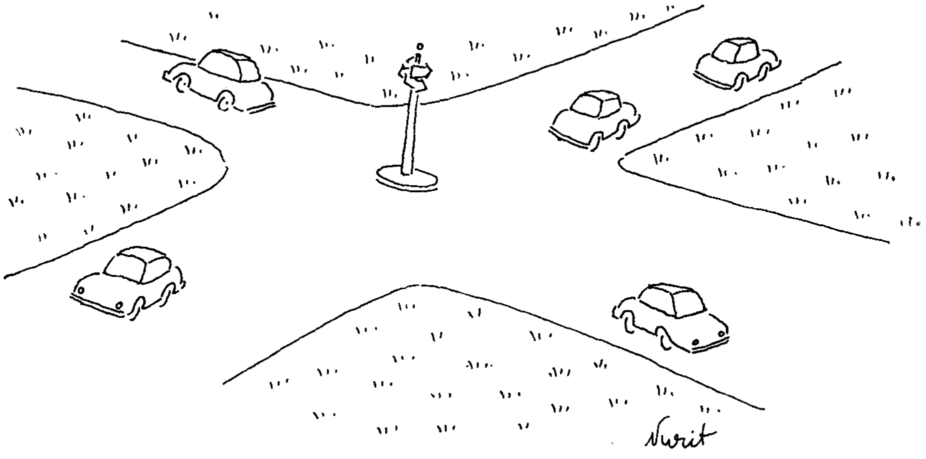
—O.K.

—Donald Barthelme









# IN THE CITY

MY father's father used his full name—Harvey Forbes Franklin—whenever possible, and it seemed to suit him. He was tall and thin and straight, with a swooping mustache. He and my grandmother lived in a suburban town in New Jersey, and when I was ten I was invited to visit them for a week.

The afternoon I arrived from Hartford, where I lived, Grandpa met me at the train. After he kissed me, he said, "Janie, I thought we might start out with Radio City Music Hall—how would you like that?," and we went straight there. We sat far up in the balcony so he could smoke his pipe, and we saw "The Spirit of St. Louis," starring Jimmy Stewart, and a stage show called "Glamour and Rhythm." The Rockettes' ballet number was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen, and the finale, with the line of legs opening and closing like Walt Disney's speeded-up flowers, was glorious. I think Grandpa thought so, too, because he sat forward in his seat. During "The Spirit of St. Louis," he had dozed off.

Afterward, we went to a red-plush restaurant called something like Louis XIV. My grandmother joined us for dinner. That night, she was wearing minks slung in a ring around her shoulders—eight tiny heads with dark gleaming eyes and menacing little jaws gripping eight tiny tails. My grandmother wore makeup, which neither my mother nor my other grandmother did, and she smelled delicious—of perfume and cigarettes. Her fingernails were painted with glossy red polish, and on one wrist she wore a heavy gold-link bracelet, from which gold charms with the names and birth dates of her children and grandchildren dangled. She had a deep, throaty voice, often hoarse from smoking, and her thick gray hair was swept up in a chignon. Her name was Dorothea, but we called her Dede—my grandfather's nickname for her.

Grandpa was the second most elegant person I knew. Dede was the first. He wore a watch chain across his chest and a carved carnelian ring on his right pinkie, which, like his other fingers, was bent from arthritis. The arthritis had forced him to give up his career as an optician when he was still relatively young, but he never seemed to mind being retired. He spent the mornings playing tennis at his club and the afternoons playing bridge, and every Tuesday he drove from New Jersey into New York. He made it clear that what he did there was nobody's business but his. "A man has to have some privacy," he said once. My parents thought it had to do with money. Grandpa had no pension and no income, as far as we knew, though Dede had a small inheritance. It was considered impolite to ask about such matters. Perhaps he gambled.

W. M. Hamilton

*"Don't blame me. Blame the decline of liberalism."*

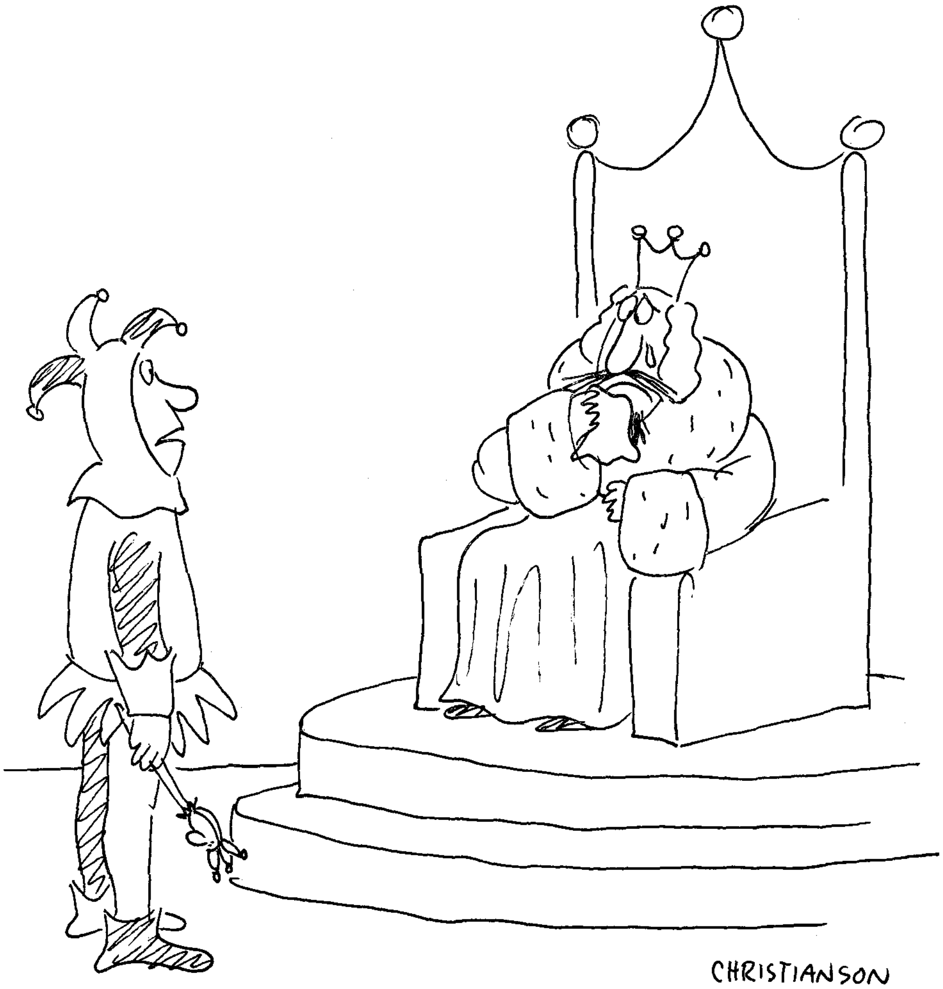
I slept in Dede's room that week, in a high narrow white-painted bed with a satin comforter, just like hers. Grandpa's room was down the hall. They had their own bathrooms, too; their paths overlapped only downstairs. One evening, Dede and I were alone. It was a Tuesday, and too early for Grandpa to be home from the city. I was getting ready for bed. "Janie," Dede said, "shall I show you something beautiful?" She took a package wrapped in yellowing tissue paper from the bottom of a drawer. Inside was a nightgown of delicate peach-colored silk, trimmed with lace. "Your grandfather bought it for me in Paris," she said. "We went there on our honeymoon." Seeing the greedy expression in my eyes, she added, "Would you like to try it on?" It was a chemise, with a belt that tied low over the hips, and it must have been the height of fashion in the early twenties, when it was new. I admired myself in it in the full-length mirror. Then, as Dede was helping me take it off over my head, it caught on my elbow and the papery silk gave way. I thought Dede would be upset—it was ruined—but all she said was "Never mind. I haven't worn it in years."

When it was time for me to go home, my grandfather took me into the city, to Pennsylvania Station. He had to buy me another return-trip ticket and give me five dollars, because I'd left my purse—the first I'd ever owned, bought especially for this trip—on Dede's mirror-topped dresser. "Don't worry about it, honey," Grandpa said, paying for the second ticket, but I thought he had grown a little tired of having his life disrupted by an excitable child. He bought me a candy bar and a copy of *Cosmopolitan*, which he apparently thought was suitable reading for a ten-year-old, and put me on the train for Hartford.

A FEW years after that visit, Dede had a stroke, and then she had to stay home most of the time. She used a metal walker to get around. She spent her days with a nurse, reading Reader's

Digest Condensed Books and smoking Pall Malls, while my grandfather went on playing tennis—long, leisurely doubles matches—and bridge, and going to the city on Tuesdays. Dede grew very thin. Her skin became so soft and wrinkled that it seemed it might turn to powder. And though she still wore perfume she no longer smelled delicious.

I went to see her on my way South to college. Her hair had been cut short a few weeks before, to make it easier to care for, and her hand kept straying to the blunt, slightly upturned edge at the nape of her neck. Years before, Dede had told me that when she was young her hair was red, the red-gold of an Irish setter—thick and wavy and so long she could sit on it. Marie, the hairdresser on Main Street who had taken care of Dede's hair for twenty years, had come to the house to cut it. The nurse told me that after Marie was finished she handed Dede a mirror, as hairdressers always do, but Dede handed it back without looking. When I arrived, Dede thought I was my mother. She was embarrassed at her mistake. During that visit, she often forgot what she was saying in the middle of sentences, and she answered questions I hadn't asked. When I was a sophomore in college, she died.



*"But I digress."*

• •

FIVE or six years after Dede's death, Grandpa came to my apartment for Thanksgiving dinner. I was married then—briefly, as it turned out—and living in New York, in a sunny but noisy walkup in the East Eighties, over a German restaurant. I had invited the whole family for the holiday. They had slept at Grandpa's house in New Jersey—my two sisters in Dede's mirrored Art Deco bedroom. Since I had done the cooking, after dinner my mother and sisters squeezed into the pullman kitchen to wash the mountain of dishes. My husband and father and brothers went out for a walk, and Grandpa and I were left alone, for what I think was the first time since that trip to New York when I was a child. He had grown quite deaf in recent years. He wore a hearing aid, but he seemed to prefer the solitude of having it turned off. During dinner, he sat at the table wrapped in silence until someone nudged him or called his name loudly, and then he would turn up the device. You could almost see him struggling to focus. Sometimes he spoke up in the middle of somebody's sentence, as if he had forgotten that people could talk when he couldn't hear.

We stood at the window, watching the younger men down on the street looking at the TV sets flickering in an appliance store. The Thanksgiving football games were on and we didn't have a television set.

"Jack seems like a nice boy, Janie," my grandfather said, referring to my husband. "He's a smart boy. He knows what he wants." This was the first time they'd met. Grandpa had said it would make him too sad to come to the wedding without Dede, but I knew he hated family ceremonial gatherings.

Jack was a veterinarian. He worked at the Animal Medical Center over on East Sixty-second Street. Before dinner, Grandpa had been asking him about his work, and Jack said in the course of the conversation that he hoped someday to set up a country practice. I was surprised at that (I thought he liked the Center) and also at how well they got along—Jack's scruffy look and tenderness toward animals seemed incompatible with my grandfather's urbanity. Jack brought out something in Grandpa I'd never seen, and I understood why when he added, "I wanted to be a vet once myself."

"I didn't know that," I said.

"Oh yes." He eased himself into a chair. "I grew up on a farm in Ohio," he went on, as if he were reading from a book, "and I loved animals. I liked taking care of them when they were sick, and I had a talent for it, too. But my father said no. He said, flat out, no. In those days a veterinarian went around from farm to farm, and they weren't very well paid. My father had been saving all his life for me to go to school. So I became an optician. It was easier then—you didn't have to know so much. But I missed those animals. And I didn't care for making eyeglasses."

"Did you ever get to like it?" I asked.

"No. Well, yes, once in a while a kid would come in who might be ten or eleven years old and just getting his first pair of glasses. When he got those new glasses and he could see the tops of the trees for the first time—that was the thing they always mentioned—well, then I liked it. But mostly it was just listening to people read those damn letters on the damn chart."

This was more than he'd ever told

me about himself before. "What do you do now, during the day?" I asked.

He got up and went over to the window, opened it, and knocked his pipe against the brick sill. I wasn't sure he was going to answer. Maybe he hadn't heard. Finally, he said, "I go to the club. I don't play tennis anymore. I don't play much bridge. The fellows are mostly gone. We can't often get a foursome together." He paused. Then he said, "I go to the movies."

I was startled—I guess at finding that he did something that I did, too. That we had something in common. He went every Monday afternoon, he told me. He'd seen "Barefoot in the Park" that week.

"I didn't know you liked the movies, Grandpa," I said, remembering the time he had slept through "The Spirit of St. Louis."

"Well, honey, I never did before. But it gives me something to do now. I'm lonely."

I didn't know what to say. We hadn't been close in years. Once I was old enough not to be dazzled by red-plush restaurants, I wasn't even sure I liked him. I couldn't play tennis as well as he wanted me to, and I thought I disappointed him in other ways, too (I didn't kiss him as often as my flirtatious cousins did). His admission embarrassed me. Besides, I didn't believe it. He'd spent so little time with Dede when she was alive. But before I could say anything, he asked, "What would you think if I got married?"

After a moment, I said, "That would be nice," and wished I had thought of something less feeble. Then I realized I didn't know what he had meant. "Is that a hypothetical question, or do you have somebody in mind?"

"Yes, I do," he said, "but I haven't told her yet."

I wanted to ask if he was in love with whoever it was but didn't know how to without intruding.

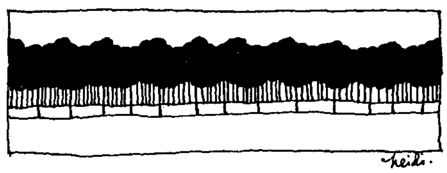
"It would just be for companionship," he said, as if he had read my mind.

Was he telling me that because he thought I disapproved? Feeling I had been too unresponsive, I said again, more emphatically, "I think that would be very nice. I really do," and kissed him on the cheek.

"It would just be for companionship," he repeated. He put his hand on my arm, as he often did—an absent-minded gesture, like holding on to a railing when going down stairs—and we sat in silence until Jack and my father and brothers came back. Then Grandpa turned off his hearing aid and went to sleep; his gnarled fingers loosened their grip on my arm.

A story I read in the newspaper shortly afterward said that old people who are about to remarry often tell their children that they're doing it only for companionship. They're afraid of shocking them with the idea of love and sex at such an advanced age.

I DIDN'T see Grandpa again. Jack and I went to his family's house in Maine for Christmas. For the rest of the winter we were busy working, or so we said to people who invited us out. Grandpa died early that spring. He'd been having lunch at the club with two other men, both also widowers, when he announced that he felt ill and thought he'd better go home. A touch of indigestion, he told his friends. He'd never been sick a day in his life, he always said; he didn't know what pain was. As he stood up to leave, he faltered and then collapsed, bringing the tableful of dirty dishes down on top of him.



I went to the funeral without Jack. He said he couldn't get away from the Center. The truth was, we weren't getting along very well. Like that curious booming one hears on a New

## THE FOX WHO WATCHED FOR THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Across the snowy pasturage of the estate,
Open snares drift like pawprints under rain; everywhere
There is the conjured rabbit being dragged
Up into blowing snow: it struggles
Upside down by a leg; its belly
Is the slaked white of cottages along the Atlantic.

Inside the parlor, Ibsen writes of a summer garden, of sunken
Butterflies throbbing inside the blossoming tulips.
He describes the snapdragon with its little sconce of dew.
He moves from the desk to a window. Remembers his studies
In medicine, picturing the sticky,
Overlapping eyelids of drowned children. On the corner
Of the sofa, wrapped in Empress silks, there's a box
Of fresh chocolates. He mimics the deceptively distant,
Chittering birdsong within the cat's throat.
How it attracts finches to her open window.
He turns toward the fire, now thinking of late sessions in the Storting.
Ibsen had written earlier of an emotional girl
With sunburnt shoulders,

Her surprise when the heavy dipper came up
From the well with frogs' eggs bobbing in her water.
He smiles.
Crosses the room like the fox walking away
From the woodpile.
He picks up his lamp and takes it
To the soft chair beneath the window. Brandy is poured.
Weary, he closes his eyes and dreams
Of his mother at a loom, how she would dip, dressing
The warp with a handful of coarse wool.

Henrik reaches for tobacco—tomorrow, he'll write
Of summer some more, he'll begin with a fragrance . . .
Now, though, he wonders about the long
Devotion of his muscles to his bones. He's worried by
The wind which hurries the pages in this drafty room.
He looks out
Into the March storm for an illustration: under a tree
A large frozen hare swings at the end of a snare-string.
A fox sits beneath it, his upturned head swinging
With it, the jaws locked in concentration,

As if the dead hare were soon to awaken.

—NORMAN DUBIE

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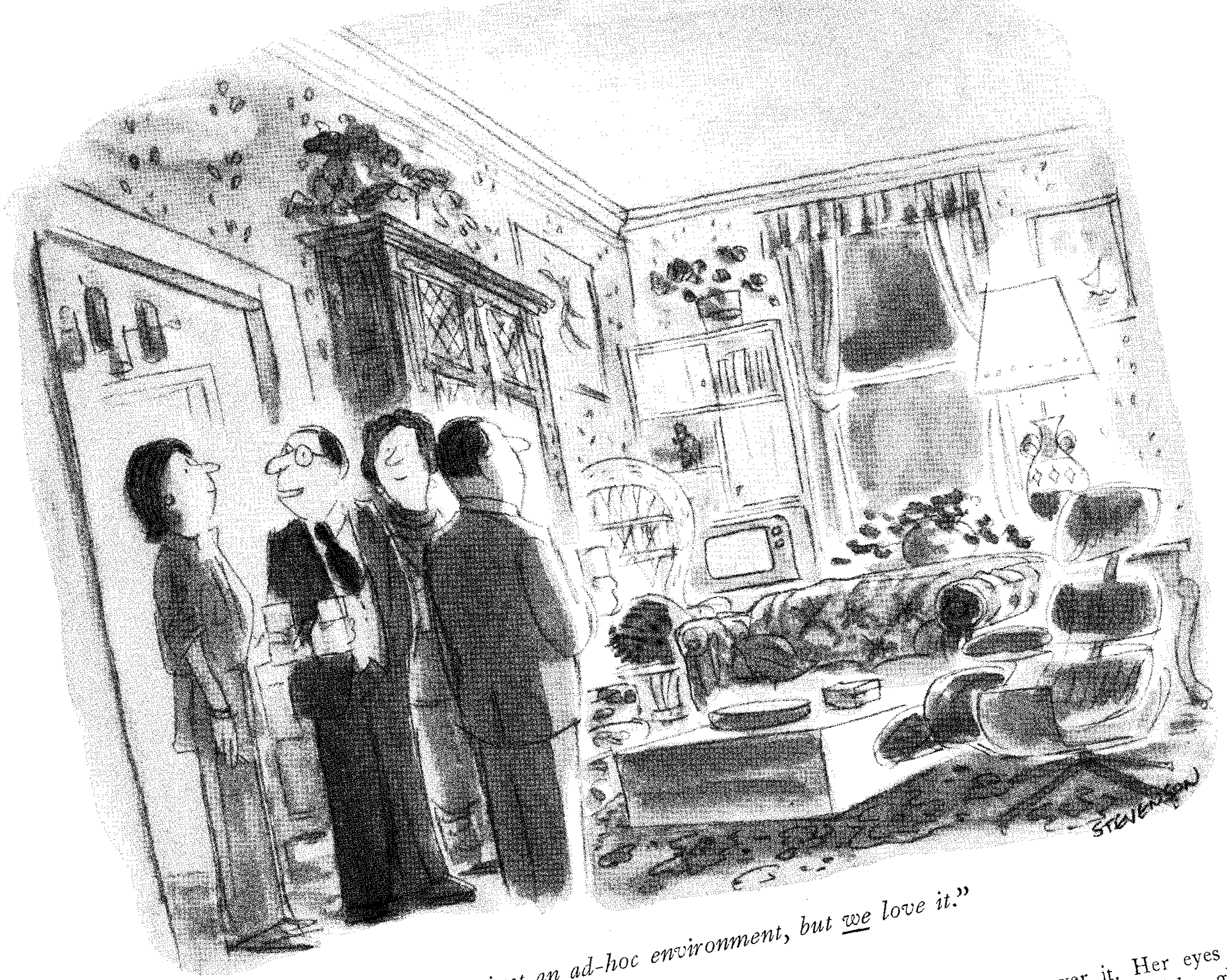


*"It's just an ad-hoc environment, but we love it."*

• •

England lake in the spring as the first imperceptible cracks run through the ice, Jack's mentioning to my grandfather at Thanksgiving that he wanted to live in the country had been a warning signal, though it wasn't until a few weeks later that I realized what it meant. Just after Christmas, the owner of the art gallery where I worked told me she was planning to open a SoHo branch of the gallery and hoped that I might be the manager. The new job was an opportunity I hadn't expected to get so soon and I was delighted, but when I told Jack about it his reaction was one of dismay. We didn't talk of the fact that our plans for the future were so clearly at odds—or, even more distressing, that neither of us had known what the other wanted—but that rift weakened the structure. Soon tiny cracks were everywhere. One heavy rain and the whole thing would wash away.

Grandpa's funeral was held in a large suburban mausoleum. Its halls were lined with marble plaques that gave the names and dates of the people who were now presumably stored as ashes behind them. The service in the chapel, which took about five minutes, was disappointingly lacking in drama (the coffin merely stood at the front of the room—I'd thought we'd see curtains part and the corpse ceremoniously propelled toward flames). I felt I should cry—he had been my last living grandparent—but the place seemed too businesslike for tears. The organ sounded like elevator Muzak. It was all very neat—the way he'd have wanted it. Afterward, I lingered in the great echoing hall, looking for Dede's name among the plaques. I hadn't come home from college for her funeral. Grandpa hadn't wanted to make a big thing of it.

I'd been looking only a few minutes when a plump elderly lady with curly white hair came out of the chapel. She had on a flowered dress and white beads, and a navy-blue hat with a veil billowing up over it. Her eyes were very blue and her cheeks glowed pink—probably not naturally but cheerfully just the same. She walked up to me and said, "You must be Harvey's granddaughter. I'm Louisa Lake."

"Yes, I'm the oldest—Jane Conroy," I said. "That's my married name." She was probably ten or fifteen years younger than Grandpa had been.

"Well, it's a very sad thing. I'll miss him," she said. She snapped open her white patent-leather purse and pulled out a white lace-edged hankie, with which she dabbed at her eyes. She didn't look very sad. She went on briskly, "Harvey Forbes Franklin always did things just the way he wanted, didn't he? I think this is the way he would have wanted it to end. You can't begrudge him that."

"No, I guess you can't. He didn't suffer."

"I'm sure he never suffered a day in his life," she said. "Harvey knew how to make himself happy. He knew what he wanted and he did it. We were old friends, you know."

I said I didn't know, and asked when they'd met.

"Oh, years ago, before my husband, Harry, died. I met your grandfather playing bridge. I was a guest at a tournament at his club in New Jersey. I asked him if he'd like to come into the city and play bridge with Harry and my sister and me the next week, and he did, and we had a wonderful time. It became a regular thing. My husband and I lived on Park Avenue, and your grandfather would come in once a week and play bridge. Then Harry died—he was quite a bit older than me and very kind. We never had children, but we were happy together. Anyway, after Harry died—that was forty years ago—your grandfather did his best for me. We never started up the bridge afternoons again, because it wouldn't have seemed right without Harry, but your grandfather and I were in the habit of our Tuesday afternoons." She paused. "Eventually—I hope this won't upset you, dear—eventually we fell in love."

"I had no idea," I said. In fact, I was flabbergasted. I shouldn't have been, though—there were plenty of clues, now that I thought about it. I wondered if my parents had guessed.

"Your father and your Aunt Mary were still young," she went on, as if compelled to finish what she had started, "and I never would have thought of breaking up a family, but I couldn't see marrying anyone else, either, so we went on as we were for years. After his children were older, and his arthritis set in and he had to stop working—well, he wouldn't leave your grandmother then, because he couldn't have supported her if they separated. I had enough for all three of us, but he said he couldn't accept that."

"How *did* he support himself and Dede?" I asked. "We always thought he played the horses or something on Tuesdays."

"He didn't mind taking loans," she said. "It was at gifts he drew the line. With a loan he could always say he would pay me back."

After a minute, she said matter-of-factly, "I hated him, too. I hated him for the way he treated your grandmother at the end. That poor woman died of neglect, if you ask me."

I started to protest.

"Oh, I don't mean literally. She was starved for love and companionship. I know. I lived like that for forty years, waiting for Tuesdays to come around."

"What happened after Dede died? Why didn't you get married then?"

"We talked about it. But he didn't really seem to care anymore—not in the old way. It would have been only for companionship."

I wondered if he had said those words to her.

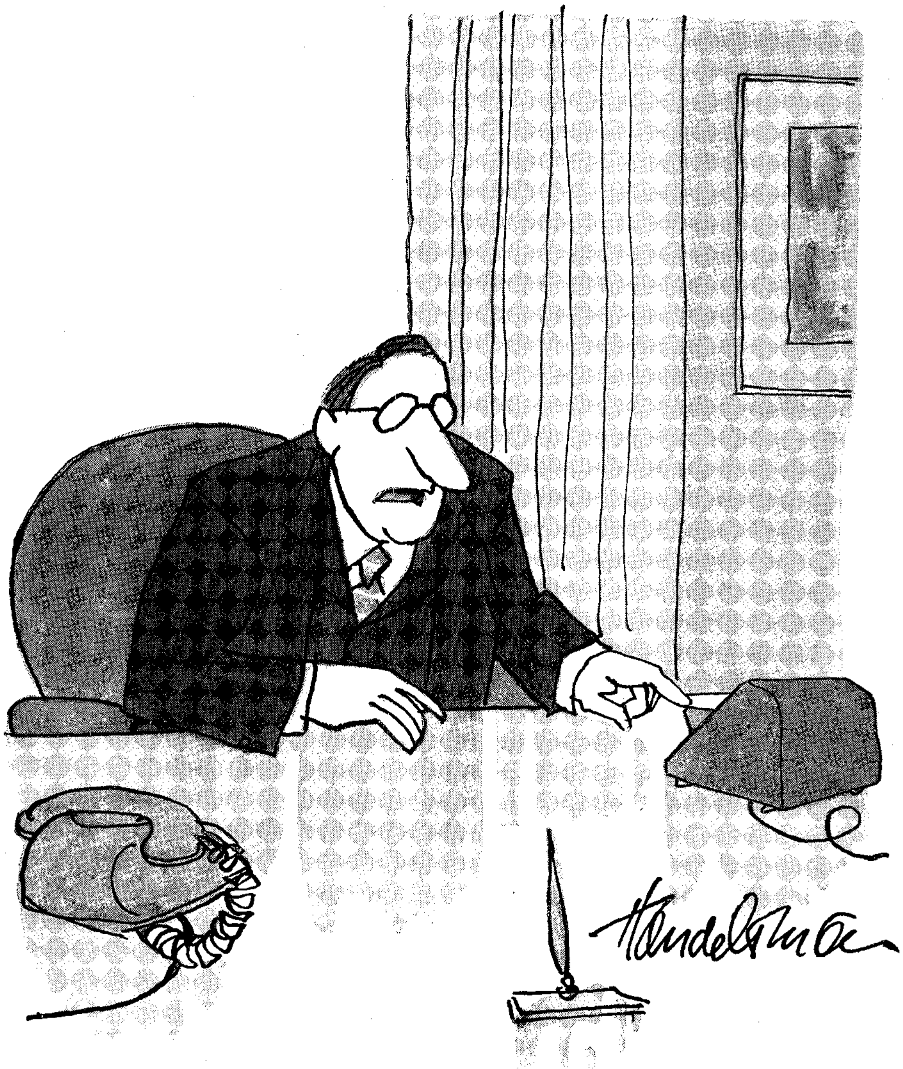
She paused. "It's better that he's dead," she said. "I couldn't have stood to have it that way. I never thought, when we started out—it was just for fun—I never thought it would become so important."

Then she said cheerily, "It was nice to meet you, dear. I'm off to Spain, and then I'm going to France and Italy and Greece and around the world. I've always wanted to travel. I never could before."

She turned to go, but turned back. "There was never anyone I could tell," she said. "I'm so glad we met."

I STAYED a few minutes more, looking for Dede's plaque, but I couldn't find it. Two green-suited workmen wheeled Grandpa's coffin out. It rumbled down the corridor. I wanted to think about what Mrs. Lake had said, but I had promised to meet Jack for lunch, and I was already late.

—KATHERINE BOUTON



*"Miss Caldwell, write twenty letters, make five Xerox copies of each, feed the whole lot into the shredder, and then, if it's five o'clock, you may go home."*

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### DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

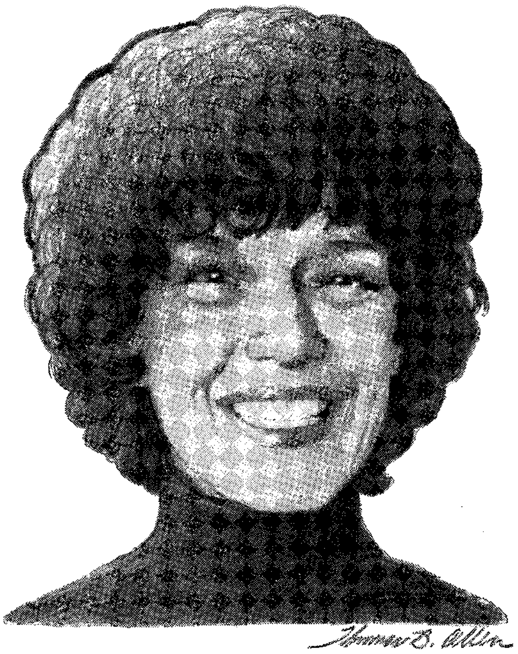
[*Letter received by a man in Worthington, Ohio*]

DEAR RESIDENT:

You will be involved in the above referenced project for new street construction to be done by The N.J. LeCrone Co. Construction will begin approximately 15 May, 1978, and be completed by approximately 30 June, 1978. During construction it will be necessary to close your street to traffic. We will make every effort to make this time as inconvenient to you as possible.

# PROFILES

## COMING OUT AGAIN



*Anita Ellis*

THE great dramatic soprano Eileen Farrell considers Anita Ellis the best American popular singer—praise not from the mountain for the molehill but from a superb classical singer who can sing popular music very well for a superb popular singer who can sing classical music very well. Miss Farrell has held this opinion for some years, and when she was asked about it recently she simply said that she knew of no superlatives that Anita Ellis didn't deserve. Anita Ellis is aware of Eileen Farrell's admiration, but she has never been able wholly to accept it. It is only in the past several years that she has allowed herself even to consider the possibility that she might have an out-of-the-way vocal instrument, for she has suffered all her life from acute stagefright. For as long as she can remember, she has been frightened of performing (even *en famille*), and she is still frightened. She first realized the extent of her fear in 1951, when the producer Max Liebman signed her for "Your Show of Shows," with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca. "I opened my mouth to sing at my first rehearsal," she said the other day, "and nothing came out. Mel Brooks was there, and he kept whispering, 'Relax, Anita, relax,' but it didn't help, and afterward I couldn't even talk." She has reached the point of being able to will herself to perform, but it is far from easy. When, after fifteen years of semi-retirement, she agreed to come out again and sing at Michael's Pub in December, 1974, she would tell her audience between numbers what agony it was for her to be there—her deceptively loose arms ending in tight white fists, her nearsighted gaze focussed blankly in the middle distance. These *cris de cœur* evoked antithetical emotions in her listeners—sympathy because of her obvious anguish, and annoyance because she had breached the magic, transparent wall between performer and audience. But she completed the seven-week engagement, and with such telling effect that she enlarged her already legendary reputation.

Her size and bearing and dress onstage amount to camouflage. She favors dark, diminishing clothes (turtlenecks and pants), and she is no bigger than a coxswain: a shade under five feet two, with a bladelike back and thin, wide shoulders. She keeps her head tilted and her eyes shut—in the hope that when she opens them everybody will be gone. But the fear-quelling momentum she works up for each song makes her a passionate and hypnotic performer, not unlike Judy Garland or Edith Piaf. Her voice is big and surprisingly agile. It is a muscular soprano, capable of endless colors and timbres: beautiful pianissimo phrases capped with silken vibratos; sudden sustained fortissimos that take on a reedy, breaking quality; brave, jubilant middle notes; high clarion tones and low reverential asides. Her dynamics are consummate. Her shouts make us strain to catch the succeeding quiet passage, and her whispers soften her crescendos. Her crystalline diction says, These words are important—*listen*. And, caught up immediately by the power and shape of her voice, we are lifted onto the plane she has chosen for the song. When she finishes, her songs don't end; they subside.

In private, she performs constantly and brilliantly. Her speech is an extension of her singing. It is reverse parlando: speech raised to near-song. She will start a sentence slightly above middle C with a "Well" that stretches out and then slopes into an "I could just tell you," which gives way to a sustained "ah" and the substance of the sentence. Her rhythms and inflections and accents change continually, and form boxy, graceful melodies. She buttresses her talk with her hands and arms and head (she once, in talking of the bateleur eagle of Africa, turned her head abruptly to her left and crooked her arms horizontally to resemble huge, partly open wings—and she was the eagle), with bird flutters and akimbos and vigorous nods, and with a dazzling quick smile that opens like a lens. She recently spent much of a day talk-singing. She began just after breakfast at her apartment, on East End Avenue, where she lives with her husband, the neurologist Mortimer Shapiro, and she continued while going to and from an appointment with her voice teacher, Marion Manderen, who lives in North Tarrytown. Anita Ellis's apartment seems to swim from its spacious back kitchen past a couple of dark bedrooms, an equally dark foyer, and a pillared, shadowy living room, and surface at a big picture window that looks out on Carl Schurz Park and the East River. This view consoles her, for she is quick to say, "I don't like New York. It is not my way." Her way is nature, and, in particular, wilderness, and when she looks out it cheers her to "check on the squirrels and the weather and the river and whether there are any new birds in town." She and Shapiro both love wilderness, but they approach it from opposite directions. She is an animal conservationist, and he is a big-game hunter. It is not, to her distress, a pastime that he keeps to himself, for their apartment is bedecked from one end to the other with heads and tusks and spears and drums and skins and horns. Al Hirschfeld once likened the living room to the Museum of Natural History—a comparison that delighted the Shapiros, but for different reasons. She has learned to live with this panoply largely by ignoring it, and when they are out in the field (Africa, Alaska, Iran), she sallies off by herself while he hunts. She has great affection for Africa. "I'm home when I'm there," she said, standing in front of the picture window and sipping a glass of clear Japanese tea. "I belong completely. I don't understand what Mort does there—all the killing—even though he says the whole experience fills him with peace. When they go hunting, I go walking. I go down to the water hole at noon and watch the animals gather. They're popularly not supposed to come out in the midday heat, but I know better. The last time we were in Kenya, I found a serene clearing and suddenly there were three elephants. Elephants have miserable eyesight, and they couldn't smell me, because the wind favored me, so they went right by and I could have reached out and touched them. I revere that silence just before sunset, and when the sun suddenly disappears, then it's like Toscanini: all the sounds start—birds, insects, and later the hunting animals. Those sounds spread out against the wind. I'm convinced this was where music came from. Man listened to all these creatures and imitated them on flutes and such, and finally wrote the sounds down. The sunsets are sometimes so magnificent they make you want to sing, and I have, for Mort and all the men. I sang in time to it—a lot of blues and made-up songs about what I felt—and I only stopped when the night sounds came up.

# THE TAKING AWAY

The close-fitting, sleepless night,
Everything still—the woodchuck
In its hole under the rock pile,
And the crippled, exuberant limbs of the apple tree
Outside my window. In the aftermath
Of rain, a quiet spreads through the house,
And I listen to the taking away:
Color, shape, sound, as if the darkness
Had flowed from my closed eyes, tattered with stars,
Dropping in slow black flakes over the ground.

On nights like this, I think
Of a companion waiting in my armchair
For the first milk of dawn.
Not knowing what he looks like, I say
He looks like me. I say that we fit into
The same shadow and that he once
Was grateful to the moon for being the same
Everywhere over the earth,
Even on that mineral night when everything human
Failed me, and I knew it would be years
Before my sleep could fill with breathing,
Years before I was whole enough to be a father,
Even maybe to be a friend.

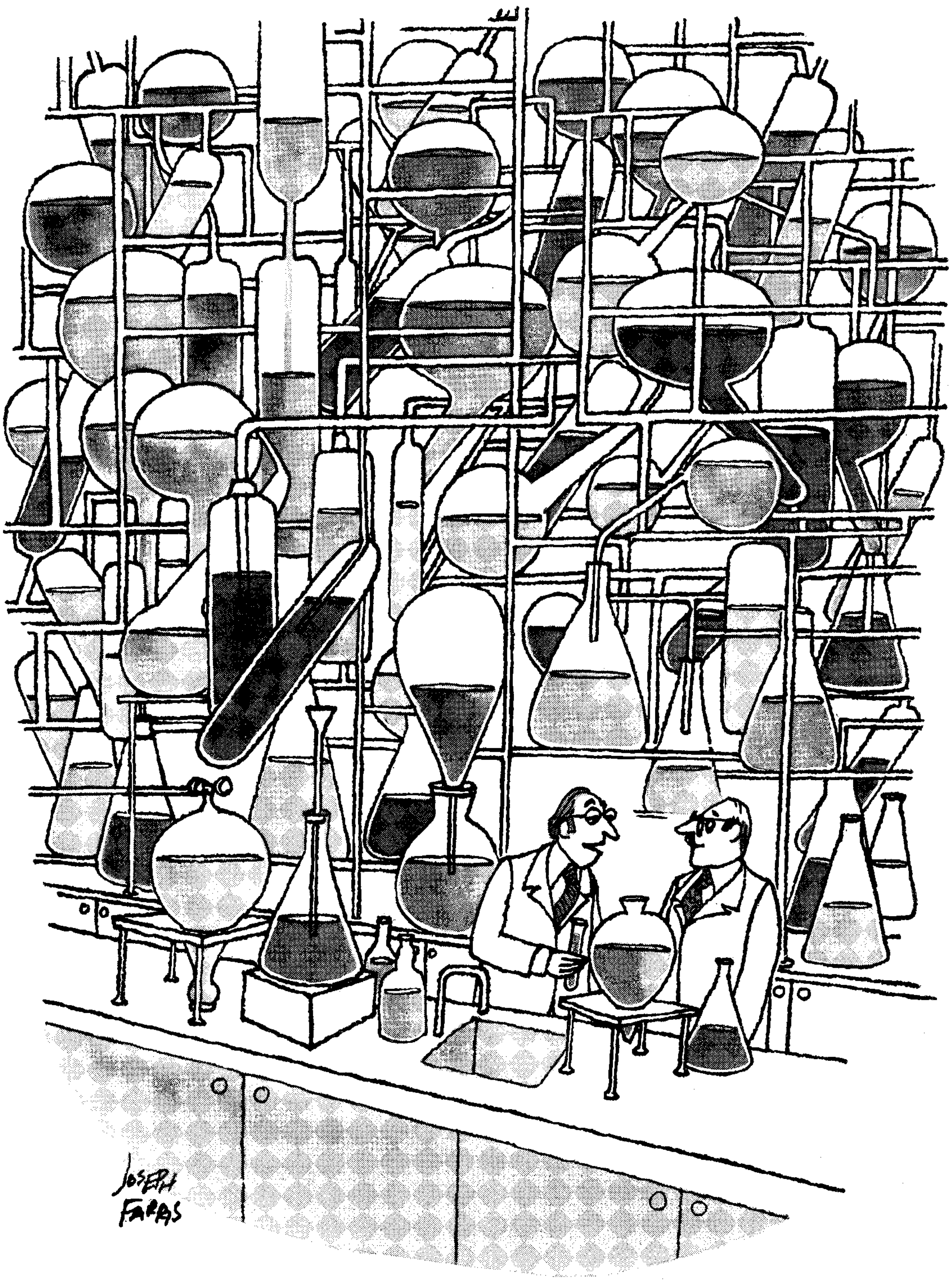
Now we lie awake in my New England brass bed,
In the smell of ripening summer apples,
Listening for lulls in the wind, when
The miles of birch and oak, and the lush
Patches of the fields between, take a breath,
And for a moment it is our breath,
And our midsummer dark, veined with cold currents,
And I am happy to lie in its shade
And savor its fruit, and to admire
Its icy grains sprouting down the wide
Echoing soil of the night.

—Paul Zweig

• •

"I was in and out of the wilderness all during my childhood—in the woods near Montreal, where I was born, and out on the Coast, where I grew up. I was born Anita Kert, on April 12, 1920, a seven-month baby and the first of four children. My brother Mortimer was next, and then Evelyn, and finally Larry, and we're all very much alive. Mort is on the management side of the Los Angeles *Times*, and he's a painter and a poet and lives on top of a mountain. Evelyn has been married twice, but hasn't liked it much, and now she's a wine expert. Larry wanted to be a gymnast, and, of course, he's an actor and singer. He's just finished doing 'Side by Side by Sondheim.' My father's name is Harry. He was the tenth of thirteen children. His father was Isaac Kert, and he built all the railroads and dams in Canada, and was a great humanist and philanthropist. He came from Kiev when he was fifteen, without a word of English, and became a contractor. He married Jane Cameron, the daughter of a Scottish minister. They lived eventually in what is now La Fontaine Park in Montreal, and they had a hundred and fifty horses. During the summers when my father was growing up, Grandfather Isaac would take the oldest children a thousand miles into the Quebec woods and teach them to hunt and track. He taught me when I was little. Around the turn of the century, one of my father's sisters, Aunt Hattie, begged to go, and Grandpa let her. They found a man with a broken leg out there, and his name was Jack London. Aunt Hattie had green eyes and black hair, and she and London fell in love and had an affair, and my grandfather ended up as a character in 'Call of the Wild.' My father's oldest brother—Sonny, or Maxwell—died in 1908, when my father was thirteen, and the family never recovered. Afterward, they turned totally inward. I have never understood what happened to Maxwell, and I've never been able to find out. He was exceptionally strong and a great shot. But they were remarkable children, and all the rest of them were alive until this year. They only started to go at the age of ninety-eight, and suddenly there are just five left, including my father, who's eighty-three. Grandfather Kert told my father when he was little, 'You are going to be a rabbi,' and from the age of four he had training every afternoon at home. This didn't stop him from becoming an exquisite athlete. He is just five-eight and he's never weighed over a hundred and twenty-eight, but he was a sixty-minute hockey player and a fine boxer. He's perfectly proportioned and so well coördinated it's a pleasure to watch him walk. He married my mother in 1918. She lived in Montreal, but she was born in Bialystok, on the Russian-Polish border, and was brought over during the pogroms, when she was four months old. Her parents

were Aaron and Molly Peretz, but she grew up as Lillian Pearson. She was one of eight, four of whom died in infancy. Her father had had a cement business in Bialystok, but in Montreal he ran a little shop for sailors. He was very orthodox, and eventually he became a holy man and left the running of the store to my grandmother, whom we called Bubba. We'd go to the *shul* with Bubba on Friday night and sit in the balcony and look down at the men, dressed in their yarmulkes and silk talliths and singing their beautiful music. I have tried always to put that music in my singing." She sang eight bars of a Hebrew chant, her voice full and low. She maneuvered the difficult intervals easily, and held the long, flat notes without quavering. "Both Bubba and Zayda, which is what we called Grandfather, lived to be very old. I don't think either pair of grandparents ever saw the other after my mother and father were married."



*"Personally, I never take anything but aspirin."*

Anita Ellis had finished her tea and was sitting on a broad sill in front of the picture window. It was a good blue-and-white day—white light and a non-stop blue sky. Carl Schurz Park was very busy, and trucks moved along Vernon Boulevard, on the other side of the river. A big black-and-green Moran tug passed, going downstream. She laughed—a fast, bouncing descending run—and said, "Once when I was walking along the river near Forty-ninth Street a tugboat went by and tied up at a dock, and I asked them if they were going anywhere, and they said the Bronx, and took me along. I had the *best* time. I asked them about sea chanteys—I always ask about music wherever I go. They left me off at Broadway and Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and gave me a dime to get home on the subway. That sky is what I think of as a California blue. In 1926 or 1927, Grandmother Jane left my grandfather and moved to Hollywood. Two of my aunts were already there, and had told her about the climate and that the place was practically empty. We followed in 1930, and Aunt Ray Champagne—all my aunts married French Catholics—gave us a great big Hupmobile, which had a top that rolled back. My father joined a semi-professional hockey team right away, and for a while that was mainly what we lived on, until he went to work for the LeRoy Diamond Company as a tax man and an accountant. We had the most wonderful life with him. Oh my, I could tell you . . . Well, he took us on the John Muir trail in the Sierra Nevadas, and skin diving in San Diego. We swam every day, and we learned to sail and ski, both of which I'm still addicted to. We got to know the mountains and the desert, and we got to know the ocean. My mother—my dear mother, who died in March—took care of the other side of our lives, what you might call the domestic and artistic side. She played the piano by ear and sang beautifully. Before she was married, Al Jolson heard her sing and saw her dance at a wedding in Montreal, and for years he tried to get her to take roles in Broadway musicals, but she said no. You didn't sing in public

Donald Reilly

*"On first reading, I'd say cut back on the prickling insights and beef up the anecdotes."*

• •

any more than you crossed your legs in public. Even so, she got herself a job singing on the radio once a week in Montreal when I was about one, and when my father found out he simply updated the taboo—'My wife does not sing on the radio'—and that was that. Mother was dark and had very curly hair. Her eyes were big and brown, and she had Russian cheekbones. She was a quarter of an inch taller than I am, and she had a beautiful figure. I was the ugly duckling of the family, and had slightly crossed eyes until I was fourteen or so. My mother always told me that I wasn't beautiful but that I had a terrific personality. One morning, Mother, who was carrying baby Larry, pulled a Horatio Alger by helping an old man across the street who had a son who was a producer, and soon we were registered at Central Casting. Larry got a baby part right away, and later he and Evelyn were in 'Les Misérables,' with Fredric March. I ended up with an M-G-M contract at a hundred and eight dollars a week, and I was in 'Babes in Arms' and 'Strike Up the Band,' with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. I was literally a born dancer, and I seemed to already know time and double-time steps. Judy and I became quite chummy. We had a language together—fantasy, and all that. She had an exceptional ear, and she never liked to be alone. Mother's ambition all along was for me to be a singer, and when I was sixteen I started studying with Glen Raikes. I graduated from Hollywood High in 1938 and enrolled at U.C.L.A. and I would have been a psychology major except the singing had taken hold, so I switched to the College of Music of Cincinnati. I auditioned for Eugene Goossens, and got a scholarship to study opera. I did well in everything—composition, theory—except solfeggio, because I had to perform in class, and that was when my troubles began. In the movies, I had simply been dancing, which was different. You aren't conscious of people staring at you, scrutinizing you, the way they do when you sing. I also studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory, with Leone Kruse, an old Wagnerian opera star, and she taught me to respect the voice as an instrument, and how the more you do for that instrument the more that instrument will do for you. She taught me that you are limited as a singer only in your range. While I was in Cincinnati, I got a job as a popular singer at WLW, which was the most powerful station in the Midwest. It was a program called 'Moon River,' and it was on every night at midnight. I had already done radio work on the Coast, with Tommy Riggs, the ventriloquist, and had discovered that singing on radio didn't bother me. If there was a studio audience, I'd turn sideways and sing at the control room, which I couldn't see very well anyway, because of my nearsightedness. I stayed in Cincinnati a couple of years, and I met my first husband, Frank Ellis. He was studying drama and he'd gone to the University of Kentucky and he had a beautiful voice. He was Scottish-English-Irish, and tall and handsome. We were married in 1943, and off he went to the Air Force, where he became a colonel. I went home and worked for the Red Cross and got back in U.C.L.A. About this time, I became a friend of Salka Viertel. She had been a famous German actress and was married to the film director Berthold Viertel, who is the principal figure in Christopher Isherwood's 'Prater Violet.' Her house was the center of the émigrés on the Coast—the Chaplins, Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Kurt Weill, Huxley, Isherwood, Stephen Spender. Chaplin would tell Salka he wanted So-and-So to dinner, and he'd buy the food and she would cook. One time, I was invited, and I made some remark to Chaplin about how wonderful it was that he had sided with the poor people of the world, how he was one of them. He looked astonished, and he explained that though he had once been poor he had no feeling for the poor, that we would always have poor people no matter what we did, and that he had risen from the poor because he was a genius. I was still at the stage where everything said by father figures like Chaplin was law.

"Then things began to break for me as a singer. I auditioned for William Paley for a fifteen-minute CBS radio program, 'Songs Overseas,' and got it, over Martha Tilton and I think Peggy Lee and Margaret Whiting. I did it for two years, and then went to New York for my own show on Mutual. Tommy Rockwell, who handled Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra and Perry Como, took me over, and he wanted to team me up with Como on the show that sent him on his way. But

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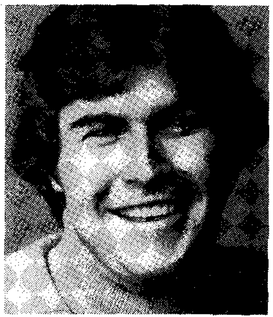
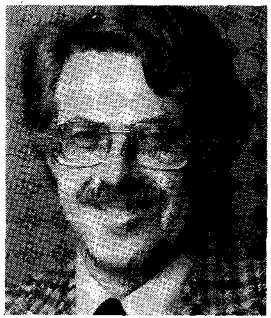


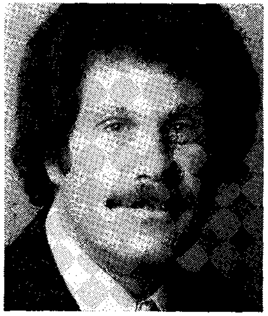
*"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."*
*—Steve Gibson, San Fran.*

*"I still haven't gotten Fred to drink Campari. But I'm hopeful. After all, last month I got him to give up suspenders."*
*—Joan Gringer, N.Y.C.*



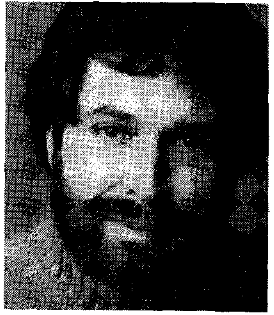
*"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."*
*—Mort Goldstein, Boston.*

*"A Campari & Soda prepares my palate for a good meal. After I finish the drink, I go to bed, and my palate goes out to dinner."*
*—Lea McIntyre, Reno.*



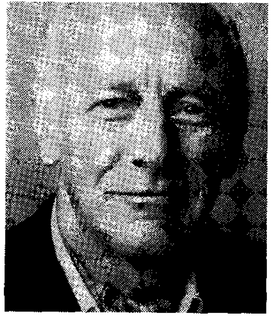
*"With a lot of soda, Campari is a perfect before-dinner drink. With a little soda, it's a great cocktail. With nothing at all, it's in a glass by itself."*
*—Jeff Landis, Atlanta.*

*"I allow myself one drink before dinner. Since I discovered Campari & Soda, I've been eating six dinners a day."*
*—Iby Korody, New York.*

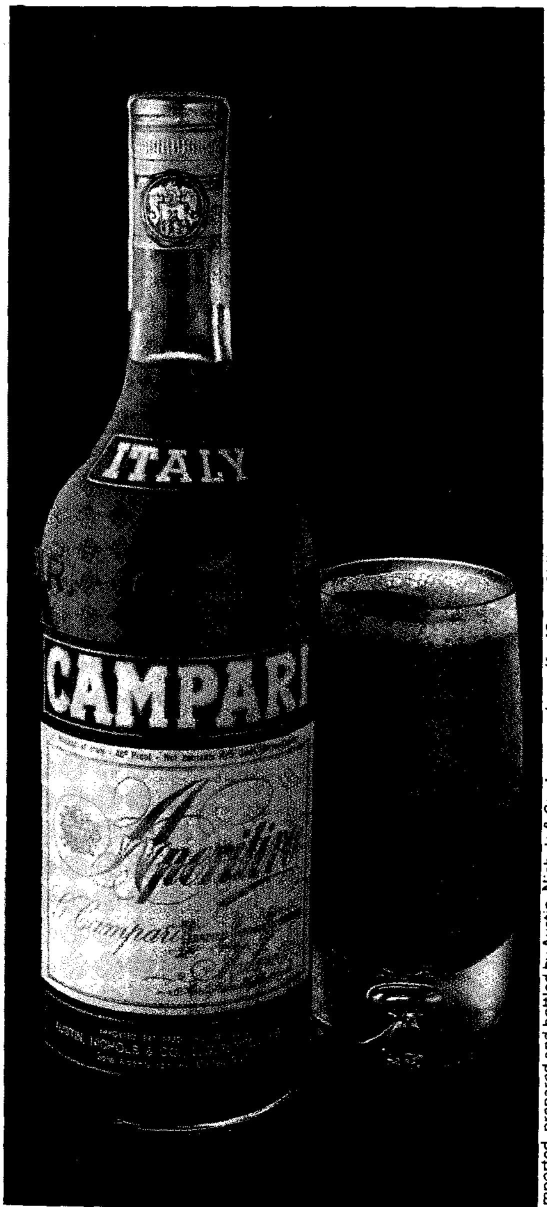


*"Whenever I spot another Campari drinker I always honk my horn and wave."*
*—John Gray, Seattle.*

*"I first tried Campari on the Via Veneto in Rome and didn't care for it. But that was before I met Marcello."*
*—Greta Westfall, L.A.*



*"I never knew a foreign agent who didn't drink Campari."*
*—James Barker, Wash., D.C.*



Imported, prepared and bottled by Austin, Nichols & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ky. 48 proof bitter liqueur.

## CAMPARI & SODA

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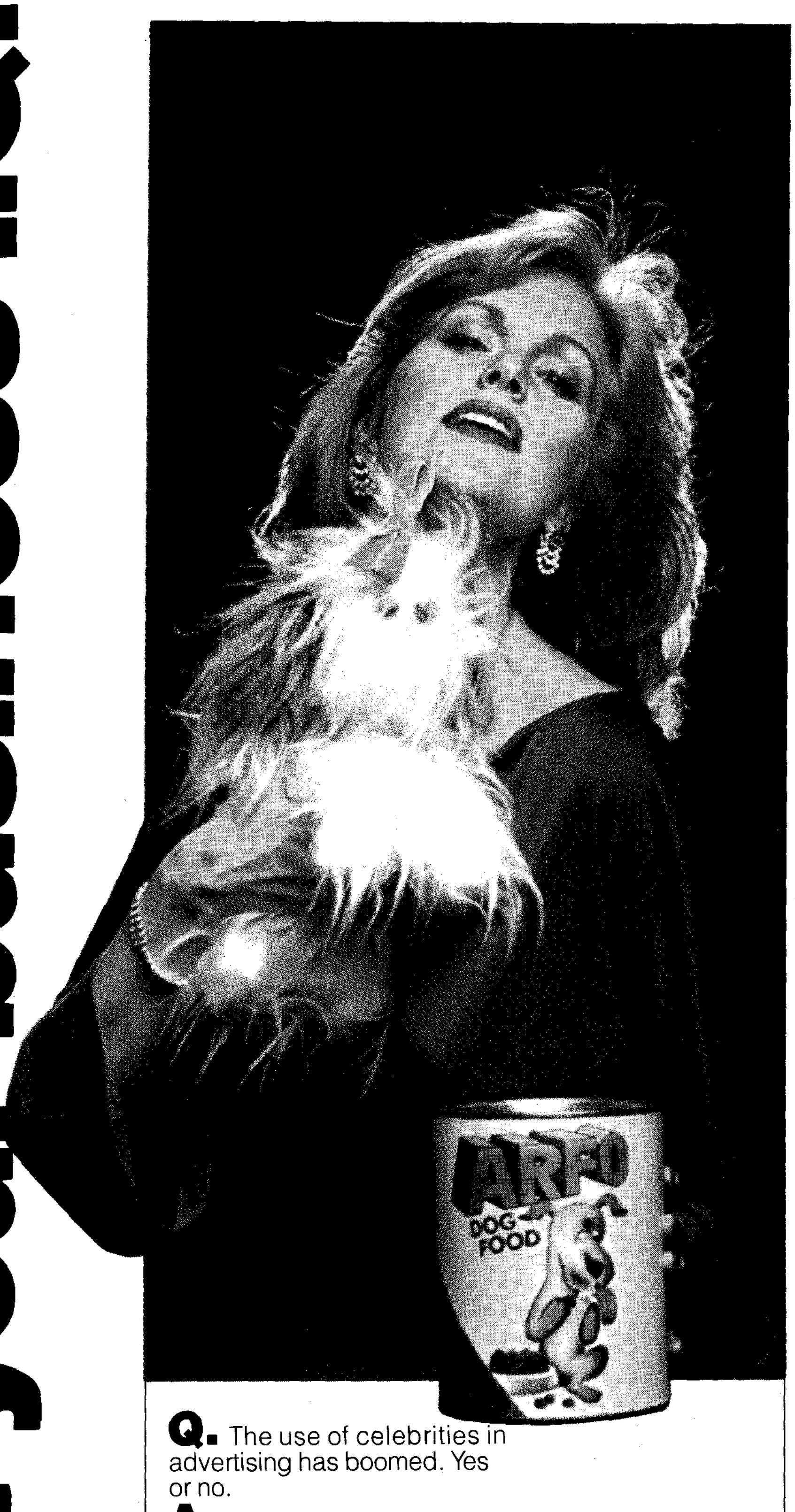
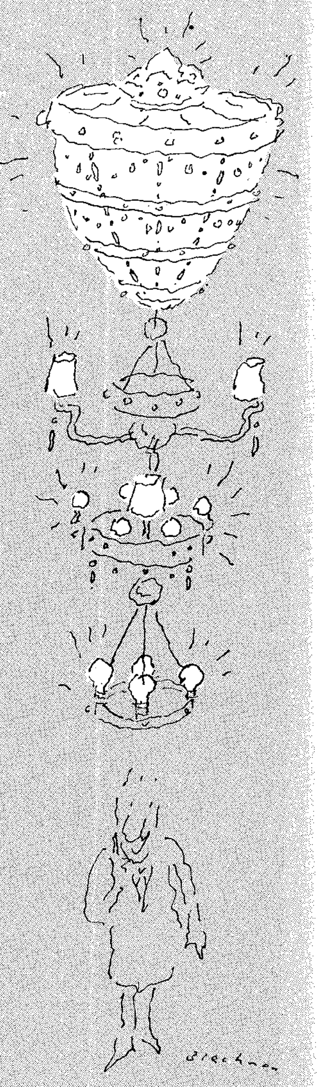
# Test your business I.Q.



**Q.** The use of celebrities in advertising has boomed. Yes or no.

**A.** Yes, indeed. A recent Business Week article notes that the number of TV spots featuring celebrities has jumped to 1 in 3 from 1 in 5 in the past 5 years.

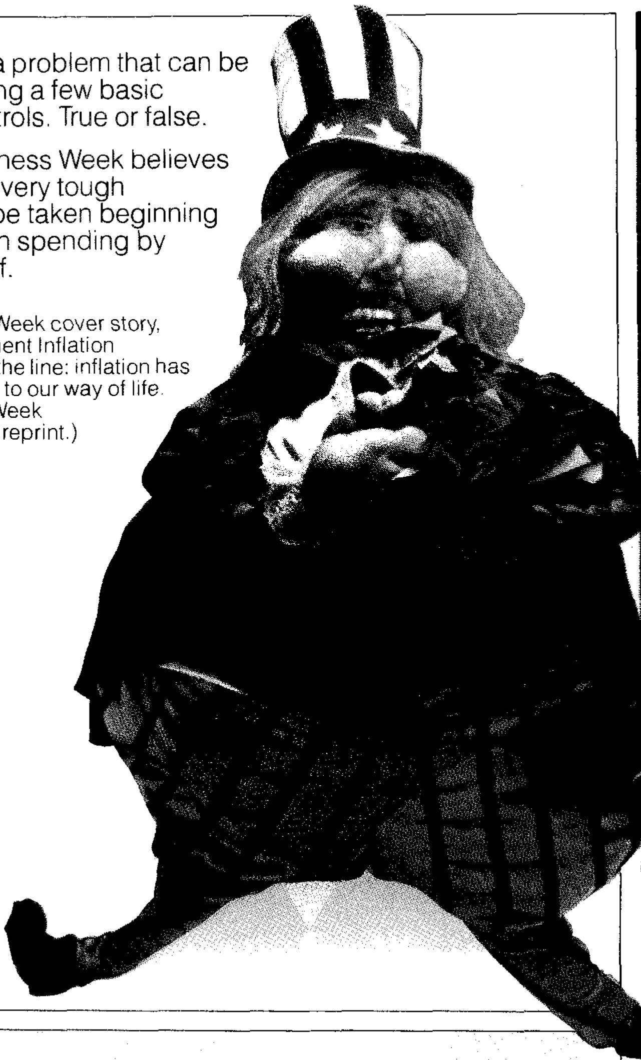
(According to "The Celebrities Can Make Big-Time Money", John Wayne gets $350,000 a year for ads that appear just in California. Recently, Steve McQueen has said that he would be willing to make commercials for $4,000,000. So far, no takers.)



**Q.** True or false. Laser-fusion technology may well emerge as the preferred approach to nuclear power generation.

**A.** True. But Business Week says probably not for a couple of decades, at least.

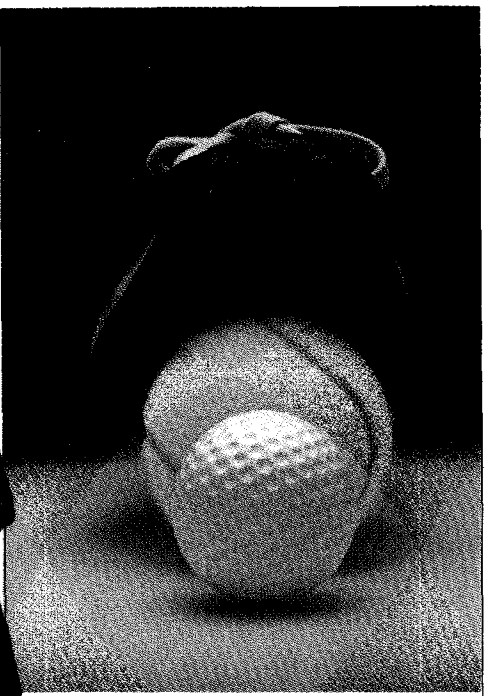
(The appeal and promise of fusion power is that it is a potentially infinite energy source that would generate electricity without producing large quantities of troublesome radioactive waste.)



**Q.** Inflation is a problem that can be icked by imposing a few basic government controls. True or false.

**A.** False. Business Week believes that a number of very tough measures must be taken beginning with a cutback on spending by government itself.

(A recent Business Week cover story, "The Great Government Inflation Machine", lays it on the line: inflation has become a grim peril to our way of life. Ask your Business Week representative for a reprint.)



**Q.** When it comes to sporting goods, Business Week is a prime medium for advertisers. True or false.

**A.** True, indeed. For example, among managers and administrators with household incomes over $25,000, Business Week is number one in cost efficiency among all magazines in ownership of jogging apparel.

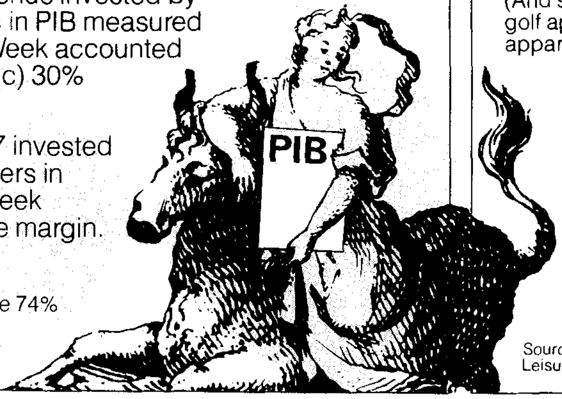
(And second to Golf Digest in ownership of golf apparel and second to Tennis in tennis apparel.)

Source: 1977-78 National Sportsman's Consumer Audit, Leisure Time Research.

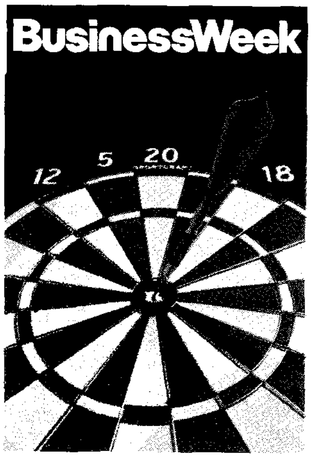
**Q.** Multiple choice. Of all revenue invested by financial brokerage advertisers in PIB measured magazines in 1977, Business Week accounted for more than (a) 10% (b) 20% (c) 30% of the total.

**A.** (c). 31% of the $4,360,317 invested by financial brokerage advertisers in magazines went to Business Week making it number one by a wide margin.

(Business Week's financial brokerage advertising revenue was an impressive 74% greater than its closest competitor.)



Whether it's an in-depth report on the hows and whys of inflation or a guide to making money work harder in personal life, Business Week gets to the heart of the matter. Right-on-target interpretive reporting that's useful on the job and in the home. That's why over 4 million leaders in business, government and the professions turn to Business Week week after week.



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Some people set their sights higher than others.

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CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

Colonel Ellis came back from overseas and said we were going to the Jackson Army Air Base, in Mississippi, where he was taking over as commanding officer. How could I not go, when we'd spent only two weeks together since we'd been married? Tommy Rockwell did everything to talk me out of it, but I went, and it wasn't hard for me. I got into things I'd never imagined—signing up Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington for dances on the base, organizing lectures for the officers' wives, starting a newspaper, interviewing P.O.W.s. I also began to learn what the real world was like. I discovered the unbelievable life most blacks lead in the South, and I finally got so upset I went to see the governor. He got sore and told me he'd have Frank and me transferred, and the next thing General Curtis LeMay came for a visit and said he'd had complaints. I kept my sanity by learning to fly. When I got my license, Frank and I would go up in P-38s. We'd go up in the sky to play. But pretty soon Frank was relieved and given another base, in El Paso. El Paso! That did it. I told Frank I was going to resume my singing career. I went back to the Coast, and in 1946 Frank and I were divorced. He never remarried, and neither did I as long as he was alive, and we were always good friends. He was killed in a plane crash in 1957."

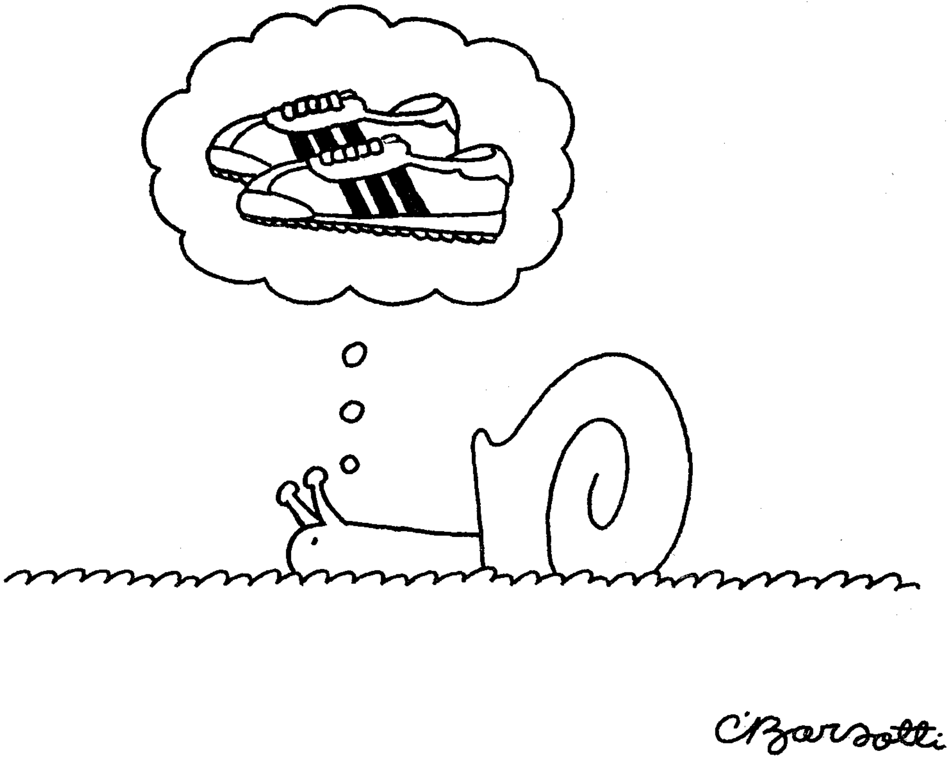
Anita Ellis said it was time to leave for Marion Manderen's. She was wearing a black turtleneck and shiny black pants. In the cab to Grand Central, she talked with great animation of a trip to China she had taken in the fall of 1976 with her husband and ten economists, doctors, and educators. She found a window seat on the train. "I've never stopped vocalizing," she said. "It's like meditation for me. It makes me whole and peaceful. My mother and my grandmothers had the most influence on me as a singer. Mother sang Romberg and Kern and Gershwin, and Grandma Jane sang Scottish airs, and Bubba sang Jewish and Russian songs. My sister Evelyn has a beautiful coloratura soprano. I also listened to Jolson and Crosby and Sinatra when I was growing up, and to Mel Tormé and Peggy Lee and Margaret Whiting and Jo Stafford. I didn't hear Billie Holiday at all until I did a benefit with her and Duke Ellington and Ivie Anderson in L.A. I couldn't get over how she changed—from that naked, smoking, tough woman in the dressing room to the cool, motionless, vessel-of-life singer onstage. Ivie Anderson was like a little girl in comparison. It didn't take me long in Cincinnati to find out that emotionally I couldn't be an opera singer. I thought of lieder for a while, and when I sing Sondheim and Wilder and Kern, who often write a form of lieder, I approach their songs that way. I always have to have a subtext, a motivation, before I sing a song. I've used my trips to the wilderness I don't know how many times. Sondheim's 'Anyone Can Whistle' is motivated by a big male zebra in Africa. Our guide had told Morty to try for it. Morty fired and it went down and got up and kept going, and they followed it as it fell and got up, fell and got up, and I ended up behind a tree practically having a nervous breakdown. The words 'I can dance a tango' in 'Anyone' mean we're wildly alive and then they try to kill us when we're doing the best we can. That's what that song is about to me. The subtext of 'I Loves You, Porgy' is different but related. In the early fifties, I did a weekend at a hotel on Virginia Beach. The first morning, I was having breakfast looking out over the ocean, and a little black child of three or four asked his mother, who was waiting on my table, if he could go swimming. Well, what he said in his little voice was 'Fimmin'? Fimmin'?' She told him no, he couldn't swim at that beach, and she'd take him to a water hole later. After breakfast, I found that creature and took him down to the water, and the woman came running, and she was furious. She said, 'You can't do that! You can't do that here! You might get him killed later when he gets bigger and they find out he went swimming at this beach.' When I sing 'I Loves You, Porgy,' I'm holding that child by the hand. I'm singing to him, and we're looking for a place we can just be. So my feelings come first, and the words come after and express them on different levels. I have to be careful, though. If I get too involved, I'm afraid I'll wander from the melody. You can't let too much emotion in."

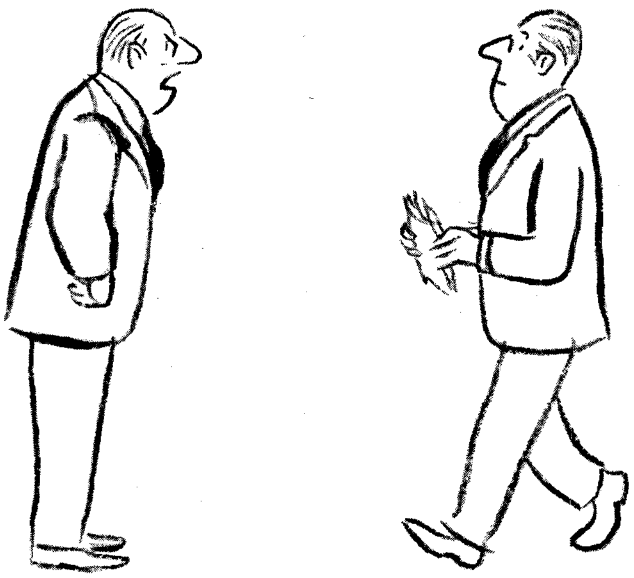
Marion Manderen met the train and drove Anita Ellis a quarter of a mile to her house, which is on a tidal pond near the Hudson. Anita Ellis made a cup of tea to warm her pipes, and Marion Manderen sat down at her piano at one end of her living room. Anita Ellis kicked off her shoes and, standing by the piano in her bare feet, sipped her tea.

"Marion," she said, "I was thinking on the way up of 1964, when I had the tonsil operation. Do you remember? I couldn't sing a note for six months. Why couldn't I get a note?"

"Your cords weren't coming together," Marion Manderen said. "You couldn't make a singing tone. We worked at least six months. We'd get so absorbed that darkness would fall. Then one day it came. Anita, what I'd like to do first is some humming. I want you to hum until you feel your lip tickle. Do: *me me me may ma moo.*" She sounded middle C several times.

Anita Ellis straightened her back,





*“Give me the straight dope, Fillerby, and don’t pull any punches.”*

clasped her hands in front of her, made a triangle with her legs, and looked into the middle distance—or, in this case, into a mirror hanging over a fireplace. She sang the syllables on C as half notes.

“Keep the humming going through it,” Marion Manderen said. She sat with her left shoulder to the keyboard, and she mimicked Anita Ellis’s mouth motions. “Make it even lighter. Don’t press down on the vowels.” Marion Manderen moved down two notes. “Make the tones higher in your head, and farther forward. Don’t let the energy of your breath lessen. I want it all in one breath.” She moved down the keyboard slowly, and stopped at the C below middle C. Anita Ellis was having more trouble the lower she went, and she stopped and laughed.

“I want you to do: *hung me ma may moo*. On the *hung* get right into the vowel, and use the *ng* to resonate. Do it a little faster now. Throw your *hung* out.”

Anita Ellis went through the sounds twice. Marion Manderen asked if she was resonating yet, and she said no. Marion Manderen stared at Anita Ellis’s mouth as if she could see the tones emerge and was waiting to correct their shape. The two descended an octave and stopped.

Anita Ellis made a face at herself in the mirror. She patted her hair, which was in loose, even curls around her head, and she tweaked her face. “God. I look awful. I better go off to a spa and get refurbished.” She laughed and took a sip of tea.

Marion Manderen played an ascending five-note figure. “Let’s do: *eeyo eeyo eeyo eeyo eeyo*. I want you to feel it in your cheekbones.” Anita Ellis tried the tones twice. “Don’t press,” Marion Manderen said. “And I want more on the descending line. More, more, more. Keep your throat open, and as you come down let your jaws go.”

Anita Ellis’s voice had got stronger and stronger. Her middle tones boomed a little, and her lower tones weren’t scratchy. A half hour had gone by, and during the next ten minutes she worked through a variety of vowels, and rested. Then Marion Manderen said she wanted arpeggios, and Anita Ellis began with the sound *b*, ascended with *ee ee ee ya ya ya*, and descended with four *a* sounds.

“Keep your upper jaw more elevated, Anita. As you come down, you like to make that gutsy sound. But at the same time keep that *aaa* going out. Keep thinking *aaa* on each note. We want to keep that Italian sound. I have an image of a croquet wicket, of an arch of sounds.”

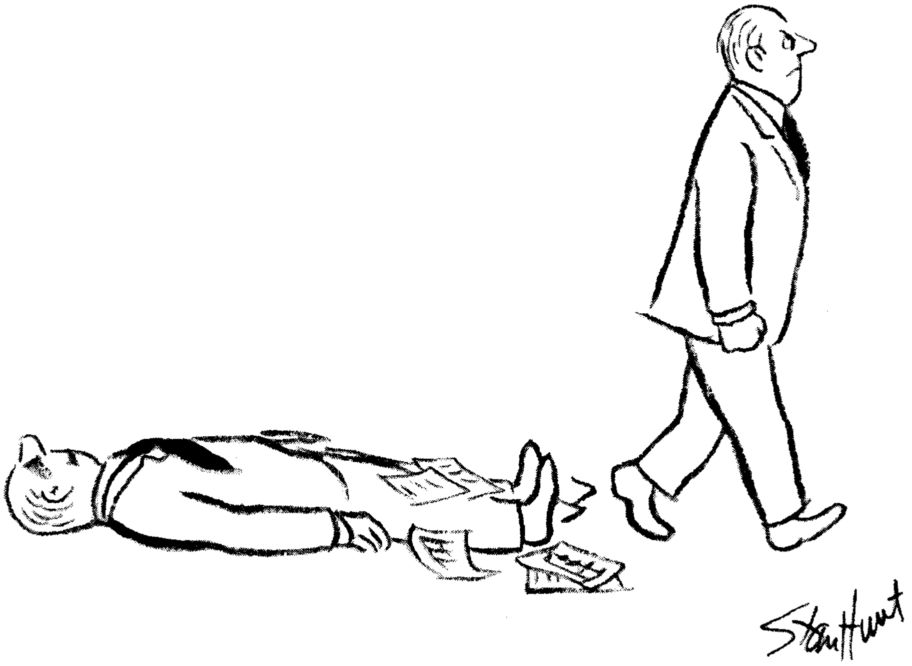
“I think of a dolphin,” Anita Ellis said.

“Slide down, slide down. If you can, slide on the outermost rim of that arc without pressing.”

A couple of double arpeggios followed, and then a cluster of staccato-note exercises, and the lesson ended with more arpeggios. Anita Ellis’s voice had grown strong and pure and open. “All right, Anita,” Marion Manderen said on the last run-through. “Crescendo that last note. It’s a focussed note, and I want a wide sound, which is the hardest to crescendo. I want energy. I want you to resonate. There! You did it!” Marion Manderen stood up and laughed and clapped her hands once. She headed toward her kitchen. “Before you go, I have some basil from my garden to give you.”

The sun, hanging over the Palisades, rode with the train, and its water-reflected light shimmied on the ceiling of the car. Anita Ellis’s small, neat profile was dark and sharp against the window. She was quiet for a time, and then she said, “I plunged into work after Frank and I were divorced. I did Red Skelton and Jack Carson, and I had my own show. Then Columbia gave me a contract to dub some Rita Hayworth pictures—‘Gilda’ and ‘Down to Earth’ and ‘Loves of Carmen’ and ‘Lady from Shanghai.’ Orson Welles directed ‘Lady,’ and he was always having vituperative fits. If anybody said they were tired, he’d shout, ‘Why do you have to sleep? You don’t sleep when you work! You work and work and work, and when the picture is finished you sleep!’ I made lots and lots of money and bought a big house in the Hollywood Hills for my father and mother. Everybody had a room and a bath, and we were one big happy family again. Larry and Evelyn were there, too. We had always gotten along very well. We had never felt the need of anyone else. When Grandma Jane was alive, we had Sunday-night dinner at her house, and the whole family came—in Montreal and later on the Coast. We sang and did Highland flings and Russian kozachoks. It was a *freilich*, a happy time. I hung out, too, with Saul and Ethel Chaplin. They had a kind of musical salon, and you’d see Judy Holliday, and Comden and Green, and Gene Kelly, and Nora Kaye, and Shelley Winters. The songwriters came and ran down their new songs. I got to know Arthur Laurents there, and we became bosom friends and gave little dinners for screenwriters and the Hollywood Ten and such.

“In 1949, I went to Paris for two and a half months to make some recordings, and I thrived. I met Art Buchwald at a money-changer’s in the old Jewish section. He’d written a play that nobody in the States would read, so he’d gone to Paris on the G.I. Bill and was a student at the Alliance Française. He was a very funny man. I also met Harry Kurnitz, the screenwriter, at the money-changer’s, and one night Kurnitz, who had lots of money, took Buchwald and me to dinner at an incredibly plush French-Russian restau-



rant. I had had almost nothing to drink in my life, but that night I had a lot of champagne and got excited and festive, in my Bernardo sandals and my red silk dress with its pleated skirt. Kurnitz cried and cried and kept asking the musicians in the restaurant to play sad Jewish songs, and Buchwald and I laughed and laughed, and finally I got sick and had to be taken home. I also got to know Maxime DeBeix, who was with *Variety* and was quite old and was married to a young, pretty woman who worked in a *parfumerie*. When he took me to lunch once, I asked if I could bring Art, because I knew Art wanted somehow to get a job on the Paris *Tribune*. At lunch, DeBeix said that he was going to die soon and that when he did Art could take his place with *Variety*. Well, I tell you . . . he looked marvellous and we all laughed, but do you know he *did* die soon and Art *did* take his place, and from there worked his way to the *Trib*.

"When I got back, I went to Hollywood and dubbed for Vera-Ellen in 'Three Little Words' and 'The Belle of New York.' Fred Astaire was in both of them, and I had to sound like her and phrase like him—not a breath apart. He was a relentless perfectionist. He worked days on a single step. He was interested in the lighting and where the shadows fell. He was interested in how the colors of the sets jibed with the songs and with his dances. Everything had to mesh before you could shoot a foot of film. While I was out there, I went to a party at Danny Kaye's, and Johnny Green *made* me sing 'All the Things You Are' against my every wish, and that was when Max Liebman heard me. After the disaster at the rehearsal, I went to an analyst in New York and at the same time worked with Luther Henderson, the pianist and composer. After six months, the analyst said that if we were to continue, I'd have to get a singing job. I auditioned, and followed Pearl Bailey into La Vie en Rose. I was so scared opening night I broke out in blotches and had to sing the verse of my first song behind the curtain before my brother Larry pushed me onto the stage. Herbert Jacoby and Max Gordon, of the Blue Angel, heard me, and I went back and forth between the Angel and the Village Vanguard for the next couple of years, and then into the Bon Soir. I stayed with the analyst four or five days a week for three years, but I still had a long way to go. I could have made a lot of money, but my fear made me turn down jobs all over the place. I did understudy Pat Suzuki and Arabella Hong in 'Flower Drum Song,' but only because Oscar Hammerstein wanted me to. It was the last big job I took until I went into Michael's Pub.

"On July 31, 1960, I married Mort Shapiro. I'd met him in the fifties, when his first wife was still alive, and I knew I was hooked and tried for years to get over it. Mort doesn't talk about his past much, but things have filtered through, such as his father's having started out as a ragpicker on the lower East Side and having become extremely wealthy in the cloth business; Mort's being brought up with a silver spoon and going to Columbia when he was fifteen; his father's disinheriting him because Mort's first wife was much older than he was. We were married in an empty room in a house in Turtle Bay that Stephen Sondheim had just bought. He lived on the bottom two floors, and we moved into the top three. I loved being married, and I became a *wife*. I knew almost nothing about cooking, so I read 'Larousse Gastronomique,' which lets you go at your own pace, and I took five lessons from Dione Lucas. Now I'm a very good cook. Food has the most beautiful textures and colors and smells, and I love the peace and contentment of preparing it and the pleasure of giving it away. Right after we were married, though, Mort said that we had to have Billy Rose for dinner, and we did, along with Harold Rome and Melanie Kahane. We used to go to Chambord for dinner and I knew the maître d', so I went to him and told him how many we were having, and he fixed duck with olives and cold mussels in lemon sauce. I carried the whole works home myself and fixed some rice and everyone sat on boxes around the table and said they'd never tasted such a meal. I didn't tell Mort what I'd done for years. I had gotten to know a lot of the painters—Stephen Greene and Helen Frankenthaler and Andy Warhol, when he was just starting—and they began coming to dinner, and sometimes a hundred people would eat my paella and mussels in wine. Jasper Johns and Larry Rivers and Frank Stella would come, and Ellis Larkins would play, and sometimes I'd sing. Virgil Thomson also came, and he still does. He loves to talk, and the more shocking he is the better he likes it."

Anita Ellis took a cab from Grand Central to East End Avenue, and it went up Madison Avenue in the yellow evening light. "I never thought to ask for things for myself before," she said, "but maybe I'll sing more now and be less of a housewife. I'm scheduled for a concert at Alice Tully next February, and Ellis Larkins and I are making a record for Orion. I think I know now that I can sing well."

—Whitney Balliett

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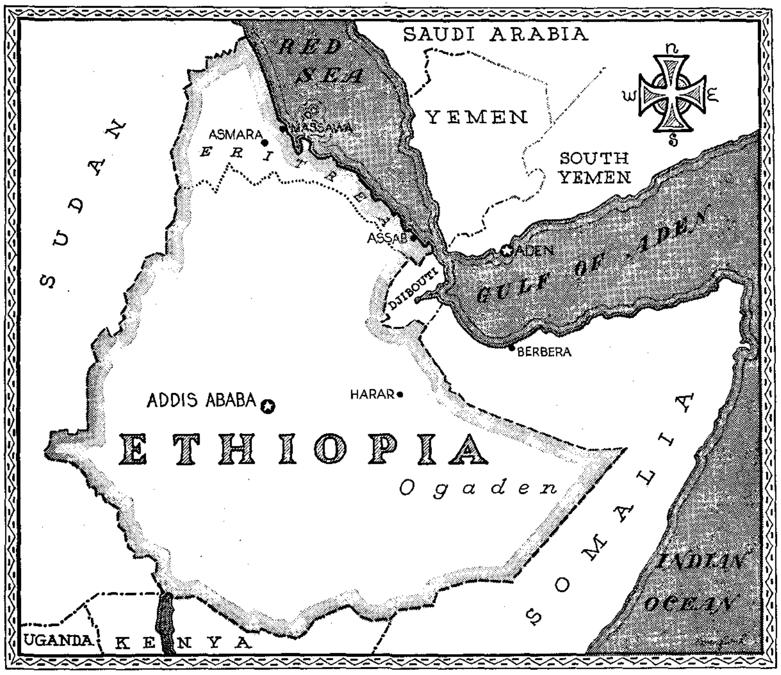
### Quotation of the Day

"We simply hold that when the commission finds that a pig has entered the regulatory power does not depend on proof that the pig is obscene."—Associate Justice John Paul Stevens in a decision that upheld bans on the radio broadcast of words that are deemed offensive but not necessarily obscene. [7:4]—*The Times*.

Still, it might be time to take a close look at the commission.

# LETTER FROM ADDIS ABABA



I LAUGHED when I found, on checking into the Hilton Hotel in Addis Ababa, a note from another journalist saying, "Welcome to Petrograd." But a week later that comparison with Russia in 1917 seemed not so funny. There has been a genuine social revolution in Ethiopia, a turn of the wheel that has advanced the downtrodden at the expense of the privileged, and the normal accompaniments of such sweeping change—savagery, misery, and turbulence—are now universal. Hardly a province has not revolted, and major military operations in Eritrea and Ogaden have engaged the interests of outside powers great and small, making Ethiopia the pivot of a diplomatic realignment in the Horn of Africa—and even, some claim, in the whole of the Dark Continent. To be sure, there is no Lenin, running things through a well-disciplined Communist Party. But there is the Ethiopian Army and a military junta, the Dergue, led by an upstart from the ranks, Lieutenant Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam. In Ethiopia, the Army, according to no less an authority than the Russian Ambassador, Anatoly Ratanov, has "played the role of the Party."

My first brush with the revolutionary atmosphere came almost immediately after I reached this capital city. I went from the Hilton directly to the Ministry of Information and National Guidance, and though I arrived there in a car from the Ministry, with a Ministry driver and a Ministry guide, soldiers armed with machine guns and bayonets stopped us as the car entered the driveway. The vehicle was thoroughly searched, and we were all frisked. The guide and I then proceeded on foot to the front door of the Ministry. There armed guards once again searched both of us. The Ministry, which I was then allowed to enter, occupies what used to be the offices maintained by the United States Information Service in Addis Ababa. The main hall is the old library, which was (and continues to be) one of the very best libraries in Ethiopia. Waiting for my appointment, I noticed a picture of an unfamiliar face over the legend "Honor the Dead Martyr." Closer inspection disclosed the name of Werner Lamberz, the late No. 2 man (after Erich Honecker) in East Germany, who, I learned, had been killed not long before in a plane crash. Just beneath the picture was a display of books specially placed to attract attention. I noticed "Das Kapital" in a German edition, an English translation of selected works of Lenin, and a couple of pamphlets by Leonid Brezhnev. There were also the first three volumes of the collected works of Mao Tse-tung and a book of speeches by President Nicolae Ceausescu, of Rumania. The bookshelves lining the walls—to which I next turned my attention—contained a respectable library of Western literature. Among other books I saw were Churchill's biography of his great ancestor the first Duke of Marlborough; "Pragmatism," by William James; "The Letters of Henry Adams;" the "Notebooks" of Albert Camus; Macaulay's "History of England;" and collections of writing by Mark Twain, John Donne, Machiavelli, and A. Conan Doyle. Part of the Eleventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica was also there, beginning with Volume IV (Bis to Cal). It suddenly struck me that I might find what is probably the best book ever written about journalism—Evelyn Waugh's novel "Scoop," a savagely anti-African satire on the Italian invasion of Ethiopia in 1935. I didn't find the novel, but did find "When the Going Was Good," a collection of travel pieces by Waugh which includes an account, written in the same anti-African spirit, of the time he spent in Ethiopia as a foreign correspondent. I took it down and started to read. The only other person in the room, an Ethiopian who seemed to be in charge, came up to me and asked for the book. I handed it over. He did not put it back in its place but tossed it on top of a pile of books in a corner of the room. Also in the pile I saw the first three volumes of the Britannica. I asked the man why the books were in the pile. "Those books," he said, in strongly accented English, "are not revolutionary."

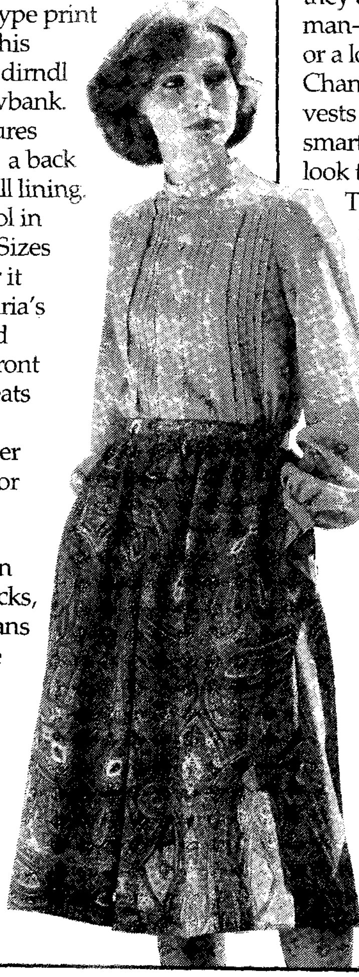
Shortly afterward, I was ushered into the office of the Acting Minister of Information, a pleasant middle-aged bureaucrat who balanced a wish to be helpful against an admission that he had no entrée to the higher circles. He did, though, arrange for me to see something indisputably—indeed, quintessentially—revolutionary: the workings of a kebele, or revolutionary council. The Dergue—whose name derives from the Ethiopic word for "committee"—took power from Emperor Haile Selassie in September, 1974; declared itself a Socialist regime in December of that year; and in subsequent months nationalized banks and insurance companies and ordered land reform in both the countryside and the cities. The urban land-reform program, proclaimed on July 26, 1975, limited each family to ownership of a single dwelling, and confiscated all other homes for the state. To manage the confiscated urban property and to act as agents of administration, the government established a series of kebeles. The kebele is thus the basic urban unit of the Ethiopian revolution—what the soviet was to the Russian Revolution and the commune was to the Chinese revolution. It collects rent on the homes taken from private owners, provides police protection, metes out justice, mans educational and health institutions, and maintains various services, notably stores that are supposed to sell at fixed, low prices basic commodities such as salt, sugar,

# THE TALBOTS FALL FORECAST

The way we see it, soft is the key word for fall. Everything from sportswear to dresses to coats has a relaxed easy feeling. The fabrics are rich. The colors are gentle. And the look is completely feminine. We think you'll agree this is one of the most flattering fall collections ever.

In sportswear, the biggest news is the comeback of the skirt. You'll find button fronts, wraps, gored skirts, front inverted pleats, just about any style you can imagine including an updated version of the dirndl. Pleating or shirring give it softness. But with its new slimmed-down silhouette, the dirndl is never voluminous. As for skirt lengths, they're slightly lower with mid-calf being the average. And the fabrics to watch for are flannels, worsted wool blends, dainty patterns, herringbones, plaids and tweeds. A new look is the small challis-type print as shown in this softly shirred dirndl from Meadowbank. The skirt features slash pockets, a back zipper and full lining. Polyester/wool in rose/brown. Sizes 6-16. $36. Pair it with Alexandria's gently tailored blouse with front tucks, box pleats and a stand collar. Polyester crepe in rose or cream. Sizes 6-16. $37.

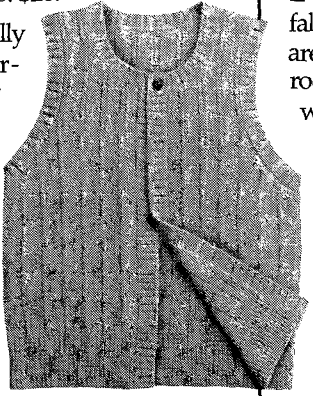
Sweaters can be crewnecks, cowls, cardigans that work like jackets, any look you like. What's more important is texture. Shetland wools, cashmeres and fur blends all give the new sweaters for fall that added touch of softness.



Blouses are softer this fall with fuller sleeves, smaller, more rounded collars, and detailing like smocking, shirring and tucking. Nylon georgette makes news for a dressy look. And for sport, men's shirting fabrics and classic prints are important. A perfect example is this long-sleeved polyester blouse from Ms. Sero done in a charming mini floral. Eggshell/blue/brick, sizes 6-18. $26.

Vests are really the most versatile accessory that you can add to your wardrobe. Whether they are man-tailored or a loose Chanel-style, vests give a smart new look to skirts, pants, even dresses. The fabrics are varied, ranging from velveteens to corduroys to quilts. Or you can enjoy the ease of a sweater vest like this one from Marisa Christina in a nubby silk/wool blend. Natural string in sizes S (6-8), M (10-12), L (14-16). $24.

Jackets are just what you need to pull any outfit together beautifully. And the choice of fabrics and styles seems to be almost endless. You'll see smooth flannels, muted tweeds, plaids and corduroys all making their mark this fall. As to shape, there are short semi-fitted jackets, boxy styles featuring a longer length and the new shawl collar, and in between, the classic blazer.



Dresses are prettier than ever with their lightweight fabrics and easy pared-down styles. One of our favorites is this dress from Michael Dayan featuring extended shoulders, a drawstring waist and shirring from the neck. Light wool in country tan or navy. Sizes 6-14. $70.

As we've said, the word for fall is soft. Coats are less full but still roomy enough for whatever you wear underneath. Slacks are done in rich corduroys. Even shoes are feminine again. Why not see for yourself? Send for our free catalog filled with all the new fall looks including menswear. Just write, or call 617-749-7830. When ordering an item, please add $2.25 for postage. Master Charge, Visa or American Express accepted.

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The Talbots

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Stores in Hingham, Acton, Duxbury,
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Avon and Hamden, Connecticut

cooking oil, and grain. Each kebele is headed by a fifteen-man policy committee, which names a chairman, who, in turn, names subcommittees responsible for such matters as public safety, youth, and women's affairs. There is supposed to be a kebele for every town of more than two thousand people. In the larger cities, every neighborhood of five hundred families or more is organized into a kebele. Each kebele nominates a representative to a superior administrative unit—the higher kebele, or keftanya, which oversees anywhere from six to twelve kebeles. The higher kebeles elect a council, which, in turn, elects a mayor and a deputy mayor to run the city. In Addis Ababa, with a population of more than a million people, there are two hundred and eighty-nine kebeles and twenty-five higher kebeles, and the central council is headed by Dr. Alemu Abebe, the mayor, and Johannes Heroui, the deputy mayor.

I WAS taken to visit a charity fair organized by the women's committee of Kebele No. 26, which reports to Higher Kebele No. 18. Kebele No. 26 comprises five hundred families in the Bole quarter—a relatively prosperous southeastern section of Addis Ababa, near the airport. The fair was held on an athletic field and, as was true virtually everywhere in Addis Ababa, there were armed guards at the entrance. Inside was a stage, with an orchestra blaring rock music, to which troops of boys and girls dressed in jeans did dances that looked to me mostly like variations of the Los Angeles hug. Overhead banners proclaimed "Ethiopia First," "Long Live Socialism," and "Down with Imperialism." In several tents, cakes and cold drinks contributed by the kebele women's associations were sold. There were also booths selling chances in raffles of food, furniture, and kitchen utensils contributed by the women. I was introduced to the chairman of the kebele, a squat middle-aged man dressed in green fatigue trousers, a khaki shirt, and a blue-and-white sweater. He said he could not give me his name but would give me some biographical details. He came from Wollo Province, northeast of Addis Ababa, had been educated in secondary schools, and had joined the Army as an enlisted man. He had served for seven years in Eritrea, had left there two years earlier, had been promoted to lieutenant, and had been elected head of Kebele No. 26 after receiving training in a special political and ideological school. I asked him what he had been taught at the school. "We read Marx, Lenin, and Engels," he said. "We studied Ethiopian national democracy." He told me that the main job of the kebele was "to raise the political consciousness of the district." That was not so difficult, because "this district supports the revolution." Most of those in the district were government employees, many from Ethiopian Airlines. He said that the kebele had a committee of public safety, which maintained a curfew every night from midnight until 5 A.M. The committee was empowered to prevent any moves by reactionaries. "But so far," he said, "we have only had to send four students away for reëducation." He told me that the kebele maintained stores where commodities were available for much less than they sold for in the central market. He said that sugar at the kebele store cost about thirty cents a pound, salt about fifteen cents a pound, soap less than twenty cents a bar, and matches less than two cents a packet. I asked him about conditions in the Army before the military takeover, in 1974. He said that the food had been good and the pay had been all right. In that case, I asked, why had the Army revolted against the Emperor? "Under the old regime, the Army was repressed," he said. "Now we have every facility."

For several minutes, as the crowd milled about us, I lost my guide, and I found two older men who were willing to talk to me, though not to give their names. One was a veterinarian. I asked him about food supplies in the kebele. He said, "Anything you need for human life you get from the kebele. There is no food shortage. If the peasants don't sell, the kebele sends trucks to the countryside, and they bring back grain and vegetables. Also, we don't have to give the merchants a dollar profit for every dollar and a quarter's worth of goods that we buy. At the kebele store, tea costs fifty per cent of what it costs in the central market." I asked him what he thought of the lieutenant who led the kebele. "He's a good man," the veterinarian said.

"How about his education?" I asked.

"He's from the Army," the man said, shrugging and walking away.

The other man who spoke to me identified himself as a government agronomist. He said that, thanks to the revolution, "what used to be the privilege of a minority is now the privilege of everybody." He said there were places in the countryside where thirty thousand acres had been owned by one man. Now there were six hundred families sharing that land. I asked him about the kebele and its stores. He said that he had been educated in France, and that the stores of Kebele No. 26 had as much for sale as the finest supermarket in Paris. But he shied away as soon as I began asking political questions, and at that point my guide found me in the crowd.

The guide took me to a second charity fair, organized by Kebele No. 33, in the grounds of the Black Lion Hospital, in the center of the city. Once again, we had to pass armed soldiers to enter. Once again, there was a stage, there were tents in which food was sold, and there were booths selling chances in various raffles. A speaker harangued the crowd about the need to intensify the revolution. My guide introduced me to a friend of his, who said he was an aeronautical engineer. The engineer told me he had regretted the revolution at first. He had owned two houses and had had to give up one to the kebele. Also, he said, he had not liked having to spend two days of every week undergoing political education. At the beginning, moreover, there had been much violence and many threats, especially to his children. Now life was calmer.

The chief attraction at the Black Lion Hospital fair was horseback riding. There were four saddle horses, and for twenty-five cents you could take a canter across the field in front of the hospital. The riders were inexpert, and the horses were skittish, largely because the course ran directly across the main entrance to the fairground, which was filled with people. As I left, a small girl was knocked over by one horse and trampled by a second. She screamed with pain, and a man who I assumed was her father gathered her in his arms and, shrieking himself, ran into the hospital. Several bystanders, including my guide, shouted to the riders that they should stop, that it was

dangerous to gallop the horses just in front of the main entrance. The riders only laughed and kept shuttling back and forth. I found myself thinking once again the most commonplace of white men's thoughts about black Africans: that they care less about life.

THAT thought kept recurring as occasion after occasion demonstrated that the rosy picture given me of the kebeles was—if not actually false—far from accurate. Addis Ababa is a collection of villages strung together by a couple of broad boulevards with grand titles—Winston Churchill Avenue, for example, and Avenue of Marshall Tito—and by a network of nameless roads on which livestock crowded pedestrians and cars. Driving about the city, I saw in every quarter long lines outside the bakeries. Grain—particularly teff, which is specially fine stuff made from a prairie grass harvested only in Ethiopia—is in very short supply. It is not available in the kebele stores, and the bread lines in front of the commercial stores testify to the demand. The price of teff, which now averages about seventy-five cents per kilogram, has, I was told, gone up four hundred per cent in the past year.

Despite all the police and military men in evidence, moreover, security is far from impressive. No doubt there has been an improvement since last winter, when a Red Terror was mounted by the regime to counter an earlier White Terror, directed against the government. During the Red Terror, every night yielded about a dozen corpses, often left in the central market with signs warning that more were to come. Hundreds of people must have been killed, and thousands sent to prison. But if there has been considerable restoration of security by now, violence remains endemic. I heard shooting from my hotel every night. No European I met would venture out after curfew, on the ground that the kebele patrols shot first and asked for identification later. One merchant told me that the chairman of his kebele, a doctor, had been suddenly packed off to jail in April. A thousand young people in the district had been sent to prison during the previous month. The local Christian and Islamic leaders had both been murdered. I repeatedly saw squads of children between six and eight years old goose-stepping through the streets as a kebele official barked orders and brandished a rifle over their heads. Through friends connected with an international agency in Addis Ababa, I dined one evening with a couple who were distantly related to Haile Selassie. They had lost several houses that they had built and rented to others. They lived now on the salary earned by the wife in one of the United Nations agencies—the Economic Commission for Africa, which is based here. They had applied to the government for permission to leave Ethiopia, but without success. Many members of the husband's family were in prison, as were all the members of the Emperor's family who had not escaped or been executed. In the course of the evening—that is, between seven and eleven—the wife phoned her home four times to make sure that her children were safe.

I HAD two opportunities to discuss these matters with officials of the kebele structure. First, the Information Ministry arranged for me and a Swiss journalist to interview Megete Gergerite, the chairman of Higher Kebele No. 1, a grouping of seven kebeles controlling about eight thousand families. Mr. Megete, a voluble former schoolteacher, met us at the Ministry, and took the offensive at the start with a lecture on Western journalism. "We are doing our best to apply a revolutionary system," he said. "We expect the Western mass media to report objectively the fight of Socialism, peace, and equality against the oppressive system of feudalism and international imperialism. But the Western mass media look for minor troubles and focus on those. The Western mass media present what we are doing as Fascism. However, the objective conditions are quite different from that. Since the establishment of the kebeles, the Ethiopian masses have been organized and politicized. Apart from intensifying the class struggle, the kebeles are mobilizing the masses to defend the integrity of our country by recruiting fighters for the people's militia and sending them to the front. We establish kindergartens, and make food available, and raise funds for helping people who are suffering."

Here I managed to get in a question about the number of people who had been put in prison by the kebeles.

Mr. Megete went right on with his lecture. "The word 'prison' is a feudal word," he said. "We have revolutionary education for reactionaries. In our higher kebele, maybe there are twenty-five to forty to a hundred people undergoing revolutionary education."

I asked the obvious question: "Who is a reactionary?"

He replied, "Reactionaries are those who exploit the people. The family of the Emperor is reactionary, because its members are against the revolution. If they are reactionary, we teach them

Marxism-Leninism. This teaching will go on for a long time. Sometimes there will be killing. It will continue, I promise, until the reactionaries in Higher Kebele No. 1 are eliminated."

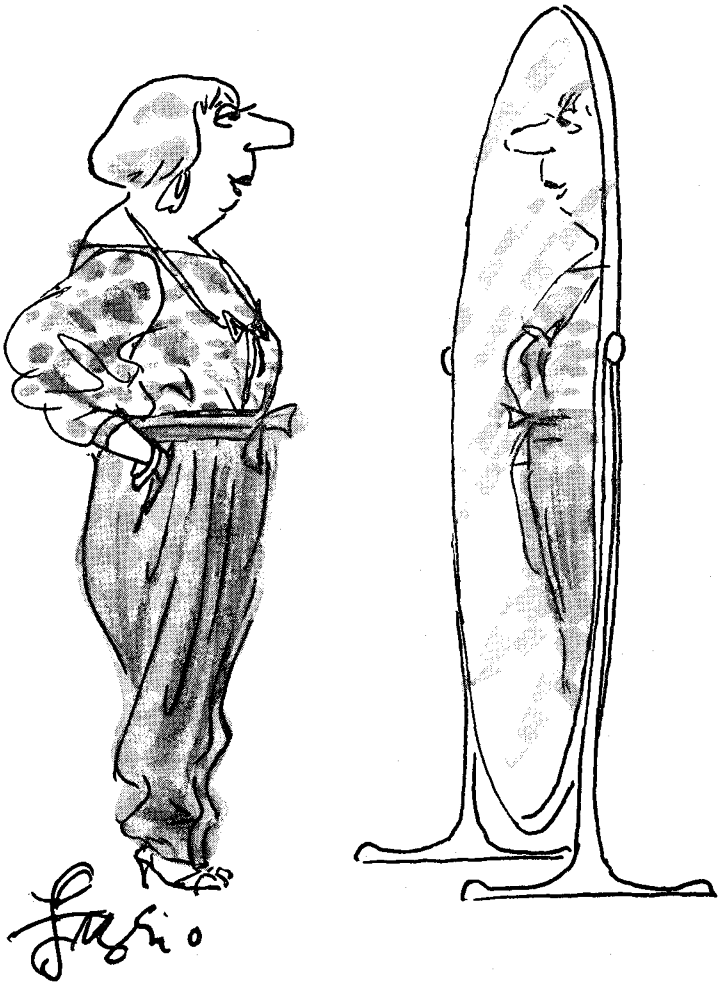
At that point, he looked at his watch, and said that he had a meeting and that we should follow him back to the headquarters of Higher Kebele No. 1. He walked quickly from the building, entered a Volkswagen bus full of armed soldiers, and sped off. The Swiss journalist and I, with the guide assigned us by the Ministry of Information, jumped into another Volkswagen bus and asked the driver to follow. But we soon lost the quarry, and when we presented ourselves at the headquarters of Higher Kebele No. 1 we were not admitted. I protested this treatment to our guide, who relayed my complaint to his superiors at the Ministry. At the hotel that night, I was handed a telephone message from the Ministry. It said, "We are looking into your case, so if you are not able to keep up, you can leave the country."

The Swiss journalist and I, along with two Czech journalists, were also granted an interview with Deputy Mayor Johannes Heroui, a well-spoken thirty-seven-year-old Addis Ababa lawyer, educated in Britain, West Germany, and East Germany. We met at the city hall, in the office of Mayor Alemu, the head of the kebele structure in the city, who was educated in the Soviet Union, and who is known as the Robespierre of Ethiopia. Dr. Alemu was out of the country, and Mr. Johannes was filling in for him. He started off by explaining the roots of local violence in Addis Ababa. From the very beginning, he said, the revolution had been opposed by a left-wing intellectual group, the Ethiopian People's Revolutionary Party, or E.P.R.P., which objected to military rule and teamed up with the feudal interests connected with Haile Selassie in opposing land reform in the country and in the city. He said that when the kebeles were established, the E.P.R.P. resisted them. "At first, the E.P.R.P. merely sneered that the kebeles were useless, and urged people not to join," he said. "After the kebeles were established, the E.P.R.P. changed tactics. They began to penetrate the organization and have their own people elected to office. The E.P.R.P. made false charges—for example, that we were supposed to build houses for everybody but didn't. Then they began a campaign of violence—the White Terror—against kebele officials. In the White Terror, they killed a hundred and fifty people. To resist the White Terror, the leadership of the Dergue armed the kebeles, and, under Mayor Alemu, we instituted our Red Terror. Maybe the term 'Red Terror' was a mistake. But we had to protect the revolution."

I asked him how many people had been killed under the Red Terror. He said he couldn't give a figure. I asked if it was higher or lower than the figure for those killed in the White Terror. "We haven't tried to keep score," he said. He went on to affirm some of the benefits of the kebeles. He said that rent had gone down for most of the people in Addis Ababa, that eighty-five new playgrounds had been built for children in local neighborhoods, that kebeles had established twenty new kindergartens, and that the people's shops had prevented hoarding by merchants and worked to keep prices down. He felt that hygiene and sanitation had been improved. "Four or five months ago, there was disarray in the city," he acknowledged. "Now order is returning. The revolution, which has changed conditions chiefly in the country, is also working here in the city."

Just before leaving, I asked him whether the fairs I had seen at Kebele No. 26 and the Black Lion Hospital had been successful.

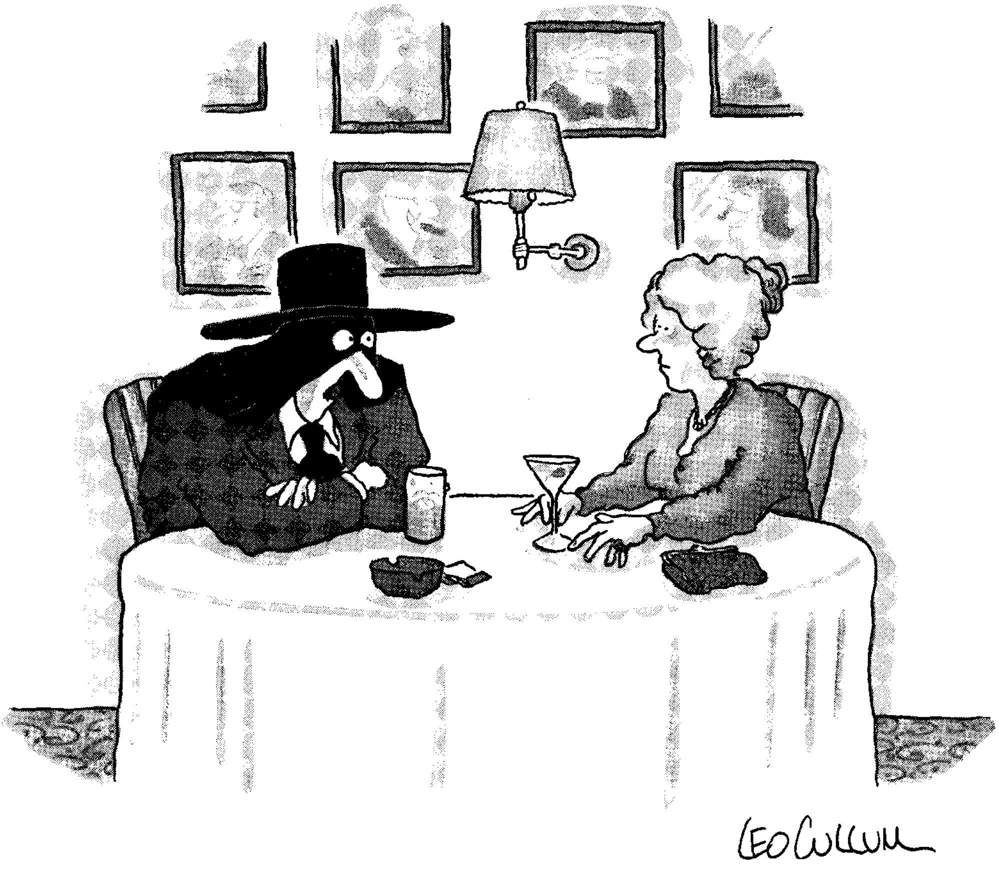
"Yes," he replied, beaming. "Thousands of people were mobilized, and big sums were raised." He backed off when I asked how much. But then he indicated that probably upward of twenty million dollars had been raised in the past year. I asked how that compared with the budget of Addis Ababa. The budget was only eight million, he said. Right there, I had an answer to a principal question about the kebeles. Whatever they may have provided in services and security, they were also a system for mulcting the citizens—a rough form of taxation for the revolution. Later, I learned that in Amharic, the official language of Ethiopia, the verb "to rule" (*negesse*) originally meant "to collect tribute."



*"Little Susie Miller all grown up."*

SHORTLY thereafter, I had a chance to see the impact of the revolution on the countryside. The countryside is, in effect, Ethiopia—not only because ninety per cent of the nation's population of thirty million lives there but, more important, because the terrain is so special and its influence so pervasive. Ethiopia—especially the central part of the country, which formed the old kingdom of Abyssinia—is a high plateau, from six to eight thousand feet above sea level, marked by volcanic mountains, deep rifts, and isolated valleys. "They tell us this is a tableland," a British soldier marching through the country is supposed to have said. "If it is, they have turned the table upside down, and we are scrambling up and down the legs." Amhara, the name of the ethnic group that has dominated the highlands for centuries, apparently means "mountaineer," and, like most mountain people, the Amhara tend to be proud, secretive, and independent. Communications have never been easy, and to this day something like two-thirds of the population is believed to live more than a day's walk from the nearest road. Isolation has bred a respect for individualism—if not for the individual—and even now the round thatched huts of the peasants tend to be widely separated rather than grouped in villages. Needless to say, the Amhara have not had an easy time scraping out a living. "Grain is king" is one of their sayings, and the American scholar Donald Levine reports in a superb book, "Wax & Gold," that "when asked what is their chief goal in life, Amhara peasants frequently respond with the expression *sarto mablāt* ('having worked, to eat')." Historically, the Amhara have been a barrier against penetration of northeast Africa by the Arabs, who have repeatedly occupied the coast along the Red Sea (Eritrea) and the Indian Ocean (Somalia). As a barrier—in much the way the Magyars were against the Turks—the Amhara clung with special force to the traditions that defined their identity: to the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, a Christian church similar to the Coptic Church of Egypt, and to an imperial line supposed to go back to the union of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

I had made plans to visit the countryside with representatives of the Ministry of Agriculture, but on the appointed day they were assembled in an auditorium for an examination on revolutionary principles, so I made the expedition with the agricultural attaché of a Western embassy. He took me thirty-five miles south of Addis Ababa to the town of Debre Zeit, explaining as we drove that the land had been nationalized by decree on March 4, 1975. The decree confiscated all private land without compensation, and was aimed chiefly at the large estates of feudal lords and of the Church in the southern parts of the country. Families tilling the soil were allowed to retain possession of twenty-five acres of the land they cultivated. Peasants' debts to landlords and services due them were cancelled. To operate the large estates and provide for the marketing of produce and for local administration, the government had established a rural equivalent of the kebeles—peasant associations. First students and then specially trained officials from the Ministry of Agriculture were sent to the countryside to help establish the peasant associations.



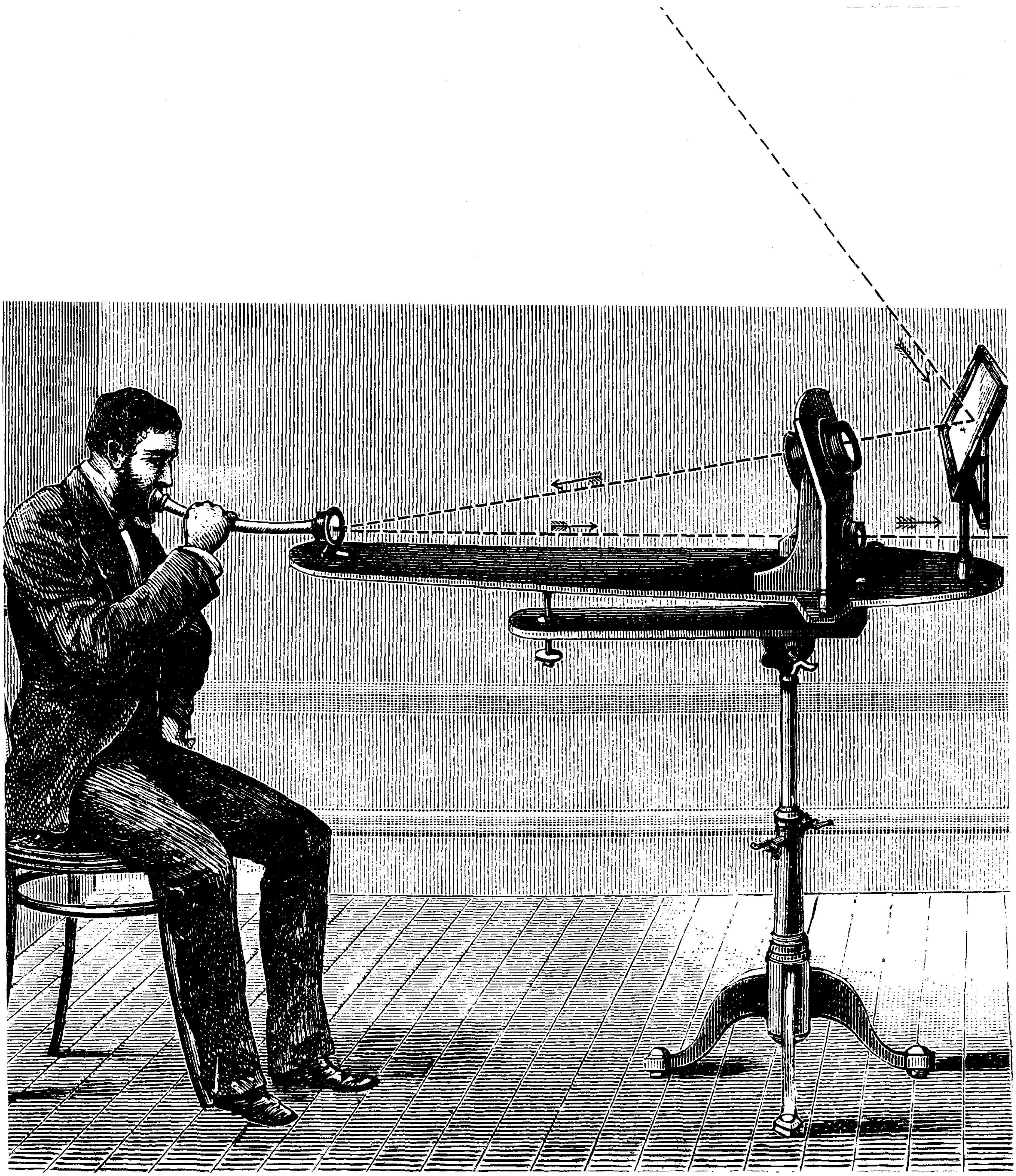
*"I suppose, Muriel, that, in my own curious way, I've always loved you."*

• •

Given the vast differences in terrain and tenure, the attaché continued, the sweeping land-reform decree inevitably had varied effects. On the northern plateau dominated by the Amhara, where the land had long since been worn out by overcultivation, tenure had been communal by tradition, and small holders—not big estates—were the rule. Land reform had made comparatively little difference. The attaché had recently returned from a trip through Wollo Province. In 1973 and 1974, famine in Wollo and other northern provinces had cost the lives of around a hundred thousand people. Government handling—or, rather, coverup—of the distress had led directly to the revolt against Haile Selassie. Returning this year, the attaché found conditions not markedly different. He noticed that peasants still bowed and touched their foreheads in a gesture of feudal submission. There were big pockets of drought. Some of the wheat had been attacked by ergot fungus, which causes a disease of the circulatory system called ergotism; people who eat the poisoned wheat suffer gangrene and, occasionally, loss of limbs. He had seen several cases himself and had heard of dozens more. In one village, he had watched a starving infant fight with a chicken for a crust of bread, which, once eaten, might well have caused death from ergotism. In another village, he came upon several thousand peasants who had walked in from the countryside in search of food. But this time there was no coverup. The peasants could make their troubles known to the government through the peasant associations, and the government had established an Ethiopian Relief Commission. There would be serious privation and some starvation, but he thought there would probably be no mass famine.

In the southern part of the country, where large estates had been parcelled out by the emperors to court favorites and the Church, land reform had been an enormous success. Peasants found that they got higher prices, did not have to share crops with the landlord, and paid only a nominal rent—about five dollars per acre each year to the peasant association. "On the whole," the attaché said, "land reform has been a source of strength—maybe the most important source of strength—for the new government."

Our first stop in Debre Zeit was



In Bell's "Photophone," sunlight was bounced from a reflector through a lens to a mechanism that vibrated in response to speech. This caused the light beam to vary in intensity. At the receiving end, a selenium detector translated these variations into electrical current to recreate speech through a telephone receiver.

# 77 years before we invented the laser, Professor Bell had a perfect application for it.

In 1880, only four years after he invented the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell received a patent for a remarkable idea—using light, rather than wire, to carry phone calls.

Professor Bell built an experimental "Photophone" that transmitted his voice over a beam of sunlight. It didn't work very well, however.

Sunbeams are scattered by air, rain and fog. In any event, the sun doesn't always shine. The Photophone, unfortunately, was an idea whose time had not yet come.

## A new kind of light

By the 1950's, scientists again were looking for a way to use light for communications.

In September, 1957, Charles Townes, a Bell Labs consultant, and Bell Labs scientist Arthur Schawlow conceived a way of producing a new kind of light—extremely intense, highly directional, and capable of carrying immense amounts of information.

Townes and Schawlow received a basic patent on their invention—the laser.

Since then, Bell Labs scientists have invented hundreds of lasers, including many firsts—gas and solid-state lasers capable of continuous operation, high-power carbon dioxide lasers, liquid dye lasers that produce pulses shorter than a trillionth of a second, and tiny semiconductor lasers that work reliably at normal temperatures. Some of these, no larger than grains of salt, may emit light continuously for 100 years.

## Getting the light to the end of the tunnel

While we were developing lasers to generate light, we also looked for a way of shielding it and guiding it for long distances and around curves.

Extremely transparent glass fibers, perfected at Bell Labs and elsewhere, provide the answer. These hair-thin fibers can carry light many miles without distortion or the need for amplification.

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## Spin-off

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at an agricultural-training institute that had originally been established by an American aid mission. Ethiopians, and only Ethiopians, now manned the station. Tractors outside were a varied lot—some from John Deere, in the United States, and others from East Germany. On one of the doors was a poster showing the new Soviet woman in various roles: cosmonaut, schoolteacher, doctor, sailor, dewy-eyed bride, peasant, mother with babe in arms. Underneath, an excerpt from a Soviet document proclaimed, "Women in the U.S.S.R. shall be accorded equal rights with men in economic, governmental, cultural, political, and other public activities." There was also a cartoon of two Ethiopian peasants holding a landlord upside down over a cliff and shaking the money from his bulging pockets. At the training institute, we were directed to a spot where I could interview a group of peasants. We intercepted about a dozen returning from the fields, driving livestock before them. All wore hats, trousers, shirts, and coats. Most had shoes or sneakers, but some were barefoot. On being questioned by the Western attaché, they said they were members of a local peasant association containing two hundred and ninety families.

I asked them what they thought of the land reform.

"We enjoy it very much, and there is one important reason," an elderly man who seemed to be the spokesman said. "We own the land, and we are equal with the landlords." He went on to explain other benefits. "We cultivate the land and choose the crops that sell best. We sow teff, barley, and field peas. We can sell them to anybody. We have no problem disposing of our produce. In fact, we have sold so much already that all we have left is enough to feed ourselves and to use as seed for the next harvest."

I asked about the militia that had been recruited and sent off to Ogaden and Eritrea.

"That's not a problem," one of the other peasants replied. "We have a militia in the peasant association, and if there is someone who interrupts our work, then he is dealt with." There was nothing wrong with sending the militia to fight for the country, he said, and he added, "We will send as many as are required to fight. We help their wives and their children, and take care of their land for them. We have that obligation."

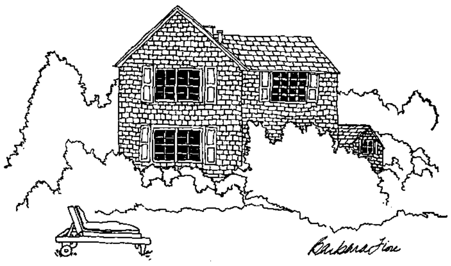
But when I asked where the fighting was, nobody knew. Nor had anybody heard of either Ogaden or Eritrea.

Before we left, I asked what the biggest problem was.

"The worst thing is that there's nothing to buy," one said. "There's no salt and no coffee. We can't find clothes. Sometimes we don't even bother to send food to the market. We just eat it."

Driving back, the attaché explained to me that the shortage of consumer goods was pervasive. "Debre Zeit is on the main road, only thirty-five miles from Addis Ababa," he said. "You can imagine how little the peasants who live more than a day's walk from the nearest road have to buy with their produce." The difficulty in moving goods to the countryside was caused mainly by a shortage of transport. Most trucks had been pressed into military service in Eritrea and Ogaden. The Eritrean resistance had cut off roads, and the railway from Addis Ababa to Djibouti, a former French colony that had just acquired independence, had just been reopened after virtual destruction in the Ogaden war. So the attaché didn't think that the supply of goods was going to get better soon. He also felt that in other parts of the country resistance to land reform had probably boiled into secessionist activities. As a result of all this, the peasants tended more and more to hold back produce, and that caused prices to rise in Addis Ababa and elsewhere. "Even so, I'd still rate land reform a success—a big success—for the revolution," he said. "In many other countries—in Mexico, in Yugoslavia, in India—land reform was followed by a big drop in production. Not here. Even though many peasants have been taken to the militia for the wars, production has stayed relatively high. The peasants are better off, and they support the regime."

HAVING seen aspects of the revolution close up, I determined to acquire some perspective from on high. First, I turned to the Russians. They live in Addis Ababa much as I remember them living in Cairo when they played such an important role during the regime of President Gamal Abdel Nasser. They inhabit a compound, which is walled and guarded. They shop at a special market—a former American military PX, which is now called the Victory Department Store, where they can buy cigarettes (including Winstons, Kents, Salems, and Marlboros), Revlon lipstick, Tide detergent, Hermès scarves, Carnation milk, and Moët & Chandon champagne. At the airport, which is serviced by an international oil company, Russian pilots get priority treatment in refuelling. Small shopkeepers near the Soviet compound expressed distaste for the Russians, because "they look but do not buy," and I was told that the Soviet pilots were disliked. But not many Russians are visible in Addis Ababa. The primary Communist presence in Ethiopia is Cuban—some seventeen thousand troops, who were ferried in by the Russians when fighting became serious in Ogaden, in the fall of 1977. The Cubans blend easily into the population, in part because many of them are dark-skinned. They are housed near the Cuban Embassy, in pleasant villas—unfenced and unguarded. They drive about in trucks, smiling and waving. Once when I was riding in a taxi, we stopped behind a truck carrying Cuban soldiers. One of the soldiers was eating a banana, and the driver said he would like one, too. I made appropriate hand signals, and the Cuban soldier climbed down from the truck and gave the driver a banana.



The Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Ratanov, whom I visited at the Russian Embassy, turned out to be an agreeable middle-aged man with glasses, a crew-cut, and an extremely frank manner.

I asked him if he wasn't concerned that the Russians would eventually be ousted from Ethiopia, as they had been from so many other countries to which they had furnished military assistance.

He said, "Ethiopia is different from most African countries. If there were a revolution in Niger, everything would be over in one night. Political life there exists only among an élite of a hundred people. You could change the government, and the people wouldn't even notice. But in Ethiopia there has been a class society with well-established boundaries between classes. It has been an independent state. There was a nobility, which was a landowning class. There was an old monarchy, and an old and outworn Church. In other words, there was an organic society—a body with a head, trunk, arms, and legs. Here it was not pos-

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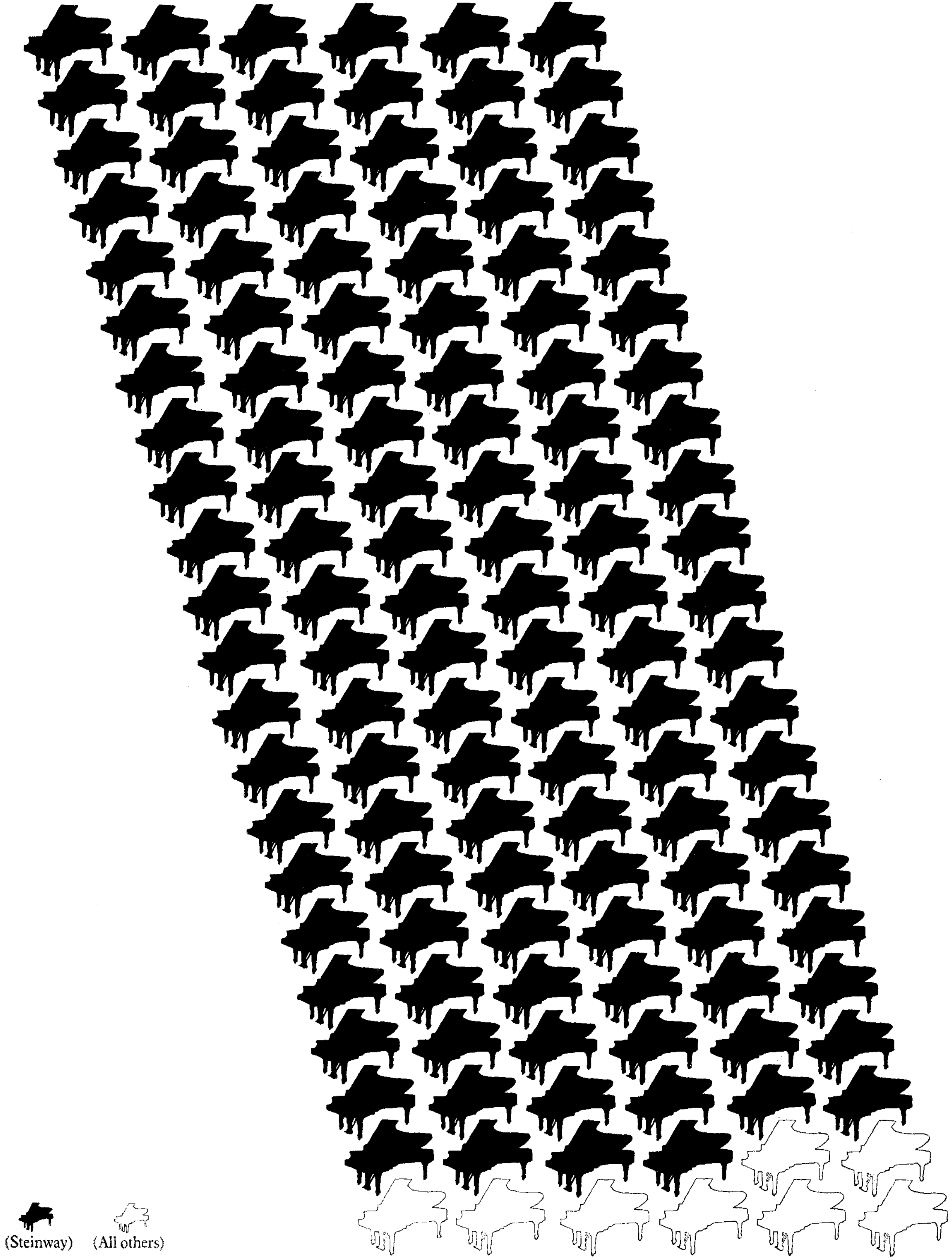

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sible to change the head without changing the body. It was not so different from Russia in 1917. At the root of the revolution was a popular movement against injustice. You had explosive material for a popular uprising by students, or workers, or the Army. As it happened, the Army was the leading force. It played the role of the Party. Not that there was a military coup, or action by the general staff. Instead, the thrust came from below—from the sergeants. They formed the Dergue and took control. Mengistu is a revolutionary and a patriot. He rejects mere nationalism. He is a patriot who has a class approach to problems. Right now, most of the problems are military—especially with Eritrea and Ogaden. But Mengistu still speaks of his attachment to Marxism-Leninism. He says that it explains the laws of the development of society. He says, 'I am a sincere Marxist-Leninist.' "

I later asked a Western diplomat, who did not wish to be identified by name or country, to comment on the Russian view.

"The revolution here was genuine," he said. "There was a feudal society, and the lines of status ran into the Army itself. Many of the military—especially Mengistu—shared all the resentments of the peasantry, and so they initiated a revolution based on equality. The land reform was real, and so was the nationalization. But the soldiers never got back to their barracks. Now military problems have come to the fore. Order has to be maintained, so the regime has become less and less revolutionary, and more and more military—more and more, in fact, like just another African military dictatorship."

Finally, I turned to a leading Ethiopian newspaperman, Mogus Tekle Mikael, who studied at the Columbia School of Journalism. He has accepted the revolution and has become manager of the English-language paper in Addis Ababa, the *Ethiopian Herald*.

Mogus told me, "The revolution of 1974 was spontaneous. None of us had a clear idea of what it was going to look like. There was no party in being—no rehearsals, so to speak. The greatest problem in Ethiopia for a generation was land tenure. Nobody knew how it could be solved. That the armed forces have been able to produce a program is a great success. But the Dergue is not a party, is not even united. That is the reason there is a lot of confusion—that is why so many mistakes have been made. Our real objective is to create social justice. We are pure and righteous, but we have no ideology. We have had to import ideology from the outside. We have also had costly wars imposed upon us from the outside, in Ogaden and Eritrea. In any revolution, the most important thing is power. At every stage, events have challenged the power of the new leadership. But we will muddle through."

THE struggle for power in Ethiopia began in 1974, while Haile Selassie still reigned, and it is still going on. Tracing its exact course is difficult, in part because revolutionary politics is inherently clandestine, and in part because the Ethiopians, in the tradition of mountain people, tend to be secretive. "In this country," I was repeatedly told, "even the tip of the iceberg is underwater." But the rough outlines of what happened are clear. In 1973, famine and steep inflation, brought on by the quadrupling of oil prices, provided the stuff of revolution. Thereafter, factional fighting divided the military and raged between two rival civilian groups of left-wing Marxists. The strictly internal struggles then intersected with major wars—in Ogaden and in Eritrea—which brought the superpowers and their clients into the conflict.

In 1974, drought and rising prices drove all—which is to say a handful—the semi-independent institutions that existed under Haile Selassie to raise their voices against the regime. Students at the secondary schools in Addis Ababa and at Haile Selassie I University staged violent demonstrations against the so-called King of Kings. The teachers struck for higher pay. So did the railway workers, the dockers at the Red Sea ports, and the taxi-drivers. Striking students and taxi-drivers stoned a fleet of buses owned by the Emperor and his family. Ethiopian Airlines personnel also walked out, and at one point the Confederation of Ethiopian Labor Unions, a fledgling organization that was once regarded as a kind of imperial toy, staged a general strike. But the most serious trouble came from the most powerful group in the country—the military.

At that time, the armed forces were an exact replica of the decaying feudalism that pervaded Ethiopia. Rigid caste lines separated the officers from the enlisted men, most of whom came from peasant families. The highest officers were generally titled nobles related by blood or marriage to the Emperor. But the need to fight the battles of the twentieth century and to man its weapons had obliged Haile Selassie to open the officer corps, and so, just beneath the highest commanders, there were professional officers trained by the British during the Second World War. Below them were the middle-class products of the Harar Military Academy, Ethiopia's West Point. Finally, in the lower officer grades were former enlisted men, who, after years in the ranks, had been given a chance at officer status in a training school at Holeta, about thirty miles west of Addis Ababa.

The event that is now generally regarded as the beginning of the Ethiopian revolution occurred in January, 1974, at Neghele, a post three hundred miles south of Addis Ababa, near the border of Kenya. The well used for drinking water by the enlisted men ran dry. The officers refused the men access to their well. The men mutinied, and took their commander prisoner. The trouble that had started at Neghele spread in fits and starts throughout the armed forces. Members of the Army's 2nd Division, in Eritrea, mutinied, and units of the 4th Division, in Addis Ababa, followed suit. The Navy, based at Massawa, in Eritrea, went along with the soldiers. The 3rd Division, with headquarters at Harar, in Ogaden, joined in in sympathy. Air Force helicopters flew over Addis Ababa dropping leaflets urging the police to rebel. By the spring of 1974, the rebellious officers and men had established a national group representing all the military forces in the country—the Armed Forces Coördinating Committee, known as the Dergue. The committee had a hundred and twenty members, most of whom were enlisted men, and who included no officer above the rank of major. The balance of power passed quickly to the former enlisted men who had graduated from the Holeta training school. At a meeting in June, one of these emerged as the leading figure—Major Mengistu Haile Mariam, a thirty-two-year-old ordnance officer, who was the son of an enlisted man and a woman who had worked as a servant for a noble family. Starting that spring, the committee ran the country from behind the scenes. After a new cabinet appointed by the Emperor had refused to approve land reform, the Dergue came front and center. On September 12th—the second day of the Ethiopian New Year—the Emperor was deposed and placed under arrest. He was kept in confinement until his death, apparently from natural causes, on August 27, 1975, at the age of eighty-three. Most of his family and his political friends were taken into custody. The committee established itself as a Provisional Military Administrative Council but continued to be known simply as the Dergue. Two graduates of the 1960 class at Holeta—Mengistu, from the 3rd Division, and Major Atnafu Abate, from the 4th Division—became, respectively, first and second vice-chairmen of the council. As titular head of the council, they named the most distinguished professional soldier in the Ethiopian Army—Lieutenant General Aman Michael Andom, former commander of the Harar Military Academy, who had most recently been Chief of Staff and Defense Minister.

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Despite formal announcements from the Dergue that he was merely a "spokesman," General Aman moved quickly to assert himself as a national leader. He held a press conference at which he spoke of changing the monarchy to a republic (with himself as President, presumably). An overt clash with Mengistu ensued when the Dergue moved to execute the former officials most closely identified with the Emperor. General Aman refused to sign the execution warrants. Mengistu won approval in the Dergue and, on November 22, 1974, reportedly led an attack against General Aman's home. Aman was killed the next morning, and later that day fifty-nine other Ethiopians prominent in the regime of the Emperor were executed. An American official who was in Addis Ababa at the time recalls the announcement of the purge: "We looked at those names, and suddenly realized what had happened," he said. "It was the end of the old regime. Everybody there had been a figure of importance. It was almost our guest list for our annual Fourth of July reception. As to Aman, the reports are that Mengistu himself shot the General."

Another general and former commander of the Harar Military Academy, Tafari Banti, was quickly hoisted into the figurehead post of chairman of the Dergue. General Tafari had too little support to run things himself. But Major Sisay Habte, an Air Force officer and a trained engineer with an advanced degree from the University of Washington in Seattle, apparently emerged as a potential threat to Men-

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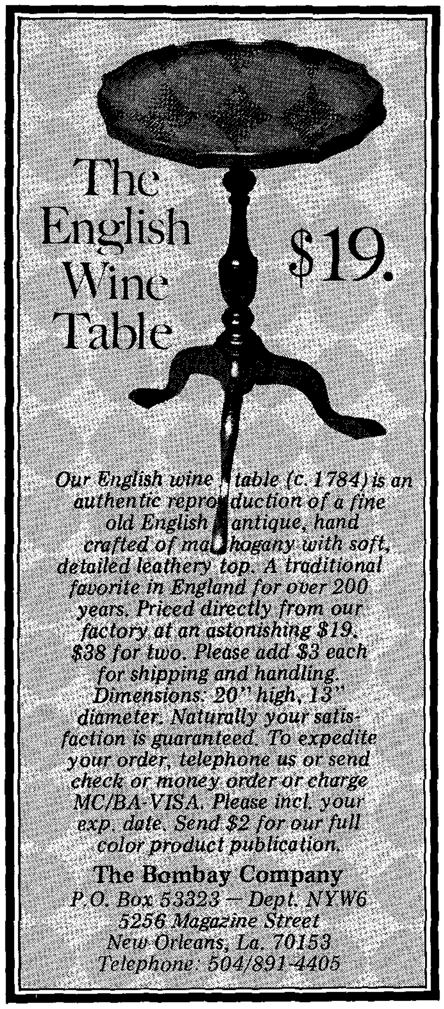

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gistu inside the Dergue. He was executed, along with several other officers, in July, 1976, on the charge of plotting a coup with the Central Intelligence Agency. The other well-educated officers in the Dergue—Captain Alemayu Haile, from the police, and Captain Mogus Wolde-Mikael, a graduate of the Harar Military Academy—built a challenge to Mengistu around Tafari Banti. At the end of December, 1976, they managed a reorganization of the Dergue which clearly eroded some of Mengistu's authority. Power was vested in a seventeen-member standing committee. Mengistu, though he was a member of the standing committee, was shunted into a relatively weak ministerial post. General Tafari was made commander-in-chief. Captain Mogus became head of a political committee within the Dergue, and Captain Alemayu took over managerial functions as secretary-general of the standing committee.

In February of 1977, Mengistu staged a shoot-out at the Dergue headquarters, in the royal palace. General Tafari and Captains Mogus and Alemayu were all killed—some say by Mengistu, who, according to one account, manned a machine gun himself. Nine months later, on November 11th, Mengistu's only visible rival, Atnafu Abate, was executed. That left Mengistu holding all the reins—as head of state, secretary-general of the standing committee of the Dergue, and commander-in-chief of the armed forces.

Once on top in the Army, Mengistu moved to deal with his rivals in the civilian world. The nonmilitary organizations that had subverted Haile Selassie in 1974 had been brought under control within a year of the formal ouster of the Emperor. The Confederation of Ethiopian Labor Unions, after it had made an abortive effort to call a second general strike, was absorbed into a government-run union. The closing of the university and the top grades of the secondary schools by the Dergue in 1974 and 1975 disrupted the organizations of teachers and students. The latter were further demoralized and disarmed by being dispatched to the country in a work program—called *zemetcha*, or "warpath"—initiated in 1974 by the Dergue, and then continued as an instrument of land reform. But the Dergue depended upon individual members of the intelligentsia to develop programs in ministries such as agriculture and housing, and to mobilize the population on behalf of the revolution. A number of intellectuals grouped themselves into two left-wing Marxist parties, which took different stands on the Dergue. One of the two—the E.P.R.P.—was made up chiefly of graduates of Ethiopian and American universities. They had opposed military rule from the beginning, and said so openly in a statement they published in August, 1975. The other group—the Meieson, or All-Ethiopian Socialist Movement—was made up chiefly of graduates of European universities. The Meieson leadership, most of which returned to Ethiopia only after the takeover, in September, 1974, needed an entrée into the national life, and elected to work with the Dergue. Members of the Meieson moved into the Ministry of Housing, where they set up the kebele program, and into the countryside, where they began organizing peasant associations. The best-known Meieson leader, a Marxist named Haile Fida, who was a veteran of fourteen years in the French university system, became head of a Provisional Office for Mass Organizational Affairs (or POMOA), responsible for developing the ideology of the Ethiopian revolution, and keeping the bureaucracy and even the military in tune with it. In April, 1976, Haile Fida won the Dergue's endorsement of a program of national revolution that called for "total eradication of feudalism, bureaucratic capitalism, and imperialism . . . through the leadership of the workers and the coöperation of the tillers."

Presumably, one reason the Dergue accepted the Meieson was to put pressure on members of the E.P.R.P. During early 1976, the Amharic-language newspaper *Addis Zemen* carried an extended debate between a spokesman for the Meieson, who took the nom de plume Voice of the Masses, and one for the E.P.R.P., under the name Democracia. The debate only deepened divisions: the Meieson denounced the E.P.R.P. as "anarchists," and the

E.P.R.P. called the Meieson members "collaborationists." Feelings ran even higher after the execution, in July, 1976, of Sisay Habte, who had favored a conciliatory relationship between the Dergue and the two civilian groups. In August, after a general strike called by the E.P.R.P. had failed, the government denounced the E.P.R.P. as "pseudo-reactionaries" and began a campaign to stamp out the Party. The E.P.R.P. responded with an assassination campaign. An unsuccessful attempt was made on the life of Mengistu himself on September 23, 1976. A few days later, one of Haile Fida's chief lieutenants was shot dead in downtown Addis Ababa. The Dergue and the Fidaists hit back with organized violence that took the lives of scores of students in the next ten days.

A year later came the turn of the Meieson. Mengistu apparently sensed a threat to the Dergue in reports that the Meieson had penetrated the peasant associations and ideological schools for the training of bureaucratic and military cadres. In a reorganization of the ideological program, all organizations were substantially reduced and control of POMOA was taken from Haile Fida and vested in a military man. Some seventy Meieson leaders disappeared, and several—including Haile Fida; the Minister of Housing, Daniel Tedesse; and the Minister of Education and Director of Ideological Training, Teffera Woldetatik—were arrested and reportedly tortured. The remnants of the E.P.R.P. and the ousted Meieson then stepped up the campaign of violence against the few intellectuals who continued to collaborate with the Dergue. Several kebele leaders, a few trade-union officials, and a candidate for mayor of Addis Ababa were killed in the flurry of action the Dergue labelled the White Terror. The Dergue replied with the election of Mayor Alemu, and with the Red Terror.

WHILE many issues—some of them obscure—figured in the struggle for power, one was constant and readily identifiable: Eritrea. That territory had been seized by Italy in 1882, had been taken over by Britain during the Second World War, and had been federated with Ethiopia by a decision of the United Nations in 1952, with the provision that it have a locally elected legislature. Despite its recent acquisition and a relatively small population, of two million, Eritrea was absolutely crucial to Ethiopia. It gave access to the Red Sea, through the ports of Assab and Massawa. Its capital, Asmara, was the site of the Kagnew Station—an important United States military base and listening post in the Middle East. Largely because of the long Italian occupation, the Eritreans tended to be far better educated and more highly skilled than most other Ethiopians. Eritrea's population included a million Muslims, who, being instinctively cool to the Christian kingdom in Addis Ababa, provided a foothold for Islamic penetration, and, it was feared, an eventual dismemberment of Haile Selassie's empire. The situation made the Emperor uncomfortable, and in 1962 Eritrea was formally annexed to Ethiopia.

The dispossessed Eritrean leaders formed an Eritrean Liberation Front. Subsequently, the Front split into several factions, but these factions persisted in carrying on a guerrilla war against Ethiopian rule. Haile Selassie attempted to deal with the rebellion by brutal repression, which succeeded only in giving new impetus to the liberation forces. The accession of the Dergue in Addis Ababa worked in two ways to strengthen the Eritrean secessionist movement. Not only did the central government's concentration on its own revolution divert it from military operations in the northeast but the switch from the conservative imperial regime to the left-wing military government enlisted new forces in the cause of the Eritreans. During the Emperor's rule, the Eritreans found most of their support among the radical Arab states—notably, Syria, Iraq, Libya, and South Yemen. The end of the imperial regime dissolved the ties that bound the conservative Islamic states to Addis Ababa. After 1974, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and Egypt subsidized the Eritrean separatists.

The Dergue, unlike the Emperor, followed a policy that mixed moves to suppress the secession with efforts—or, at least, apparent efforts—to strike a compromise. The stepped-up military pressure—additional troops in 1975, and, in 1976, the mobilization of a peasant militia force of forty thousand men—availed little. Though the fighting waxed and waned, the Eritrean secessionists hung on. From 1974 to the present, they have held most of the countryside, and since the middle of 1977 they have confined the government forces to Asmara and the port cities of Assab and Massawa. But if the fighting has been indecisive, the politicking has not. Those inside the Dergue who favored conciliation have all paid the supreme price. General Aman, the first figurehead chairman of the

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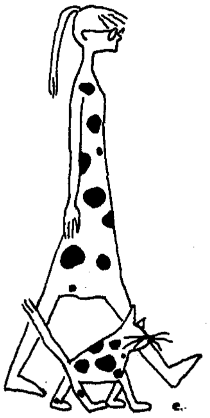
Dergue, who was an Eritrean by birth, said at one point, "We're going to have a dialogue about a peaceful solution." He was executed at the end of 1974. His replacement, Tafari Banti, was the spokesman, in May of 1976, for a peace proposal that offered "immediate autonomy" to the Eritreans. He was killed early in 1977. Major Sisay Habte, the Air Force officer executed in July, 1976, had been responsible for negotiating with the Eritreans, and one of the officers who were executed with him was the military governor of the province, Brigadier General Getachew Nadew. As for the civilian politicians, both the E.P.R.P. and the Meieson had favored conciliation. In an interview in Paris with *Le Monde*, on September 17, 1977, Neguede Gobezie, a Meieson leader who escaped arrest because he happened to be in Paris when Mengistu moved against his colleagues, said that his party "recognizes the right of Ethiopia's nationalities to self-determination, including the right to secession." As the record suggests, the soft line on Eritrea turned out the way soft lines usually do under revolutionary conditions. The hard line prevailed, and its personification was Mengistu. For example, in one of his rare speeches, on August 24, 1977, he told a rally in Revolution Square in Addis Ababa, "Eritrean secessionists, who are traitors, will be wiped out."

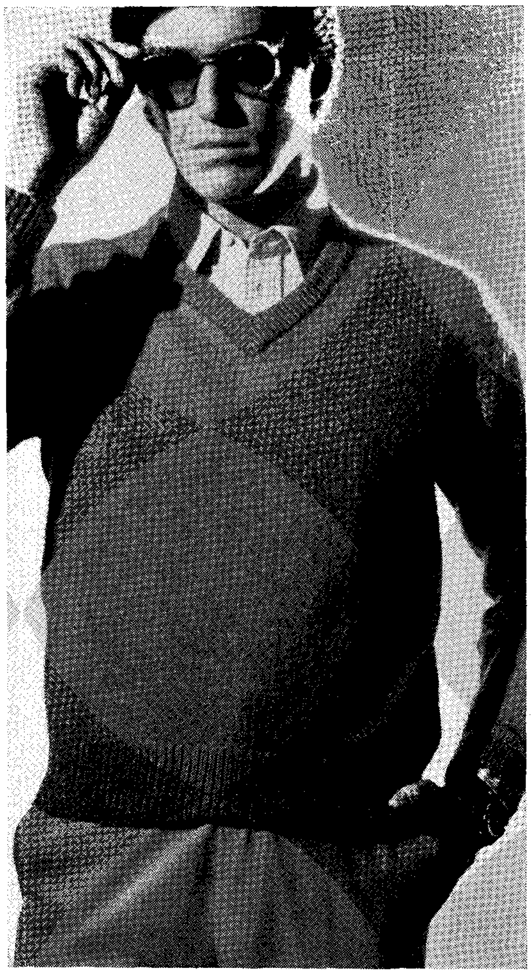


Combined with the increasing radicalization of the regime, the tough position on Eritrea effected a change in relations with the United States. Haile Selassie had been a favorite in Washington, and American Administrations from Eisenhower's through Nixon's had made Ethiopia the focal point of their African policies. In 1953, the United States and Ethiopia signed a twenty-five-year military-assistance agreement, under which the United States stationed several thousand military and civilian technicians at the Kagnew Station, while Washington trained and equipped Ethiopian forces. By the end of 1976, the United States had spent over two hundred million dollars on military aid to Ethiopia, and had encouraged the Ethiopians to acquire some hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of tanks, planes, artillery, and rifles. Though perhaps not as extensive as the military aid, economic aid to Ethiopia through the Peace Corps, Point Four, and various other programs was far greater than similar aid provided to any other African country.

With the development of satellite intelligence observation in the nineteen-sixties, however, the Kagnew Station had become less and less important. Washington began phasing out the operation in the early seventies. By 1974, personnel had been cut drastically, to around thirty people, and the final shutdown was scheduled for 1977, a year before the end of the military-assistance agreement. Interest in aiding Ethiopia lessened even further when America's friends among the conservative Arab states—notably, Egypt and Saudi Arabia—took a position on the side of the Eritreans, against the Ethiopian policy of repression. In the spring of 1976, the American Ambassador, Arthur Hummel, informed the Dergue of American reservations about the use of the peasant militia in Eritrea. After Hummel was promoted to Assistant Secretary for East Asian Affairs that June, the Ethiopians did not accept the ambassador who was named to replace him. The post was then left vacant. To all these problems there was added, in 1977, the Carter Administration's concern with human rights. On February 24th of that year, the Administration announced that, because of human-rights violations, Ethiopia would be denied all military aid as of the fiscal year beginning July 1st. The Dergue retorted on April 23rd with an order to close down the American consulate in Asmara, the Kagnew Station, and the United States information programs. A week later, the Dergue terminated the 1953 military-assistance agreement. A government-radio statement explained the actions: "The American government, which never spoke of the violation of human rights when the Fascist government of Haile Selassie was decimating thousands of the oppressed Ethiopian people, takes every opportunity to create hatred against revolutionary Ethiopia by depicting her as a country where human rights are violated."

Months earlier, the Dergue had sensed the fraying of relations with Washington and had begun to take out insurance in Moscow. An Ethiopian military mission visited the Soviet Union toward the end of 1976, and, that December, reached a military-aid agreement on equipment worth, according to Western sources, a hundred million dollars. The agreement was confirmed and expanded in May of 1977, when Mengistu himself visited Moscow. Still, the Russians moved very slowly (the first equipment, which was secondhand and old, did not arrive until April, 1977), because they had a conflicting commitment in the area—a commitment to Somalia.

SOMALIA—a desert land populated by fiercely nationalist Islamic tribes which borders the Indian Ocean to the east and Kenya, Djibouti, and Ethiopia's Ogaden region to the west—gained independence from Britain and Italy in 1960. The Somalis then turned to the Russians for military support, and the Russians gave it in abundance, particularly after a parliamentary regime was replaced by a left-wing military dictatorship under General Siad Barre, in 1969. In 1974, General Siad signed a friendship treaty with the Russians and provided them with a naval and missile base on the Indian Ocean, at the port of Berbera. Over the years, the Russians have provided Somalia with a modern military apparatus, including sixty MIG fighters and a few Ilyushin bombers, three hundred tanks, three hundred and fifty armored personnel carriers, and some surface-to-air missiles. This force constituted a genuine threat to Ethiopia, inasmuch as the Somalis had well-advertised claims to Ogaden. While Russia had originally backed these claims, the entente with Ethiopia moved Moscow to promote harmony between Somalia and Ethiopia, and with Russia's other friend in the area, South Yemen. In March, 1977, Fidel Castro, apparently at Russia's behest, met with Mengistu and Siad Barre in Aden, the capital of South Yemen. He proposed a federation that would link Somalia and Ethiopia, and open the way to regional autonomy for both Ogaden and Eritrea. But Siad Barre refused to go along, and, in response to the Soviet shift away from his claims on Ogaden, began looking for patrons among the anti-Soviet governments. These were not in short supply. The Saudis, the Egyptians, the Iranians, and the Pakistanis all began funnelling aid to Somalia. The United States, with President Carter in the forefront, also began to beam on Siad Barre. The President allowed himself to be overheard by writers from *Time*, during a day he spent with them in April, 1977, telling Vice-President Mondale, "I want you to tell Cy [Secretary of State Cyrus Vance] and Zbig [Zbigniew Brzezinski, of the National Security Coun-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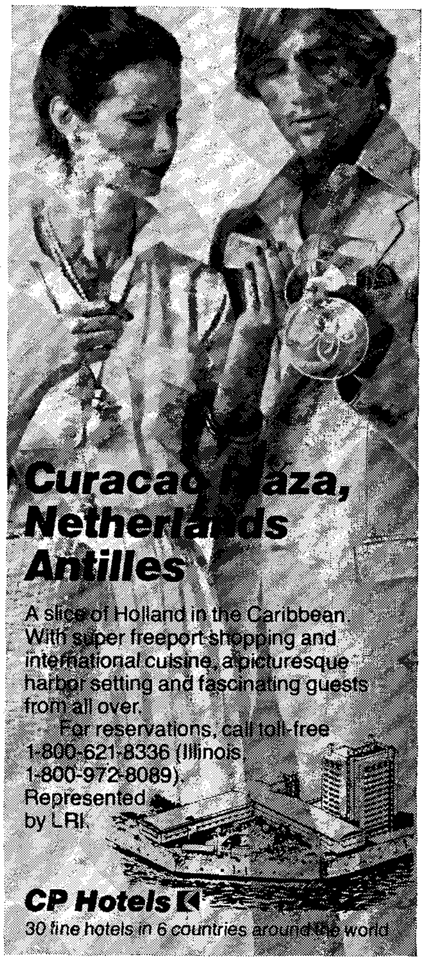

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cil] that I want them to move in every possible way to get Somalia to be our friend." The friendship bid reached its high point on July 26, 1977, when the State Department announced that the United States had decided "in principle" to supply arms to Somalia.

Three days before, though Washington didn't know it, Siad Barre had launched, with his own forces and the Western Somalia Liberation Front, what developed into an all-out move to grab Ogaden. The Somali offensive embarrassed both superpowers. The United States came under pressure from many African states—especially Kenya, which was another object of Somali territorial claims, and which argued that the attack on Ogaden would not only dismember Ethiopia but engulf all of Africa in border problems. On August 10th, the State Department, reversing the decision of July 26th, announced a suspension of "the agreement in principle" to supply arms to Somalia, and called for mediation of the Ogaden conflict. The Somalis would not accept mediation, and thereafter our government sat out the war.

At first, the Russians tried to keep a friendly foot in each camp. The Soviet news agency Tass said, on August 14th, "The Soviet Union hopes that the Somali and Ethiopian leaders will show proof of political wisdom and moderation, that they will put an immediate end to the military conflict, and that they will take places around the negotiating table to engage in constructive dialogue in the interest of normalizing relations between the two neighboring countries." Siad Barre subsequently went to Moscow, where he was presumably given the same message. But the early going in Ogaden was good. By September, Siad's forces controlled the whole eastern section of the region and were approaching the highland cities of Harar and Diredawa. So he kept his troops moving. The Ogaden offensive, together with the continuing trouble in Eritrea, threatened to force the Mengistu regime from power. The Russians were thus confronted with the spectre of double disaster. They faced the possibility of losing both the stake they had built up for so long in Somalia and the stake they were beginning to develop in Ethiopia. My clear impression is that the Soviet military, because of the base in Berbera, favored trying to keep the Somali connection but that the Soviet political leaders, for ideological reasons, were stuck with the Mengistu regime. In the pinch, the ideological argument prevailed. At almost the last moment, in the late summer of 1977, the Russians began moving into Ethiopia a considerable number of Soviet military advisers and some fighting units from Cuba and South Yemen. Thus fortified, the Ethiopians held off a Somali effort to take the ancient walled city of Harar in the late fall of 1977. The Somalis tried in every way to maintain momentum. They fought desperately. They pleaded for Western assistance. They broke relations with Cuba. They expelled Russia's military advisers and denied them the base at Berbera. But, by means of a major airlift, the Russians brought in substantial quantities of Cuban troops—some seventeen thousand all told, including a motorized brigade, according to American sources—and an estimated billion dollars' worth of planes, tanks, and artillery. In the last week of January, the Ethiopian-cum-Cuban forces launched a counterattack in Ogaden. By early March, Somali forces had been driven from Ogaden. Siad Barre had been humiliated, and Mengistu had won an undoubted triumph.

So, American policymakers began to fear, had the Russians and the Cubans. There was a good deal of talk in Washington at the time to the effect that international Communism had achieved a major strategic victory in the piece of geography on the southern shores of the passage between the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean which is known as the Horn of Africa. Ethiopia and its ports on the Red Sea were apparently in Communist hands. Somalia, with its army in quasi-revolt against Siad Barre, could follow. South Yemen, on the northern coast of the passage, was already under a pro-Soviet regime, and it was only a matter of time, the worst-case theory went, before the Communists would control the waters through which precious oil cargoes from Saudi Arabia, Iran, and the sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf passed on their way to Europe and the United States. In April, the Carter Administration and several European governments issued stern warnings against the Soviet and Cuban presence in the Horn. In mid-May, these feelings of anxiety about Communist expansion in Africa accounted for another development—the intensity of Washington's reaction to the incursion against Zaire by forces from Angola,

which had been the first African state to welcome Russian and Cuban co-operation.

As it happens, matters are far from settled in Africa, or the Horn, or even Ethiopia. At a summit meeting of African leaders in Khartoum, the Nigerian leader, Olusegun Obasanjo, warned the Russians and the Cubans not to "overstay their welcome." Siad Barre seems to have survived the worst, and he is taking the offensive again. In Ethiopia, the Eritrean question also remains, and since March Mengistu has focussed his attention there. Ethiopian troops were moved to the northern front, and the airlift of supplies was redirected from Ogaden to Asmara, while Cuban troops were stationed on the route to Eritrea. Mengistu sought backing for new military ventures, visiting first Moscow and then Cuba. Apparently, neither the Russians nor the Cubans had much stomach for a long and costly war, and a communiqué issued on April 29th, at the end of Mengistu's visit to Cuba, said not one word about Eritrea. On the contrary, it made a general reference to "the major victories achieved by the popular national-liberation movements." And in the long run, of course, no one can be sure how dependent Mengistu will want to be on the Russians and the Cubans. His own prospects look fairly solid. He still holds all the reins, and is further protected against challenge by commanding the "patriotic" high ground on Eritrea. As to his foreign connections, a Scandinavian diplomat who seems to be almost neutral in the Big Two competition says, "I think Mengistu is primarily a patriot. Though he is for the revolution, which cannot now be undone, I doubt if he will want his government to depend heavily on the Communist states. Even more than most countries in Africa, Ethiopia wants no part of rule by foreigners. So I think that the Russians will eventually lose their strong position here, as they have done in so many other Third World countries. But it will take a long time—maybe five years, maybe ten."

—Joseph Kraft

•

"The Kid" wasn't programmed for publication until late this year. But after Affirmed and Cauthen won the Kentucky Derby, Bantam Books made a big move with it. They took a hefty ticket on Cauthen and Affirmed and asked author Axthelm to go to the whip, and accelerate his manuscrip. medrr na SSruyB ETAO INtaaaaattt
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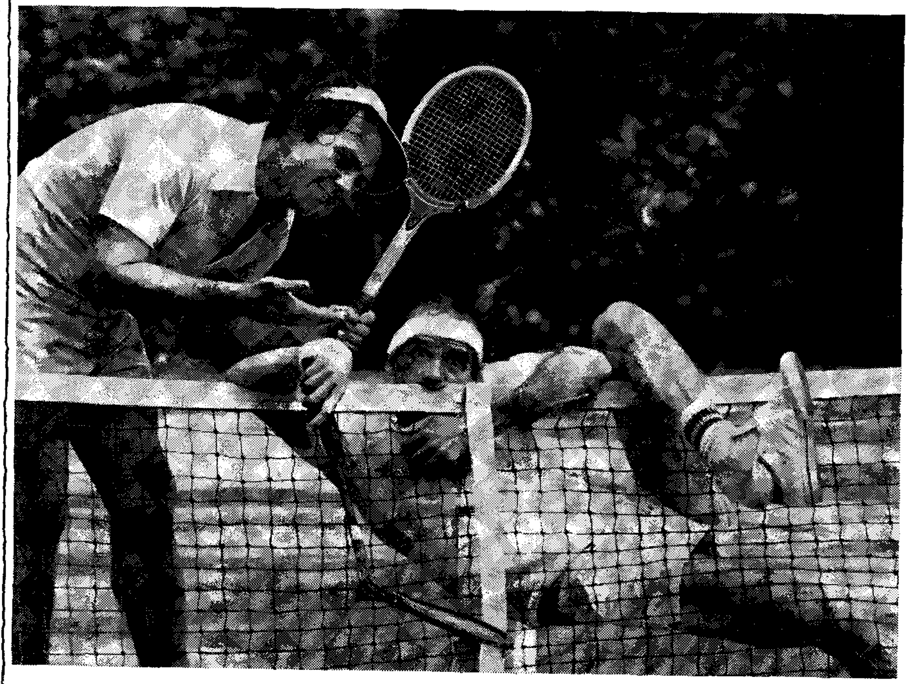

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

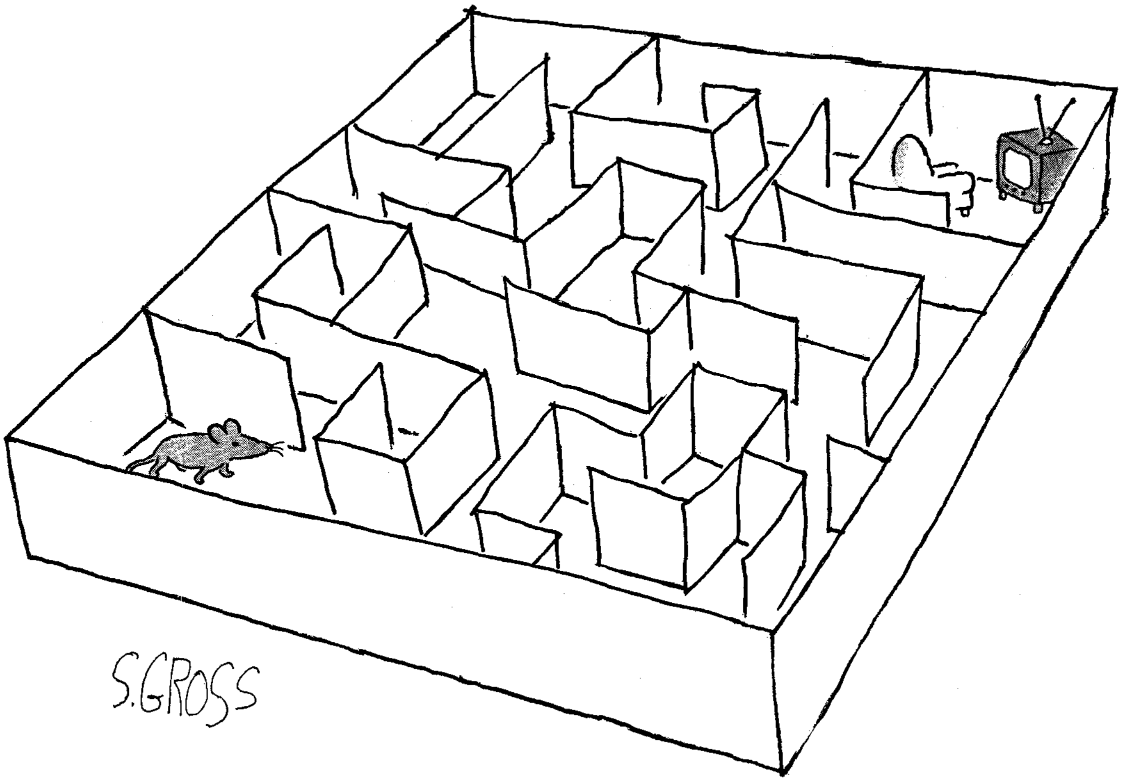
### *A Benison*

THE Beatles in "Magical Mystery Tour" and the best of their musical successors—who include the Bee Gees—tell us, "Nothing is real. And nothing to get hung about." The new and shining film "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" is the underlining of those words. It is a benediction laid upon everyone who has ever loved the musicianship of the Beatles, who seemed to incarnate—perhaps through our own wish, and growingly with a sense of self-parody—all that was free and witty in the gifted rock groups that have been clasped to the heart of an era dissident about the worth of orthodox get-ahead values.

"Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" relies on vagrant sympathies to link the Beatles to the Bee Gees. It works because of the writer, Henry Edwards; the director, Michael Schultz; the director of photography, Owen Roizman; the producer, Robert Stigwood; the arranger and director of the music, George Martin. Among them, they saw the way to create an evanescent world that, because it depends on music, can never disappear. How could they contrive to have the Beatles' own music (the music here was written by Paul McCartney and John Lennon, with one song by George Harrison) pouring out of the Bee Gees and other guest stars—including Peter Frampton—the ethic of whose music has also been to run against the grain of a moneygrubbing society, collecting more than a generation of passionate loyalists as it goes? The endeavor is won technically by following an early edict of the Beatles: that there is nothing you can say that can't be sung. We are in a fairyland where almost the only speaking is done by the beneficent, gravelly voice of George Burns as the mayor of a town of innocence called Heartland, U.S.A., overseeing a bandstand that is the center of the place. Practically all the other words are sung. Even George Burns' voice is mostly off camera, the voice of an unseen aging maverick from an older society who shares the feeling of audible and younger people that music endures. When the seen characters are speaking—which is very seldom—they mouth silently, to carefully obvious post-synching. Another of the answers is that the figure of Sgt. Pepper is made to seem an immortal one. He presides over the film, and has lasted through most of the troubled twentieth century, including the twenties, the Depression, the Second World War, the fifties. By now, he has become a weathervane. But a weathervane of some importance, who leads from the era of the Beatles to the era of the Bee Gees.

The Bee Gees, with their flowing hair and young good looks and air of freedom from constraint, lay a hand of entrancement on the citizens of Heartland, who cling around the fabled characters of the film. They cling, just as we do—like magnetized iron filings—to the love of music and the feeling of the perdurable which the Bee Gees' playing produces. All shall be well. But then a telegram from Hollywood arrives. A villainous film magnate called B.D.—Big Deal—Brockhurst (played by Donald Pleasence), the greedy chairman of Big Deal Records, who is shot always in leery close-up, offers them the world. Come to Hollywood. They accept, with no feeling of peril. Peril does not exist in this sphere. Music will keep the players and singers safe from rapacity. The band—Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees—goes off to Los Angeles, where it is met by B.D. in a six-wheeled silver roadster in which the players sit facing one another with a magically steady table between them set with decanters of booze, which they proceed to drink in a charmed way that never makes them drunk. The only thing approaching tragedy in the film is that the original Sgt. Pepper's Band instruments are stolen from a museum by Frankie Howerd, as Mean Mr. Mustard, an intentionally caricatured representative of worldly interests, played with a flustered fussiness like that of a bargain-hunting housewife at a sale. But everything is reversible. Even a suicide leap from the top of a building is reversible, by a magic bolt of lightning from a gold-suited, gold-booted accomplice who is within this world: the falling man is stopped in midair by the marvel of film—and of music—to fly back up to the top of the building. There exists no disappointment in this circle of music lovers which is not to be healed, no grief without the balm of music that Dryden spoke of long ago in the words for Handel's "Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day." When Strawberry Fields dies (Sandy Farina as the Peter Frampton character's girlfriend), she is encased in a glass casket, the other musicians mourning in black, singing and playing with a beauty that erases sadness.

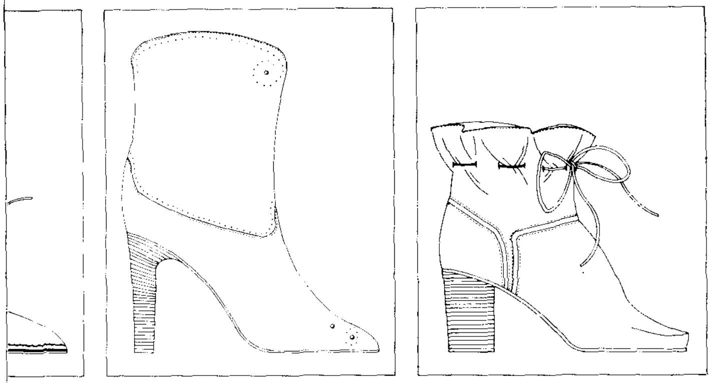
The film is a wondrous, uncumbersome statement against the ordinary, against trudging impulses. It takes the liberties of mu-



sic. Like music, it observes no limit to the distances that can be crossed. An immediate cut to another dazzling place, another scheme of things, is like the interrupted cadence in music, when the return to the tonic is delayed but promised. The musicians wear magical suits, boots that will take them anywhere; a couple kisses on a hugely magnified spinning record; boring worldly activity is speeded up with wizardry. Jokes are made at the expense of "adult movies" belonging to the Mustard Motel, which also offers "rooms by the hour." How grubby, this world of the moneyed, how slow, when the people of the world of the film know how to change the color of things as rapidly as music does when it shifts three half tones downward into the relative minor.

And all the time there is the background amity of George Burns, this ally from the world of the musicians' elders, this alien who understands the ethic that the stick-in-the-mud and the thrifty mistrust. The instruments come back, with the help of computer intelligence and computer messages: the very inventions that people who don't respond to the Beatles and the Bee Gees and all the rest find so foreign. It is almost an image of the wonder of the computer memory bank that this most musical film, filled with the imagery of wonder, should restore to us some of the melodies that we so responded to when the Beatles were in their heyday. We might have thought them lost without this film, which calls them to life as computer memory can call up messages of long ago. Here is "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" again, as reviving as it ever was; here is "With a Little Help from My Friends," a key to the message of years ago which we might have feared flown to the winds. The film speaks to anyone who has a feeling for the amazement of music and to anyone who has a feeling for the convivial, the blithe, the debonair which was conveyed by the marvellously confident sense of companionship among the Beatles a decade and more ago. Not for nothing did they bring to us the air of a family of brothers beyond transience: not for nothing loes this film reëmbody them. Music asts.

BLAKE EDWARDS' new "Pink Panther" film, "Revenge of the Pink anther," again has Peter Sellers as nspector Clouseau. (On hearing his ame, an eight-year-old adviser of nine said, "I know who that man is:



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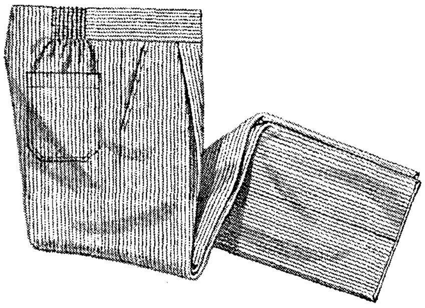

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he's Robinson Crusoe.") And again there is Herbert Lom as Chief Inspector Dreyfus, the man who is periodically driven into mental institutions by Clouseau's imperviousness to his own gaffes. Against such armored ineptitude Dreyfus is quite defenseless. In this film, he is left with a nervous tic: not, as before, in the face but in the shoulder. Cato (Burt Kwouk), Clouseau's long-suffering Oriental servant, whom the master cheerfully insults, is also carried over from earlier Blake Edwards films that celebrated Clouseau's sublimely messy mind—to go backward, "The Pink Panther Strikes Again" (1976), "The Return of the Pink Panther" (1975), "The Pink Panther" (1964), and "A Shot in the Dark" (1964).

There is no real plot in this film (story by Blake Edwards). It is really a string bag: a series of spaces strung together, like long silences between intimates as they talk. All the characters know each other very well, and we ourselves know them very well by now. The biggest space, ill-calculated in comedy, comes at the beginning, when we are left for too long a time simply waiting for Clouseau to appear. But if the picture has no ready story, it certainly has a theme: again, Clouseau's indestructibility. This is the man who has survived sixteen assassination attempts, and now he is the subject of a memorial service at which the Herbert Lom character is forced to read the eulogy. It was written by a sentimental woman, who is seen crying in the church at her own words, and it makes the eulogist break up into tears of giggles. We don't often see a film or a play in which a character's laughing is funny—it is one of the famous dangers of comedy acting—but the Dreyfus-Clouseau predicament has been so skillfully built up by Blake Edwards that it works. "Our loss is surely Heaven's gain," says Dreyfus, struggling to get the words out, sobbing with laughter. Clouseau is meanwhile alive and carefree, mangling the English language with unruffled self-importance. He calls a bomb that he happens to be holding a "bheum," rhyming with the "rheum" that he so high-handedly asked a room clerk for in an earlier film. (The mispronunciations give great joy to people who not long ago learned to speak; my eight-year-old companion confirmed this.) Always on duty, Clouseau says vigilantly that he must "apprehend this man before he does any more dommage." There is no limit to his ironclad self-confidence. The greatest people in the world are aware of him, he assumes. He sees "the Pop" as his admirer, ready to come all the way from the Vatican, and even the Almighty is in the palm of his hand: when Dyan Cannon, as a rich man's sexpot secretary, says, "My God," he instantly says, "Mine, too." One of the best things confirmed by this film is Dyan Cannon's gift for comedy. She has an ideal comedienne's face, classically beautiful at the top and curiously pressed around the mouth and chin. She also has the true comic gift of seriousness in adversity, suggesting the dignity of the slightly drunk. There is a beautifully executed slapstick scene in which, with Peter Sellers, she finds herself dealing with a situation that provides three glasses for two people. The glasses are moved around between them like oranges in the hands of a juggler. Neither can work out the muddle. She ends up clinking a toast to herself, a glass in each hand. The character of Clouseau might well have crowded her to the sidelines, but no. For his part, he has limitless play with disguises adopted for no particular reason, including one for a Swedish fisherman who speaks a Swedish-sounding nonsense and who has a rubber parrot on his shoulder, and a figure modelled on Brando in "The Godfather" who coughs through the cotton wadding in his cheeks and who sports an enormously padded black pin-striped suit, corespondent shoes, and a white tie. But Dyan Cannon survives it all with a comic reserve that is admirable and distinct. Clouseau tells her she looks "ruvishing" tonight. She does indeed, with something absorbed about the set of her mouth which says "comedy" as firmly as the precision of Buster Keaton's profile.

"THE SWARM," produced and directed by Irwin Allen and written by Stirling Silliphant, must be the most expensive B picture ever made. It also happens to be a bee picture. Yes. A picture about bees. We have had mouse pictures and pony pictures and dog pictures, and even rat pictures. This is a new, long, and colossal disaster picture about African killer bees, which are said to secrete a toxin even more virulent than the toxin of some Australian jellyfish, and that is apparently very virulent. In some heavily computerized time, these African killer bees arrive in swarms to attack America. They cause death by the hundred and then by the thousand. The manner of death is to fall in slow motion. In fact, everything in the film happens very, very slowly. The actors speak with desperate deliberateness, often stabbing the air with their index fingers, and often redundantly using one another's names or titles ("General," "But, Doctor," "Paul, Paul") to spin things out, even though people are often saying that "every minute now is precious" (Michael Caine) or that "we've got to move fast" (Henry Fonda). You will see from the cast that this is no ordinary bee picture. It also stars Olivia de Havilland, as a gracious schoolmistress with enough lacquer on her hair to kill any normal insect. And there is Fred MacMurray as a suitor for her hand, Ben Johnson as another suitor for her hand, Katharine Ross as a doctor in love with Michael Caine (she sees the image of a bee in one of his eyeballs when she has been stung), José Ferrer as another doctor, Richard Chamberlain as still another doctor, and Richard Widmark as a terrifically bemedalled general whose reactions, like everyone else's, seem to be dangerously retarded for somebody in an emergency. No effort, no star has been spared. The key parts are Michael Caine's as Brad Crane, a farsighted entomologist who has always feared something like this, and Henry Fonda's as Dr. Krim, a world-famous immunologist in a wheelchair. After a struggle—getting in touch with the President of the United States, and so on—Crane goes into action. He has never dreamed that bees would turn out to be the villains in the disaster he has been fretting about: "They've always been our friends." The villainous bees are unfortunately quite often referred to as just "the Africans" ("We must kill those Africans"), and human characteristics are attributed to them. There is said to be danger that the whole bang lot of them will return in revenge if they find that some of their fellows have been killed. But, in the main, these bees do not look like candidates for a disaster picture. They are not even disgusting, as a plague of toxic worms would be. Dr. Krim refers to them as "pesky little devils." The whole atmosphere is really very mild. People are always saying "your damn bees" or "your damn poison pellets." Dr. Krim and Brad Crane know all about bees. When Katharine Ross and Michael Caine are for some reason in a freezer for shelter—a *freezer*—Michael Caine looks alertly at the thermometer and says, "Forty degrees. We'll be all right for a while. Bees don't function well in temperatures under fifty." There is a scene in an airtight experiment room in which

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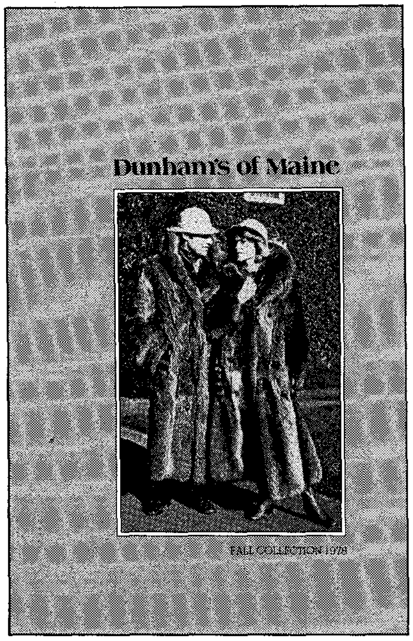

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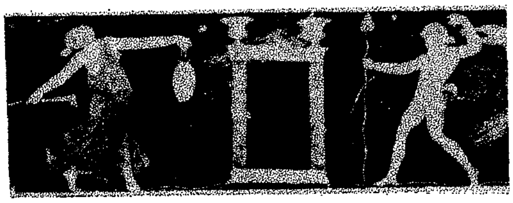

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eager scientists have bees all over their white protective clothing: such is the nature of the picture that the clusters of bees look as wasteful of money and as harmless as couture hand-embroidery of beads on an evening dress. The making of this nonsense, which involved, it is calculated, twenty-two million bees, also involved the credited aid of the Department of Defense, the United States Air Force, and two "bee technical advisers."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

## COME INTO THE NIGHT GROVE

These trees don't hear
the little tune I hum; they tune
to the shift of bone against skin,
skin against air, as I enter
the grove. I have not planned
a return; I don't turn
back toward you, waiting certain
as daylight, as
business unfinished.

It would frighten you
to note how little of my face is left.
Already the eyes
have scattered among high leaves.
And this fever that nested
so reasonably in the cheek walls
careens, drunk animal, does
what it wants.

My body walks on
through the grove without me,
as if it had purpose, a place
to get to. I do not. I am here,
distilled to fine mist
that hangs in the branches, I am
this ring around the moon warning you:
Weather. Do not
be caught in the open.

Come into the grove. I want
to settle my facelessness
against yours. I want to say
nothing, remember nothing,
though, yes, I know always
someone stands at the edge of trees,
resisting entrance and by that resistance
yanking us back
into our bones for our own sakes.

Listen. I remember
nothing. I have become the trees.
If you will not enter, stand still
a new way—roots, not resistance.
I breathe at you, I am nodding. Won't
you breathe back?
What we let go of with every pore is
what keeps us alive.

—ELIZABETH LIBBEY

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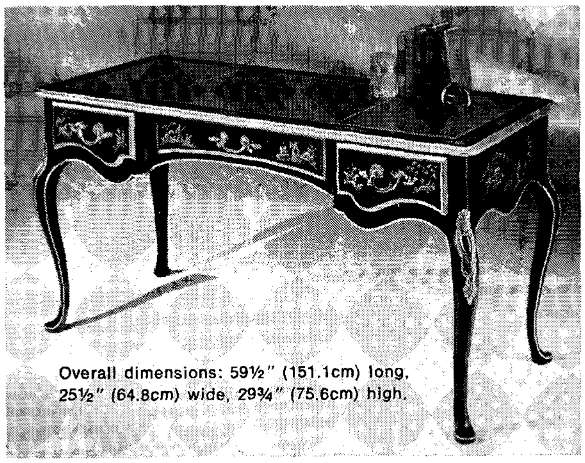

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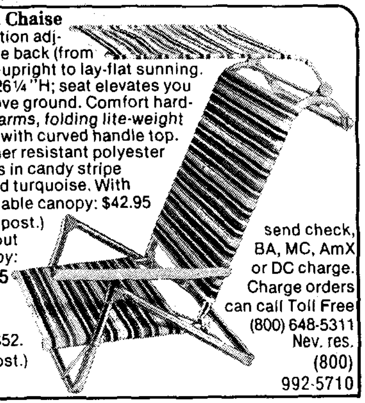

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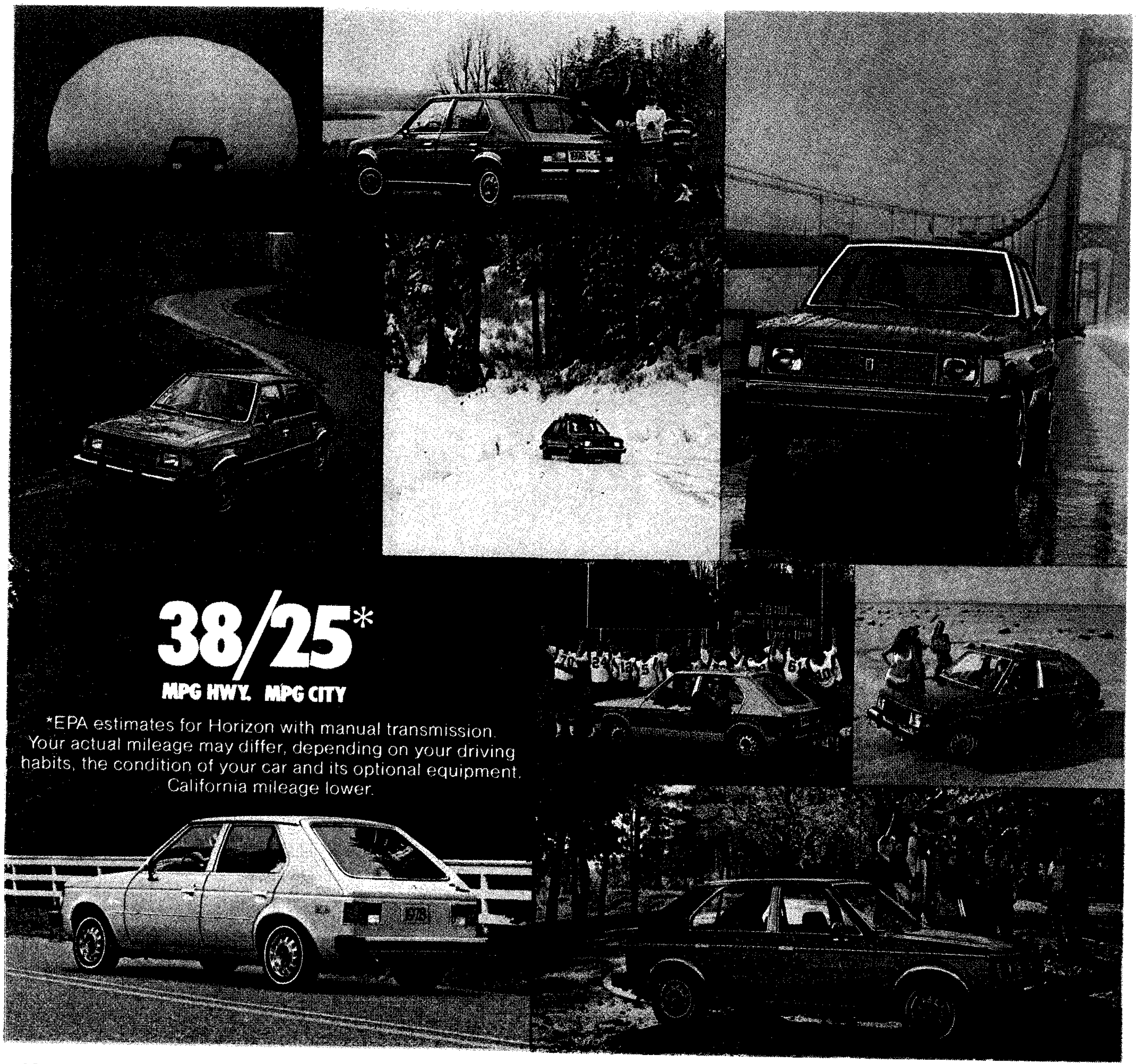

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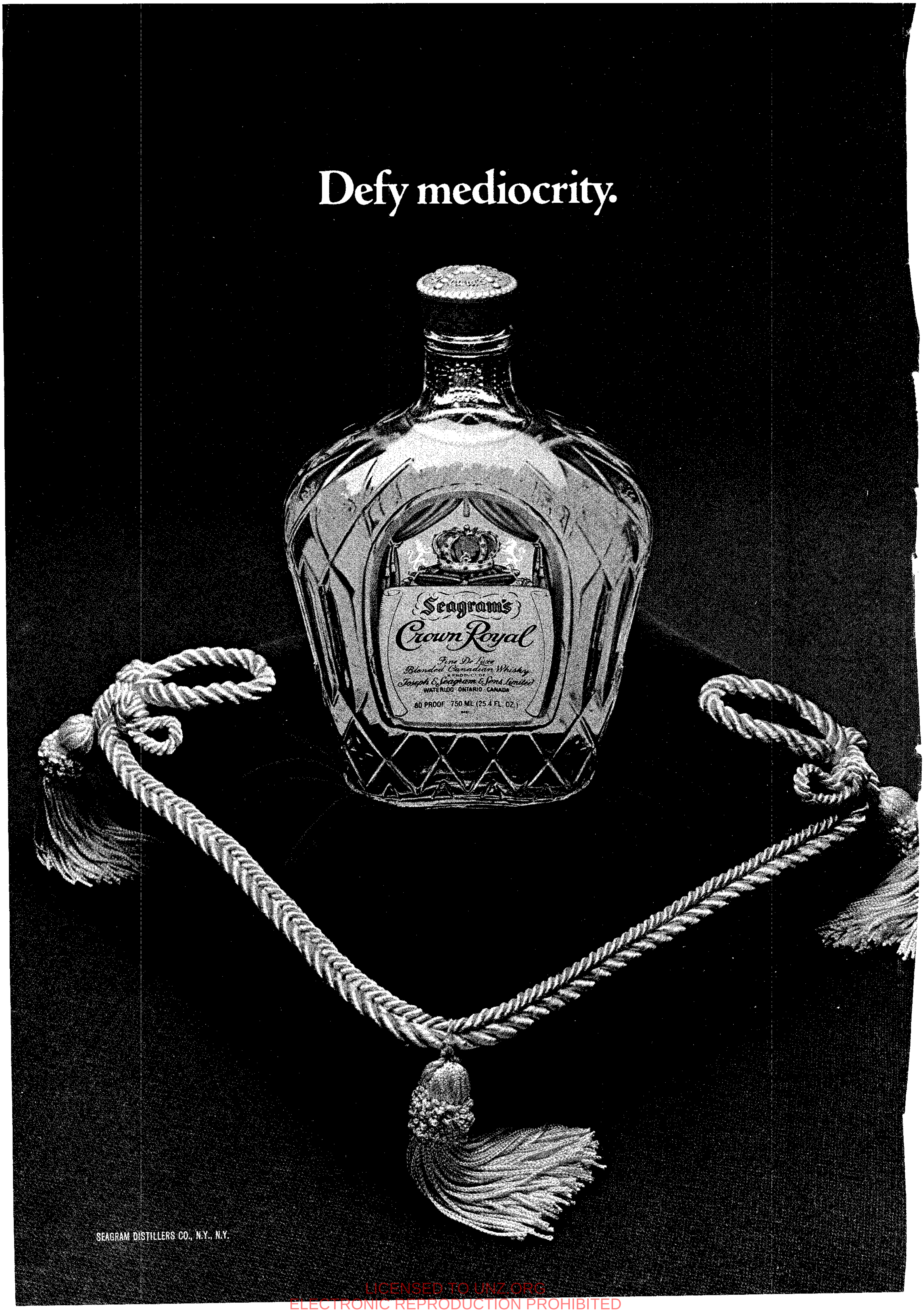
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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Alydar in Fine Form*

CALUMET FARM'S Alydar won the Arlington Classic at Chicago's Arlington Park last Saturday, by thirteen lengths, in his first appearance under colors since his duel with Affirmed for the Triple Crown. Only four other three-year-olds faced him in the race, at a mile and a quarter. A bit slow off the mark, he dominated the running from the halfway point on, finishing in 2:00⅗. He paid the minimum $2.10 mutuel.

AT Belmont Park last Saturday, the cheering from the crowd of 25,084 who had come to watch the Brooklyn Handicap was not for Nasty and Bold, who won the famous old fixture by three-quarters of a length; not for Father Hogan, who came in second; not for Great Contractor, last year's winner, who got the show. It was for Forego, who had come not to race but to make his farewell appearance. Now he retires to John Ward's farm in Kentucky, next door to Keeneland. It was thought that he might remain with Frank Whiteley, Jr., who trained him, and with whom he wintered at Camden, South Carolina, but Mrs. Martha Gerry, who owns him, decided otherwise.

The crowd of 26,348 that came out to Belmont Park for the racing the Sunday before last was treated to a wow of a finish when True Colors, Bill Brill, and Blue Baron swept past the winning post, noses apart in the order named, in the Sword Dancer Handicap, at a mile and a sixteenth.

DELAWARE PARK has as attractive and well-appointed a racecourse as your wandering correspondent has come across anywhere. It was built by William DuPont, Jr., at Stanton, seven miles from Wilmington, and opened in 1937. Its annual long meeting, which this year will run through September 10th, began the Saturday before last, and favorite-players in the crowd of more than eleven thousand got off on the right foot, with Augustin Stable's Summer Fling riding home in the second division of the Open Fire Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, over the turf course, and Mrs. J. Maxwell Moran's Tib's Eve winning the Tom Roby Steeplechase Sweepstakes. That should have made up for Hy Baby's stealing the first division of the Open Fire from Key to the Saga. Next day, there was a crowd of more than thirteen thousand. Sunday racing goes big in Delaware. For the Leonard Richards Stakes, one of the important races of the meeting, Jerome Torsney's Mac Diarmida came up in the stretch to win by three lengths from Prince Misko, with Strange Proposal third.

Here are the dates for the rest of the more important races at Delaware Park: the $30,000-added William DuPont, Jr., Handicap, for three-year-olds and up, July 30th; the $50,000-added Delaware Oaks, for three-year-old fillies, August 27th; and the $100,000-added Delaware Handicap, for fillies and mares, the big race of the meeting, September 3rd.

HOLLYWOOD PARK had another big year. Before it closed, on July 24th, and racing shifted to Del Mar, attendance had been around thirty thousand and wagering around four million dollars. Last week, it offered the $97,475 Hollywood Lassie Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, and the $33,300 Vanity Handicap, for fillies and mares. Only seven ran in the Lassie, because the field included Terlingua, a filly by Secretariat out of Crimson Saint who was a $275,000 yearling at the Keeneland sales last summer. She won easily, and picked up $48,725 for her owners, Barry Beal and Bob French, toward her purchase price. In the Vanity, at nine furlongs, Afifa beat Drama Critic by five lengths to equal the track record of 1:46⅖. Taisez Vous, the favorite, placed fifth.

ON July 17th, for the first time in Monmouth Park's forty-year history, races were cancelled. Because of the extremely muddy condition of the track, the jockeys voted it dangerous to ride over, and the management scrapped the card after the second race.

I AM sorry to report that Ron Turcotte, who rode Secretariat, is still hospitalized after the injury he suffered in a spill at Belmont on July 12th. He has had a spinal operation, and his condition is now listed as satisfactory, but he has not regained feeling in his legs.

—AUDAX MINOR

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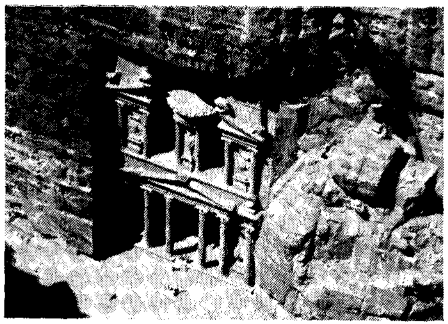
Coming up May 8, live from St. Mark's Cathedral, is the regional premiere of Giant Carlo Menotti's opera, "The Egg."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

He's big in the provinces.



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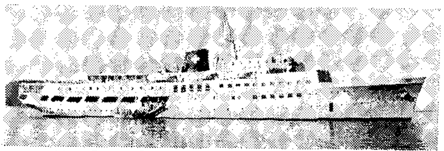

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# BOOKS

## *Advancing Over Water*

LETTER writing meant a good deal to Kafka. The short story that was his own favorite, "The Judgment"—written in a single long night in September of 1912, a night when, his diaries tell us, "I heaved my own weight on my back," a night of "complete opening out of the body and the soul"—concerns the sending of a letter and was composed soon after Kafka inaugurated his voluminous, hectic correspondence with Felice Bauer. His only published book review was of an epistolary novel, whose form he extolled:

> The epistolary form permits sudden change to be depicted as in the midst of a permanent situation, yet without depriving the sudden change of its suddenness: it permits a permanent situation to be made known by an outcry, and its permanency, moreover, continues to prevail.

To a man torn between an unmanageable "reality" and an impossibly ideal "literature," a letter might seem a bridge, an emissary from one cruelly demanding realm to another. To a man whose increasing physical frailty compelled retreat from social excitements, the mails remained a mode of confrontation—perhaps the favored mode. Kafka conducted two strenuous love affairs by letter, bound into books titled in English "Letters to Felice" and "Letters to Milena." Erich Heller likens the letters to the songs of a medieval minnesinger: "She to whom they are addressed is not 'really' being courted." The diary entry of February 12, 1922, which must have been written with Milena in mind, seems to concur, in language that might be borrowed from de Rougemont's "Love in the Western World":

> The gesture of rejection with which I was forever met did not mean: "I do not love you," but: "You cannot love me, much as you would like; you are unhappily in love with your love for me, but your love for me is not in love with you."

A letter from Kafka's mother to Felice's mother in 1914 throws a cool maternal ray of light into these superheated mysteries of Kafka's emotional maneuvers: "I know that Franz, in his way, is very devoted to Felice. But he has never had the gift of demonstrating his affection like other people. I am firmly convinced that he loves me most tenderly, and yet he has never shown either me, his father, or his sisters any particular affection." When the explosive moment came, in 1919, to address his father with passionate frankness, it took the form of forty-five typewritten pages—the superb, lacerating "Letter to His Father," which his mother, no doubt wisely, declined to hand to the intended recipient. "Writing letters," Kafka wrote to Milena, "means to denude oneself before the ghosts, something for which they greedily wait." Over fifty years after his death, we greedy ghosts of posterity know Kafka in large part through his salvaged and published letters. Their wordage now exceeds that of his surviving fiction, with the publication of five hundred pages of "Letters to Friends, Family, and Editors," translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Schocken; $24.50).

A few criticisms might be offered of this volume of treasure. The "Family" of the title signifies a few letters to his sisters and one to his parents; they might have been more fittingly placed in a volume of family letters such as already exists in German ("Briefe an Ottla und die Familie," 1974). In the present volume, the footnotes are cumbersomely lumped at the back, but are far from so ample that they couldn't have been put at the bottom of the page. The dexterous and docile reader who rummages in the rear for enlightenment of "She loves me and it does not occur to her to ask whom I was with in Stechowitz[13]" is not told who "she" was or whom he was with but merely that Štěchovice is a "village on the Moldau, 19 miles south of Prague, with steamboat service from the city." Fabled German scholarship seems to have drawn a blank on a lot of Kafka's allusions to periodical articles. And the print seems small and the price big. Soaking the captive audience of the college libraries also dampens those few devotees who wish to come privately to the Kafka chapel. Still, such demurs are mere semiquavers within the gratitude we must feel for so generous a sheaf of testimony from this most acute and original of sensibilities.

These letters illuminate especially Kafka's literary side. From the first pages, his preternatural sensitivity and wry, twisted searchingness are present, along with intimations of his having been called to an impossible verbal task. "Words are clumsy mountaineers and clumsy miners," he inscribes in a girl's album at the age of seventeen. At the age of eighteen, he writes his first intensely held friend, Oskar Pollak, "When we talk together, the words are hard; we tread over them as if they were rough pavement. The most delicate things acquire awkward feet and we can't help it." In the autumn of 1902, at nineteen, he sees "fields which now lie brown and mournful with abandoned plows but which all the same glisten silvery when in spite of everything the late-afternoon sun comes out and casts my long shadow (yes, my long shadow, maybe by means of it I'll still reach the kingdom of heaven) on the furrows." At twenty, he is working on his first novel, "The Child and the City," which is lost but which must have contained the peculiar sombre reverence, the benign hopelessness, and the furtive vitality behind such an epigram as this, from another letter to Pollak: "We human beings ought to stand before one another as reverently, as reflectively, as lovingly, as we would before the entrance to hell." By the age of twenty-one, he is frequently writing to Max Brod, and has begun that enduring friendship, marked on Brod's side by an iron fidelity to what he quickly recognized as genius and on Kafka's by a certain wonderment at his champion's prolific energy, by a considerable tact and wisdom as Brod's later romantic turmoil impinged on his own sheltered debility, and above all by a comradely directness of outpour pleasanter to follow than the tortuous *Winkelzüge* of Kafka's correspondence with women. His youthful letters to Brod overflow into Kafka stories:

> On a walk my dog came upon a mole that was trying to cross the road. The dog repeatedly jumped at it and then let it go again, for he is still young and timid. At first I was amused, and enjoyed watching the mole's agitation; it kept desperately and vainly looking for a hole in the hard ground. But suddenly when the dog again struck it a blow with its paw, it cried out. *Ks*, *ks*, I cried. And then I felt—no, I didn't fee anything. I merely thought I did, be cause that day my head started to droo so badly that in the evening I notice with astonishment that my chin ha grown into my chest. But next day was holding my head nice and high again. Next day a girl put on a whit dress and fell in love with me.

Girls did fall in love with Kafka. The chronology at the back of this volume lists under July-August, 1905, "Vacation in Zuckmantel. First love affair." Two summers later, he became involved with Hedwig W., whom he describes to Brod as "very nearsighted, and not only for the sake of the pretty gesture with which she places her pince-nez on her nose—whose tip is really beautifully composed of tiny planes; last night I dreamed of her plump little legs." His flirtatious, fond letters to her, from whose tone a physical relationship seems not too much to conjecture, end with the return of hers, and a reversion of "*Du*" to "*Sie*." Even so, he cannot quite leave her alone, and follows his letter of parting with one reassuring her that "lonesomeness looks bleak when viewed from outside . . . but inside the walls, so to speak, it has its comforts." Then there is Felice, and, the chronology tells us, a flirtation with Margarethe Kirchner, a relationship with "G.W., 'the Swiss girl,' " and a year-long engagement to Julie Wohryzek. Further, there is reason to believe (Brod but not Erich Heller believed it) that Grete Bloch, a friend of Felice, became pregnant by Kafka, and bore him a son, who died at the age of seven, without Kafka's ever knowing it. In 1919, he met Milena Jesenská-Pollak, and broke with her in 1923. By this time, he was clearly a dying man, and yet he captivated Dora Dymant and, more surprisingly still after a lifetime of eluded nubility, lived with her in Berlin until he was hospitalized for the last time. An amateur graphologist once analyzed his handwriting as that of someone "extremely sensual." He vehemently denied this, but his letters to Brod show a constant eye for feminine charm. A letter of 1921 confesses, "The fact was that the body of every other girl tempted me, but the body of the girl in whom I placed my hopes (for that reason?) ıot at all." This ambivalent egard of bodies takes on wiftian overtones in a letter year later:

> Four days in the city in sumertime are to be sure a great al: for instance, one could arcely put up a longer resistıce against the half-naked omen. Not until summer does ıe really see their curious kind of flesh in quantities. It is soft flesh, retentive of a great deal of water, slightly puffy, and keeps its freshness only a few days. Actually, of course, it stands up pretty well, but that is only proof of the brevity of human life.

In his relations with publishers, as in his relations with women, Kafka contrived to be courted. His person and his prose were magnetic. Far from neglected, he was, in the "small world of German-Jewish writing," esteemed without any avowed effort of his own. In early 1907, before Kafka had published a word, Brod, that tireless litterateur, had praised him in a Berlin magazine for his style, along with three established writers. It was Brod who showed bits of Kafka's work to the fledgling firm of Rowohlt Verlag; their combined solicitations finally, in 1912, dragged from the twenty-nine-year-old perfectionist the manuscript of brief prose pieces called "Meditation" ("Betrachtung"). Its submission was accompanied by one of the most deprecatory notes ever written in this circumstance, warning the prospective publishers, "Ultimately, even with the greatest experience and the greatest keenness, the flaws in these pieces do not reveal themselves at first glance." He signed his letters to them "Dr. Franz Kafka," on the strength of his law degree, and, in contrast to almost all the other letters in this volume, those to his publishers manifest a laconic briskness. When they promptly accepted his first manuscript and asked for his conditions and wishes, he responded, "Conditions that limit your risk as far as possible will also be those I prefer. . . . I would only ask for the largest possible typeface consistent with your plans for the book." They obliged him with sixteen-point, a display size, which he found "altogether beautiful." For their next publication, Kafka fiddled with different groupings of the few stories that met his own exalted standards. One grouping of three was to be called "The Sons" and another "Punishments;" the two suggested titles nicely bracket his early obsessions. As it turned out, Kurt Wolff Verlag (Wolff, a partner, had split off from Rowohlt to found his own firm) published "The Judgment," "The Metamorphosis," "The Stoker," and "In the Penal Colony" in separate slim volumes, with little more hope of profit than slim volumes offer now. A surviving letter from Wolff to Kafka does ask for a longer work, but in the most deferential terms:

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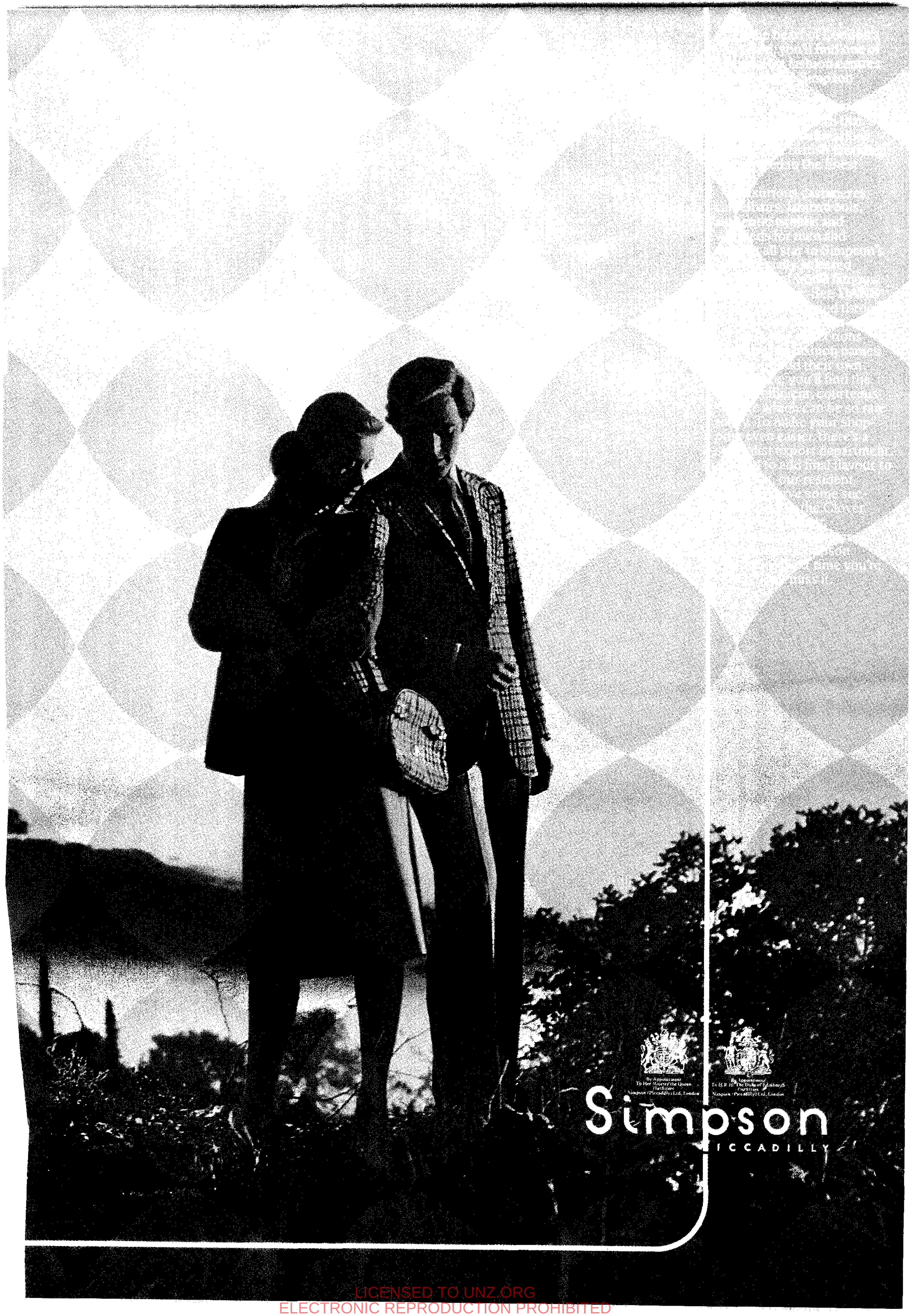
them. You and we know that it is generally just the best and most valuable things that do not find their echo immediately. . . . The stir which a longer prose work would make would at least enable us to achieve incomparably greater sales than we have so far done.

Apropos of "The Metamorphosis," Kafka in 1915 wrote to Wolff of his fear that the illustrator "might want to draw the insect itself. Not that, please not that! I do not want to restrict him, but only to make this plea out of my deeper knowledge of the story. The insect itself cannot be depicted. It cannot even be shown from a distance." His suggestion, of an open door giving on darkness, was followed. And there is also a letter, written evidently to none other than Robert Musil, rejecting the *Neue Rundschau's* suggestion that he shorten "The Metamorphosis" by a third. Kafka is most courteous but firm, and his classic novella was published instead in another journal, the *Weissen Blätter*. His firmness in the one instance where he needed to resist an editorial suggestion should be set against such protests of diffidence bordering on shame as the diary entry of January 19, 1914: "Great antipathy to 'Metamorphosis.' Unreadable ending. Imperfect almost to its very marrow." His friendly and enterprising correspondence with his publishers should be set against such disclaimers as those reported by Gustav Janouch in "Conversations with Kafka": "All my friends . . . take me by surprise with a completed contract with the publisher. I do not want to cause them any unpleasantness, and so it all ends in the publication of things which are entirely personal notes or diversions." His literary exertions were never purely personal; his letters to Brod show a healthy interest in his reviews and an appetite for literary gossip. He was a friend of Martin Buber, Franz Werfel, and many forgotten figures of the Middle European intelligentsia. As early as 1916, Rilke had enlisted himself among Kafka's admirers. In 1923, Carl Seelig, of Vienna, editor of a series of de-luxe editions whose contributors included Maeterlinck, Hermann Hesse, and Romain Rolland, wrote asking for an unpublished work from Kafka, for the sum of a thousand Swiss francs, a fortune at that time of German inflation. Though Kafka had recently virtually completed the wonderful "Investigations of a Dog," and had on hand hundreds of pages of "The Castle," he declined. Yet in these same failing, bedridden months he did accede to the solicitations of the newly established publishing house Die Schmiede, to which Brod had introduced him, with a collection of four stories, "A Hunger Artist." He was reading its proofs on his deathbed. Among the "conversation slips" that Kafka, his larynx so deteriorated he could not talk, used in order to communicate with Dora Dymant and Robert Klopstock, and that the two friends piously saved, is one that betrays a dream of literary eminence:

> Tremendous amount of sputum, easily, *and still pain in the morning. In my* daze it went through my head that for such quantities and the ease somehow *the Nobel Prize*

The incidental literary criticism within his letters to his friends gently implies standards of excellence that are both adamant and visceral. When Hedwig W. submits a poem written by another male friend, he tells her, "I have read the poem, and since you give me leave to judge it I can say that there is much pride in it, but unfortunately pride that walks very much alone. On the whole it seems to me a childlike and therefore endearing expression of admiration for admirable contemporaries." After reading a play by Werfel that he detests, Kafka still admires him, "although in this case only for his having the strength to wade through these three acts of mud." His fastidious aesthetic reactions frequently seek dietary analogies. In an article of Max Brod's, "a good many things seemed to me to have been cooked too hot, some passages actually burnt," and an essay by Thomas Mann "is a wonderful broth, but because of the quantity of [neo-Romantic] hairs floating around in the soup, one is more inclined to admire than to eat." His own writing, too, is not unpolluted. Of "In the Penal Colony," he tells Kurt Wolff, "Two or three of the final pages are botched, and their presence points to some deeper flaw; there is a worm somewhere which hollows out the story, dense as it is." The German language itself feels alloyed and clouded to him. He writes Brod, "In German only the dialects are really alive, and except for them, only the most individual High German, while all the rest, the linguistic middle ground, is nothing but embers which can only be brought to a semblance of life when excessive-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ly lively Jewish hands rummage through them." His own lively Jewishness is racked, in practice, by a need to be perfect, to be complete, to be, indeed, tranced. Of the night that produced "The Judgment," he wrote, "Only *in this way* can writing be done, only with such coherence, with such a complete opening out of the body and the soul." Such a pure state takes its toll: "The fearful strain and joy, how the story developed before me, as if I were advancing over water." And there must be silence, absolute monastic silence. In 1913, he writes to Felice, "I have often thought that the best mode of life for me would be to sit in the innermost room of a spacious locked cellar with my writing things and a lamp. . . . And how I would write! From what depths would I drag it up! Without effort! For extreme concentration knows no effort." His letters abound with complaints about noise, which cannot be muffled even by earplugs: "You hear exactly as much as you did before, but after a while a mild stupefaction of the brain ensues and a faint sense of being protected." (He concludes one letter with an unsolicited testimonial: "I could not get along without Ohropax either by day or by night.") He tells Robert Klopstock, "The amount of quiet I need is not to be found on the face of this earth." When we write, Kafka tells Brod, "we have moved to the moon with everything we have."

This search for absolute quiet may help explain the blissful equanimity with which Kafka seemed to greet the diagnosis of his tuberculosis in 1917. His letters to Brod and Felix Weltsch following the ominous hemorrhage on the night of August 9th are playful, dulcet, serene: "In any case my attitude toward the tuberculosis today resembles that of a child clinging to the pleats of its mother's skirts. . . . [I] feel the disease in its initial stages more like a guardian angel than a devil. . . . I find living with it far too easy. . . . All that is certain is that there is noth-ng to which I would surrender with nore complete trustfulness than 'eath." Life for this most sensitive of ien was scarcely endurable, a torture headaches, sleeplessness, breathless-ss, and anxiety. His three attempts engagement, at marrying into the orld, were, the "Letter to His ather" admits, self-defeated:

> Why, then, did I not marry? There 'ere certainly obstacles, as there always re, but then life consists in taking such stacles. The essential obstacle, how-ver . . . is that obviously I am mentally incapable of marrying. This manifests itself in the fact that from the moment I make up my mind to marry I can no longer sleep, my head burns day and night, life can no longer be called life, I stagger about in despair.

His initial view of his fatal disease was of rescue: "Sometimes it seems to me that my brain and lungs came to an agreement without my knowledge. 'Things can't go on this way,' said the brain, and after five years the lungs said they were ready to help."

But as the years went on, and Kafka's weakness increased, a less original and ingenious sensation begins to be confessed in his letters to his friends—fear. To Oskar Baum, of a visit he does not pay: "Moreover, not only is the journey there terrible but the departure from there will also be. In the last or in the next-to-the-last analysis, it is of course nothing but a fear of death." To Max Brod: "What I have play-acted is really going to happen. I have not bought myself off by my writing. I died my whole life long and now I will really die." Among the conversation slips that Robert Klopstock and Dora Dymant saved are "Fear again and again," and "Put your hand on my forehead for a moment to give me courage."

I do not mean to deny the consistency of Kafka's intuitions of alienation and hopelessness when I suggest that sometime around 1920 he became more human: neurotic anxiety edged toward "the commonest sort of funk, the fear of death," as he wrote to Brod in 1921, and a new breadth and benevolence descended upon his writing. After three years of severe sickness and of distractions that included his third broken engagement, his possibly cathartic letter to his father, and his last serious spate of work at the Workers Accident Insurance Institute for the Kingdom of Bohemia, he began to write again, and the fiction he produced between 1921 and his death—"The Castle," "Investigations of a Dog," "The Burrow," and the four stories of "A Hunger Artist"—lifts Kafka into the empyrean of the epic artists. The strange struggles and nightmarish details—the infested wound of "A Country Doctor," the rotting apple in the back of the metamorphosed Gregor Samsa, the penal colony's scintillating torture machine—of the early fiction yield to a cosmic comedy, fables of anthropomorphic animals and elusive, inscrutable authorities. His letters, too, grow less tortured and arch, plainer and more genial. With Robert Klopstock he has the most relaxed of his male friendships, the least defensively needy, just as with Dora

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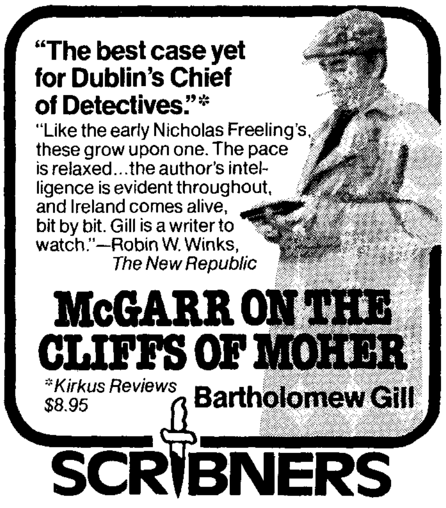

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Dymant he falls at last into a complete liaison. He resumes his lessons in Hebrew and ponders Jewishness afresh. Becoming a bookbinder in Palestine had been one of Kafka's joking dreams. Among the playing children of the vacation camp maintained by the Berlin Jewish People's Home at Müritz, he writes a correspondent in Palestine, he is "not happy . . . but on the threshold of happiness." A late letter to Brod admits, "Being closed is my eyes' natural state, but playing with books and magazines makes me happy." His absolute demands on writing itself perhaps relaxed, too—at least enough for him to publish again. His ferocious, often quoted letter to Brod of July 5, 1922, may be read as an attempt to desecrate, to desacralize, the act that he had once described in terms of a miracle, and that he now confronts as a diabolical activity:

> In the night it became clear to me, as clear as a child's lesson book, that it is the reward for serving the devil. This descent to the dark powers, this unshackling of spirits bound by nature, these dubious embraces and whatever else may take place in the nether parts which the higher parts no longer know, when one writes one's stories in the sunshine. . . . And the diabolic element in it seems very clear to me. It is vanity and sensuality which continually buzz about one's own or even another's form—and feast on him. The movement multiplies itself—it is a regular solar system of vanity.

Such a libel of the old idol is a form of renunciation, parallel to the renunciation Kafka's body was forcing upon him, and similarly—we might conjecture—fertile. Kafka was granted new life, for a few years, and relative peace. One speculates timidly about the movements within so great a spirit. The temptation should be resisted, I think—though Kafka inspired piety even in his lifetime, and Janouch's "Conversations" is frankly hagiographical—to enlist among the sages and saints this epitome of modesty and precision, whose fictions partake of the austerities and absolutes of the old religions while refusing their satisfactions. Brod's own religious disposition has colored the portrait he made of his friend: "The category of sacredness (and not really that of literature) is the only right category under which Kafka's life and work can be viewed. . . . He had an unusual aura of power about him . . . he never spoke a meaningless word. . . . If the angels made jokes in heaven it would have to be in Franz Kafka's language. . . . Here is truth, and nothing but the truth." But these letters contain along with their truth a scarcely tolerable amount of pain. If Kafka was a saint, it was of a new, forever unsettled, never utterly eased sort; his last written words were—of a doctor who had left the room—"So the help goes away again without helping."

—John Updike

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

Acts of Love, by Elia Kazan (Knopf; $9.95). Ethel (Kitten) Laffey, adopted daughter of a wealthy Arizona surgeon, is young, spoiled, and sexy. When she falls in love with a Navy man in San Diego, she thinks that it might be fun to settle down and be a good wife. Her husband is strict and fierce, but deferential to his old-fashioned Greek father, Costa Avaliotis, a retired sponge diver living in Florida, who yearns for a grandson. The father's pride, authority, and machismo impress Ethel, and the almost incestuous risk that he poses makes him all the more attractive. When marital fidelity and a limited income prove to be a bore, Ethel runs off to Florida and plays at being a model Greek daughter, while conducting various affairs on the side. When Costa learns that she is not what he has imagined, despite the grandson that she does produce, Ethel meets a grisly end. Florida's Greek community provides an unusual setting for this showdown between the Old World patriarch and the modern American playgirl, but the plot is little more than a string of sexual encounters between stubborn and narrow characters who are not worth getting excited about.

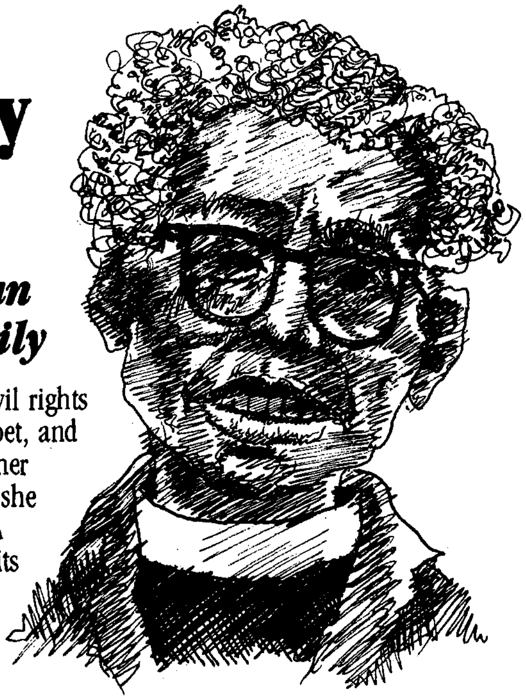
Time in Its Flight, by Susan Fromberg Schaeffer (Doubleday; $12.95). The designer of the jacket of this seven-hundred-and-eighty-page saga of nineteenth-century New England does it an injustice by making it look like a historical romance, but he has got the unusual ratio of men to women characters—two to six—about right. Setting at the center a lively Bostonian woman and the Vermont doctor she marries, Mrs. Schaeffer peoples her leisurely story with the couple's female friends and kin. The narrative is riddled with unnatural metaphors (the heroine's hair, for instance, "undulated hypnotic, like a benevolent snake") but the abundant dialogue and reminiscences are entertaining and informative. Articulate women abound talking and thinking about why the are not the silly creatures they d not want to be, and Mrs. Schaeffe manages to keep her characters an readers curious about what the future has in store for them. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

NOTE: "Innocent Eréndira and Other Stories," by Gabriel García Márquez, translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa, has been published by Harper & Row ($8.95). Some of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

MAX PERKINS: EDITOR OF GENIUS, by A. Scott Berg (Dutton; $15). "Genius" seems an ill-considered word to connect with an editor who defined his trade rigorously in terms of limitations: "An editor does not add to a book. . . . Don't ever get to feeling important about yourself, because an editor at most releases energy. He creates nothing." And yet the writing energies that Maxwell Perkins contrived to release in the years bracketed by the two World Wars come close to constituting the literature of that period in America. In 1920, Perkins, having made a polite threat to resign if he did not get his way, compelled old Charles Scribner to publish Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise." In 1924, Fitzgerald, just finishing "The Great Gatsby," introduced Perkins to the work of a young writer he had run across in Europe named Hemingway, and Scribners, with misgivings, published "The Sun Also Rises." Then came Thomas Wolfe, who needed Perkins most of all—not to release his huge energies but to impose some publishable shape on them. Perkins also recognized and provided nurturing support for talents as diverse as those of Ring Lardner, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Douglas Southall Freeman, S. S. Van Dine, James Jones, and Alan Paton. The books he fostered were not only critical successes but often best-sellers. How did he do it? Perkins, the sonless, obedient father of five daughters, told one of them, "The most important obligation of friendship is to listen." Hard man to get at. A biography that caught Perkins as he revealed himself to Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Wolfe might have gone a long way toward explaining how his disciplined, far-ranging mind worked. But Perkins, who believed that "an editor should strive for anonymity," moves (as he would have chosen to move) elusively through Mr. Berg's book—packed though it is with diverting anecdotes about garrulous writers—and what we end up with mainly is Fitzgerald,

Times past.
Times remembered.



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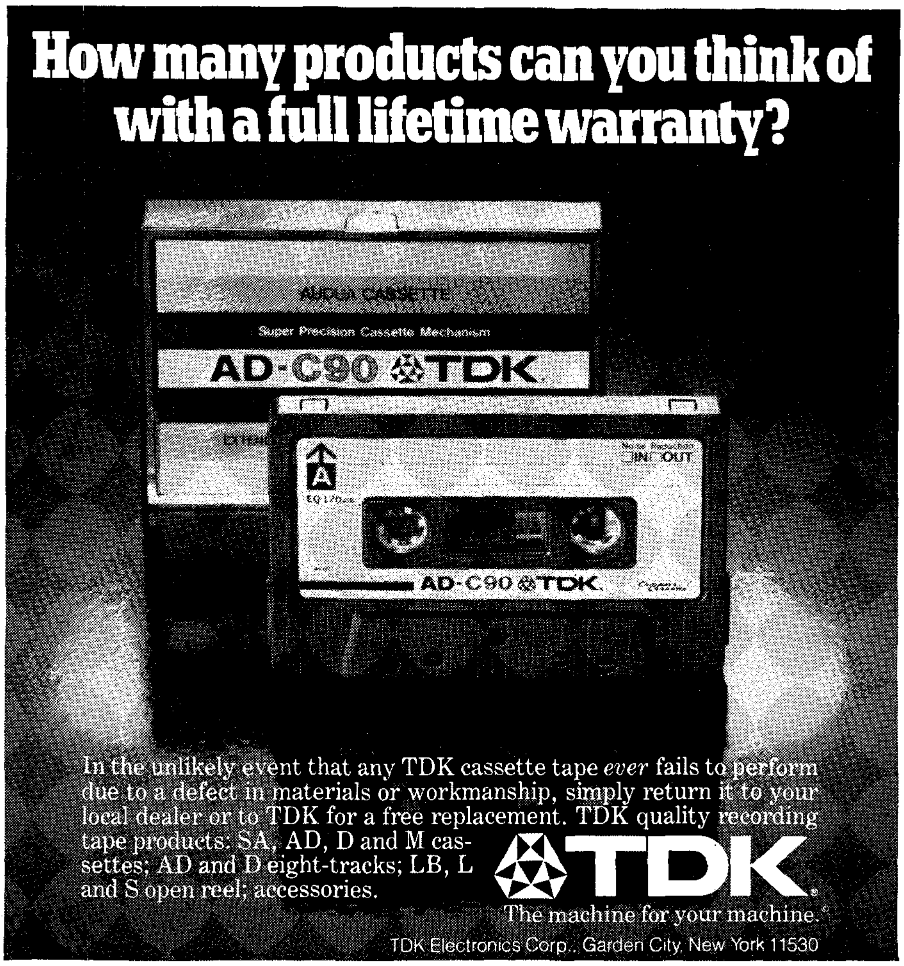
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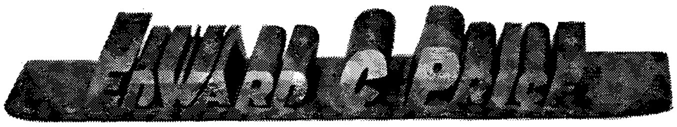

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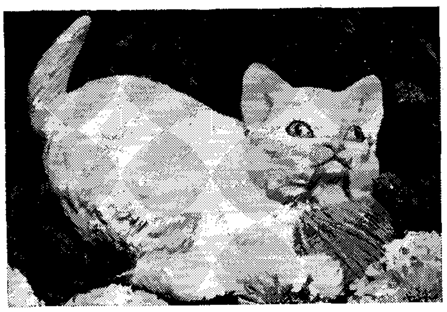

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Hemingway, and Wolfe as they revealed themselves to Maxwell Perkins.

THE REVISIONISTS REVISITED: A CRITIQUE OF THE RADICAL ATTACK ON THE SCHOOLS, by Diane Ravitch (Basic Books; $8.95). This short work is a model of intelligence and poise. Its author, a historian of education, demolishes recent works in her field that have deplored American public education as an unending conspiracy against the proletariat or, alternatively, as an assault upon human spontaneity. Mrs. Ravitch, relying upon her own superior sense of the past, points out that public schooling has meant different things at different times and places to our diverse population. She reminds us that the nature and purpose of education—as well as the question of who should be educated, and how—have always elicited disagreement, but that the poorest Americans, with reason, have consistently placed their hopes for their children in formal education.

NOTE: "Weathering," a collection of poems and translations from the Spanish by Alastair Reid, some of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Dutton ($7.95).

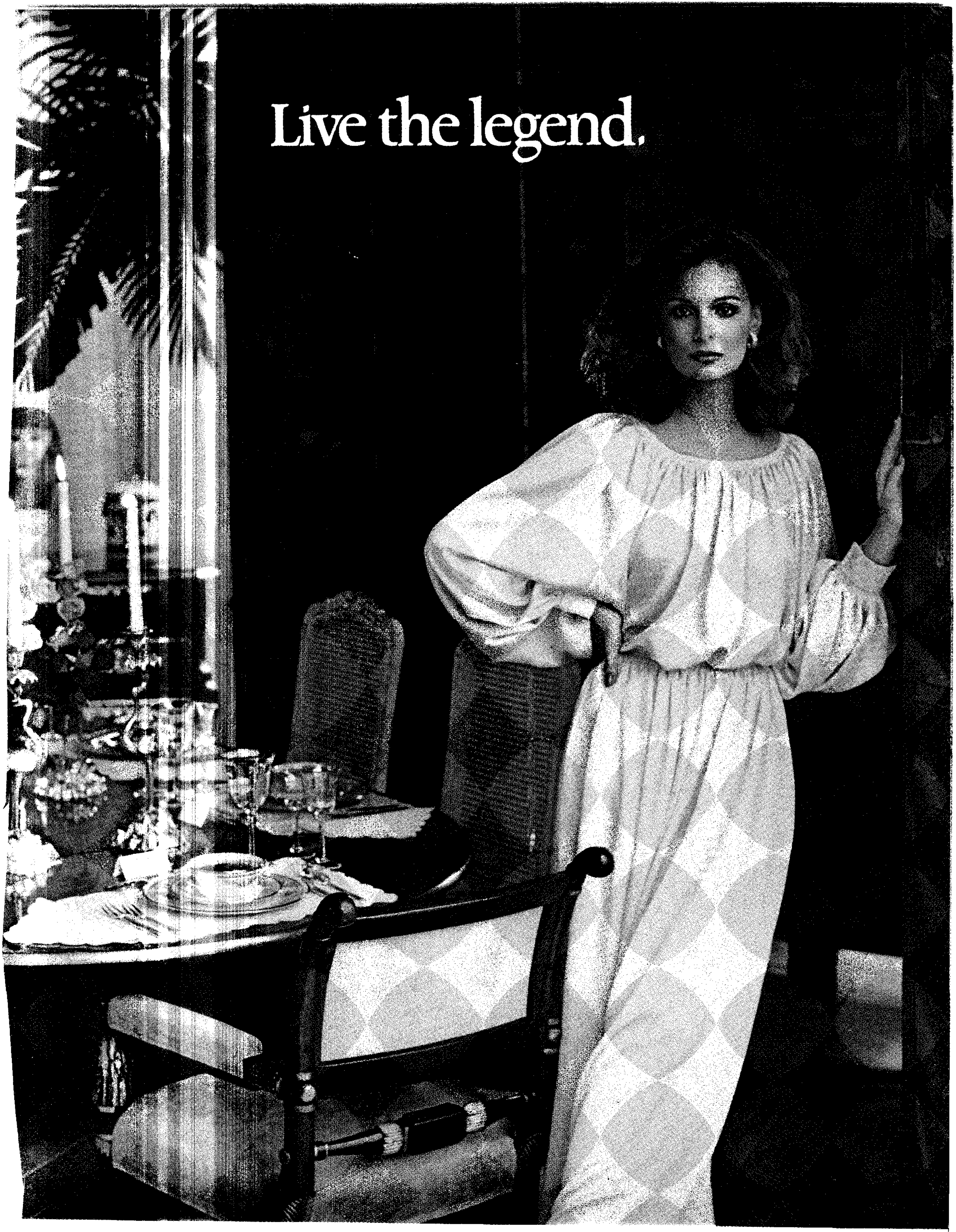
### MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SINKIANG EXECUTIVE, by Adam Hall (Doubleday; $7.95). "The retinal nerves were switching from cones to rods and a faint area of light was forming to my left, higher than where I stood, and as I watched it I could feel the gooseflesh reaction along the arms. . . ." This is Quiller, the British agent, in deadly peril once again, but sharing with us, as always, his minutest cerebration, his every physiology. The scene of this adventure is southern Russia near the Chinese border, where Quiller has flown alone (in a Russian plane, disguised as a Russian colonel) on a suicide mission thought up by his sadistic superiors sipping tea by the fire back in London. Needless to say ("a quicker movement from him but I paralysed the nerves in the bicep with a centre-knuckle and found leverage . . ."), he survives to—it is hoped—thrill us again and again.

●

But Shearer disappeared after taking an "8" on the 14th hole and Trevino drifted back with a bogey-par-boogey-boey string in the stretch run.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

He's got rhythm.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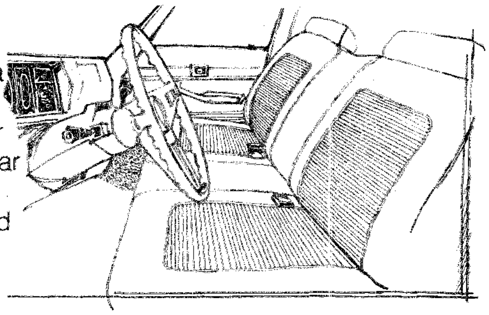

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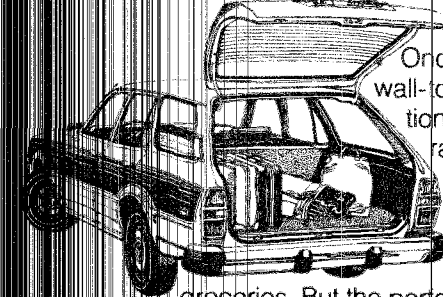

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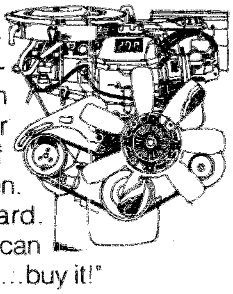

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